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CHEAP REPOSITORY

TRACTS;

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A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Tracts were firſt publiſhed and ſold in monthly numbers, under the patronage of a large and very reſpectable body of ſubſcribers, and they are now collected into volumes. The preſent volume contains the longer Tales, and ſome Poetry, and is well ſuited to the uſe of Boarding Schools, as well as private families.

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The ſale of the Cheap Repoſitory Tracts has been exceedingly great, near two millions (bearing the price of about a halfpenny and a penny each) having been ſold within the firſt year, beſides great numbers in Ireland. The ſucceſs of the plan has been much extended, both by the zeal of individuals, and alſo by the active co-operation of ſome very reſpectable Societies, which have been formed in various towns for this purpoſe. Many perſons have exerted their influence, not only by circulating the Tracts in their own families, in ſchools, and among their dependants, but alſo by encouraging bookſellers to ſupply themſelves with them; by inſpecting retailers and hawkers, giving them a few in the firſt inſtance, and directing them in the purchaſe; alſo by recommending the Tracts to the occupier of a ſtall at a fair, and by ſending them to hoſpitals, workhouſes, and priſons. The Tracts have alſo been liberally diſtributed among Soldiers and Sailors, through the influence of their commanders.

The great object had in view in publiſhing them, has been to ſupplant the multitude of vicious Tracts circulated by hawkers, and to ſupply, inſtead of them, ſome uſeful reading, which may be likely to prove entertaining alſo.

The profits which may ariſe from the ſale of any of theſe volumes will be applied to the purpoſe of forwarding the more extenſive circulation of the individual Tracts, which are ſold by Mr. Evans, No. 41 and 42, Long-lane, Weſt-Smithfield; and alſo by Mr. Hatchard, No. 190, Piccadilly, London.

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THE

SHEPHERD

OF

SALISBURY-PLAIN.

MR. JOHNSON, a very worthy charitable Gentleman, was travelling ſometime ago acroſs one of thoſe vaſt Plains which are well known in Wiltſhire. It was a fine ſummer's evening, and he rode ſlowly that he might have leiſure to admire

God in the works of his creation. For this Gentleman was of opinion, that a walk or a ride, was as proper a time as any to think about good things; for which reason, on such occasions, he seldom thought so much about his money or his trade, or public news, as at other times, that he might with more ease and satisfaction enjoy the pious thoughts which the visible works of the great Maker of heaven and earth are intended to raise in the mind.

His attention was all of a sudden called off by the barking of a Shepherd's dog, and looking up he spied one of those little huts, which are here and there to be seen on those great Downs; and near it was the Shepherd himself busily employed with his dog in collecting together his vast flock of sheep. As he drew nearer, he perceived him to be a clean, well looking, poor man, near fifty years of age. His coat, though at first it had probably been of one dark colour, had been in a long course of years so often patched with different sorts of cloth, that it was now become hard to say which had been the original colour. But this, while it gave a plain proof of the Shepherd's poverty, equally proved the exceeding neatness, industry, and good management of his wife. His stockings no less proved her good housewifery, for they were entirely covered with darns of different coloured worsted, but had not a hole in them; and his shirt, though nearly as coarse as the sails of a ship, was as white as the drifted snow, and was neatly mended where time had either made a rent, or worn it thin. This furnishes a rule of

judging, by which one shall seldom be deceived. If I meet with a labourer, hedging, ditching, or mending the highways with his stockings and shirt tight and whole, however mean and bad his other garments are, I have seldom failed, on visiting his cottage, to find that also clean and well ordered, and his wife notable, and worthy of encouragement. Whereas a poor woman, who will be lying a bed, or gossiping with her neighbours when she ought to be fitting out her husband in a cleanly manner, will seldom be found to be very good in other respects.

This was not the case with our Shepherd: and Mr. Johnson was not more struck with the decency of his mean and frugal dress, than with his open, honest countenance, which bore strong marks of health, cheerfulness, and spirit.

Mr. Johnson, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the Shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow.—It will be such weather as pleases me, answered the Shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and civilest tone that could be imagined, the Gentleman thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be? Because, replied the Shepherd, it will be such weather as shall please God, and whatever pleases him always pleases me.

Mr. Johnson, who delighted in good men and good things, was very well satisfied with his reply. For he justly thought, that though an hy-

pocrite may easily contrive to appear better than he really is to a stranger, and that no one should be too soon trusted, merely for having a few good words in his mouth; yet as he knew that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" he always accustomed himself to judge favourably of those who had a serious deportment and solid manner of speaking. It looks as if it proceeded from a good habit, said he, and though I may now and then be deceived by it, yet it has not often happened to me to be so. Whereas if a man accosts me with an idle, dissolute, vulgar, indecent, or prophane expression, I have never been deceived in him, but have generally on inquiry found his character to be as bad as his language gave me room to expect.

He entered into conversation with the Shepherd in the following manner:—Your's is a troublesome life, honest friend, said he.—To be sure, Sir, replied the Shepherd, 'tis not a very lazy life; but 'tis not near so toilsome as that which my GREAT MASTER led for my sake; and he had every state and condition of life at his choice, and chose a hard one; while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me.—You are exposed to great cold and heat, said the Gentleman;—true, Sir, said the Shepherd; but then I am not exposed to great temptations; and so throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than we poor, ignorant, short-sighted creatures, are apt to think. David was happier when he kept his father's sheep on such a plain as this, and employed in singing some of his own Psalms perhaps, than ever

he was when he became king of Israel and Judah. And I dare say we should never have had some of the most beautiful texts in all those fine Psalms, if he had not been a Shepherd, which enabled him to make so many fine comparisons and similitudes, as one may say, from country life, flocks of sheep, hills, and vallies, and fountains of water.

You think then, said the Gentleman, that a laborious life is a happy one. I do, Sir, and more so especially, as it exposes a man to fewer sins. If king Saul had continued a poor, laborious man to the end of his days, he might have lived happy and honest, and died a natural death, in his bed at last, which you know, Sir, was more than he did. But I speak with reverence, for it was divine Providence over-ruled all that, you know, Sir, and I do not presume to make comparisons. Besides, Sir, my employment has been particularly honoured.—Moses was a Shepherd in the plains of Midian. It was to "Shepherds keeping their flocks by night," that the angels appeared in Bethlehem, to tell the best news, the gladdest tidings, that ever were revealed to poor, sinful men: often and often has the thought warmed my poor heart in the coldest night, and filled me with more joy and thankfulness than the best supper could have done.

Here the Shepherd stopped, for he began to feel that he had made too free, and had talked too long. But Mr. Johnson was so well pleased with what he said, and with the cheerful, contented manner in which he said it, that he desired him to

go on freely, for that it was a pleasure to him to meet with a plain man, who, without any kind learning but what he had got from the Bible, was able to talk so well on a subject in which all men, high and low, rich and poor, are equally concerned.

Indeed I am afraid I make too bold, Sir, for it better becomes me to listen to such a Gentleman as you seem to be, than to talk in my poor way; but as I was saying, Sir, I wonder all working men do not derive as great joy and delight as I do from thinking how God has honoured poverty! Oh! Sir, what great, or rich, or mighty men have had such honour put on them, or their condition, as Shepherds, Tent-makers, Fishermen, and Carpenters have had?

My honest friend, said the Gentleman, I perceive you are well acquainted with Scripture. Yes, Sir, pretty well, blessed be God! through his mercy I learnt to read when I was a little boy; though reading was not so common when I was a child, as I am told, through the goodness of Providence and the generosity of the rich, it is likely to become now-a-days. I believe there is no day for the last thirty years, that I have not peeped at my Bible. If we can't find time to read a chapter, I defy any man to say he can't find time to read a verse; and a single text, Sir, well followed and put in practice every day, would make no bad figure at the year's end; three hundred and sixty-five texts, without the loss of a moment's time, would make a pretty stock, a little golden treasury, as one may say, from new-year's day to new-year's day; and if

children were brought up to it, they would come to look for their text as naturally as they do for their breakfast. No labouring man, 'tis true, has so much leisure as a Shepherd, for while the flock is feeding, I am obliged to be still, and at such times I can now and then tap a shoe for my children or myself, which is a great saving to us; and while I am doing that I repeat a bit of a chapter, which makes the time pass pleasantly in this wild solitary place. I can say the best part of the Bible by heart; I believe I should not say the best part, for every part is good, but I mean the greatest part. I have led but a lonely life, and have often had but little to eat, but my Bible has been meat, drink, and company to me, as I may say, and when want and trouble have come upon me, I don't know what I should have done indeed, Sir, if I had not had the promises of this book for my stay and support.

You have had great difficulties then? said Mr. Johnson. Why, as to that, Sir, not more than neighbours' fare; I have but little cause to complain, and much to be thankful; but I have had some little struggles, as I will leave you to judge. I have a wife and eight children, whom I bred up in that little cottage which you see under the hill about half a mile off. What, that with the smoke coming out of the chimney? said the Gentleman. O no, Sir, replied the Shepherd, smiling, we have seldom smoke in the evening, for we have little to cook, and firing is very dear in these parts. 'Tis that cottage which you see on the left hand of the Church, near that little

tuft of hawthorns. What that hovel with only one room above and below, with ſcarcely any chimney? How is it poſſible you can live there with ſuch a family? O! it is very poſſible and very certain too, cried the Shepherd. How many better men have been worſe lodged! how many good chriſtians have periſhed in priſons and dungeons, in compariſon of which my cottage is a palace! The houſe is very well, Sir, and if the rain did not ſometimes beat down upon us through the thatch when we are a-bed, I ſhould not deſire a better; for I have health, peace, and liberty, and no man maketh me afraid.

Well, I will certainly call on you before it be long; but how can you contrive to lodge ſo many children? We do the beſt we can, Sir. My poor wife is a very ſickly woman, or we ſhould always have done tolerably well. There are no gentry in the pariſh, ſo that ſhe has not met with any great aſſiſtance in her ſickneſs. The good curate of the pariſh, who lives in that pretty parſonage in the valley, is very willing, but not very able to aſſiſt us on theſe trying occaſions, for he has little enough for himſelf, and a large family into the bargain. Yet he does what he can, and more than many richer men do, and more than he can well afford. Beſides that, his prayers and good advice we are always ſure of, and we are truly thankful for that, for a man muſt give, you know, Sir, according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not.

Are you in any diſtreſs at preſent, ſaid Mr. Johnſon? No, Sir, thank God, replied the Shepherd. I get my ſhilling a day, and moſt of my

children will soon be able to earn something; for we have only three under five years old. Only! said the Gentleman, that is a heavy burden. Not at all; God fits the back to it. Though my wife is not able to do any out-of-door work, yet she breeds up her children to such habits of industry, that our little maids, before they are six years old, can first get a halfpenny, and then a penny a day by knitting. The boys, who are too little to do hard work, get a trifle by keeping the birds off the corn; for this the farmers will give them a penny or two-pence, and now and then a bit of bread and cheese into the bargain. When the season of crow-keeping is over, then they glean or pick stones; any thing is better than idleness, Sir; and if they did not get a farthing by it, I would make them do it just the same, for the sake of giving them early habits of labour.

So you see, Sir, I am not so badly off as many are; nay, if it were not that it costs me so much in 'Potecary's stuff for my poor wife, I should reckon myself well off; nay, I do reckon myself well off, for, blessed be God, he has granted her life to my prayers, and I would work myself to a 'natomy, and live on one meal a day, to add any comfort to her valuable life; indeed I have often done the last, and thought it no great matter neither.

While they were in this part of the discourse, a fine plump cherry-cheek little girl ran up out of breath, with a smile on her young happy face, and without taking any notice of the Gentleman,

cried out with great joy—Look here, father, only see how much I have got to! Mr. Johnson was much struck with her simplicity, but puzzled to know what was the occasion of this great joy. On looking at her he perceived a small quantity of coarse wool, some of which had found its way through the holes of her clean, but scanty and ragged woollen apron. The father said, this has been a successful day indeed, Molly, but don't you see the Gentleman? Molly now made a curtsey down to the very ground; while Mr. Johnson inquired into the cause of the mutual satisfaction which both father and daughter had expressed, at the unusual good fortune of the day.

Sir, said the Shepherd, poverty is a great sharpener of the wits.—My wife and I cannot endure to see our children (poor as they are) without shoes and stockings, not only on account of the pinching cold which cramps their poor little limbs, but because it degrades and debases them; and poor people, who have but little regard to appearances, will seldom be found to have any great regard for honesty and goodness; I don't say this is always the case; but I am sure it is so too often. Now shoes and stockings being very dear, we could never afford to get them without a little contrivance. I must shew you how I manage about the shoes when you condescend to call at our cottage, Sir: as to stockings, this is one way we take to help to get them. My young ones, who are too little to do much work, sometimes wander at odd hours over the hills for the chance of finding what little

wool the sheep may drop when they rub themselves, as they are apt to do, against the bushes *. These scattered bits of wool the children pick out of the brambles, which I see have torn sad holes in Molly's apron to-day; they carry this wool home, and when they have got a pretty parcel together, their mother cards it; for she can sit and card in the chimney-corner, when she is not able to wash, or work about house. The biggest girl then spins it; it does very well for us without dying, for poor people must not stand for the colour of their stockings. After this our little boys knit it for themselves, while they are employed in keeping cows in the fields, and after they get home at night. As for the knitting the girls and their mother do, that is chiefly for sale, which helps to pay our rent.

Mr. Johnson lifted up his eyes in silent astonishment at the shifts which honest poverty can make rather than beg or steal; and was surprised to think how many ways of subsisting there are which those who live at their ease little suspect. He secretly resolved to be more attentive to his own petty expences than he had hitherto been; and to be more watchful that nothing was wasted in his family.

But to return to the Shepherd. Mr. Johnson told him, that as he must needs be at his friend's house, who lived many miles off, that night, he

* This piece of frugal industry is not imaginary, but a real fact, as is the character of the Shepherd, and his uncommon knowledge of the Scriptures.

could not, as he wished to do, make a visit to his cottage at present. But I will certainly do it, said he, on my return, for I long to see your wife and her nice little family, and to be an eye-witness of her neatness and good management. The poor man's tears started into his eyes on hearing the commendation bestowed on his wife; and wiping them off with the sleeve of his coat, for he was not worth a handkerchief in the world, he said—Oh, Sir, you just now, I am afraid, called me an humble man, but indeed I am a very proud one. Proud! exclaimed Mr. Johnson, I hope not—Pride is a great sin, and as the poor are liable to it as well as the rich, so good a man as you seem to be, ought to guard against it. Sir, said he, you are right, but I am not proud of myself, God knows, I have nothing to be proud of. I am a poor sinner, but indeed, Sir, I am proud of my wife: she is not only the most tidy, notable woman on the Plain, but she is the kindest wife and mother, and the most contented, thankful christian that I know. Last year I thought I should have lost her in a violent fit of the rheumatism, caught by going to work too soon after her lying-in, I fear; for 'tis but a bleak coldish place, as you may see, Sir, in winter, and sometimes the snow lies so long under the hill, that I can hardly make myself a path to get out and buy a few necessaries in the next village; and we are afraid to send out the children, for fear they should be lost when the snow is deep. So, as I was saying, the poor soul was very bad indeed, and for several weeks lost the use of all her limbs except her hands; a merciful Providence spared her the use

of these, so that when she could not turn in her bed, she could contrive to patch a rag or two for her family. She was always saying, had it not been for the great goodness of God, she might have had her hands lame as well as her feet, or the palsy instead of the rheumatism, and then she could have done nothing—but nobody had so many mercies as she had.

I will not tell you what we suffered during the bitter weather, Sir, but my wife's faith and patience during that trying time, were as good a lesson to me as any sermon I could hear, and yet Mr. Jenkins gave us very comfortable ones too, that helped to keep up my spirits.

One Sunday afternoon when my wife was at the worst, as I was coming out of Church, for I went one part of the day, and my eldest daughter the other, so my poor wife was never left alone; as I was coming out of church, I say, Mr. Jenkins, the minister, called out to me, and asked me how my wife did, saying he had been kept from coming to see her by the deep fall of snow, and indeed from the parsonage-house to my hovel it was quite impassable. I gave him all the particulars he asked, and I am afraid a good many more, for my heart was quite full. He kindly gave me a shilling, and said he would certainly try to pick out his way and come and see her in a day or two.

While he was talking to me, a plain farmer-looking Gentleman in boots, who stood by, listened to all I said, but seemed to take no notice. It was Mr. Jenkins's wife's father, who was come to pass the Christmas-holidays at the parsonage

house. I had always heard him spoken of as a plain, frugal man, who lived close himself, but was remarked to give away more than any of his show-a-way neighbours.

Well! I went home with great spirits at this seasonable and unexpected supply; for we had tapped our last sixpence, and there was little work to be had on account of the weather. I told my wife I had not come back empty handed. No, I dare say not, says she, you have been serving a master, "who filleth the hungry with good things, though he sendeth the rich empty away." True, Mary, says I, we seldom fail to get good spiritual food from Mr. Jenkins, but to-day he has kindly supplied our bodily wants. She was more thankful when I shewed her the shilling, than, I dare say, some of your great people are when they get a hundred pounds.

Mr. Johnson's heart smote him when he heard such a value set upon a shilling; surely, said he to himself, I will never waste another; but he said nothing to the Shepherd, who thus pursued his story.

Next morning before I went out, I sent part of the money to buy a little ale and brown sugar to put into her water-gruel; which you know, Sir, made it nice and nourishing. I went out to cleave wood in a farm-yard, for there was no standing out on the plain, after such snow as had fallen in the night. I went with a lighter heart than usual, because I had left my poor wife a little better, and comfortably supplied for this day, and I now resolved more than ever to trust God for the supplies of the next. When I came

back at night, my wife fell a crying as soon as she saw me. This, I own, I thought but a bad return for the blessings she had so lately received, and so I told her. O, said she, it is too much, we are too rich; I am now frightened, not lest we should have no portion in this world, but for fear we should have our whole portion in it. Look here, John! So saying, she uncovered the bed whereon she lay, and shewed me two warm, thick, new blankets. I could not believe my own eyes, Sir, because when I went out in the morning, I had left her with no other covering than our little old thin blue rug. I was still more amazed when she put half a crown into my hand, telling me she had had a visit from Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Jones, the latter of whom had bestowed all these good things upon us. Thus, Sir, have our lives been crowned with mercies. My wife got about again, and I do believe, under Providence, it was owing to these comforts; for the rheumatism, Sir, without blankets by night and flannel by day, is but a baddish job, especially to people who have but little or no fire. She will always be a weakly body; but thank God her soul prospers, and is in health. But I beg your pardon, Sir, for talking on at this rate.—Not at all, not at all, said Mr. Johnson: I am much pleased with your story; you shall certainly see me in a few days. Good night. So saying, he slipped a crown into his hand and rode off. Surely, said the Shepherd, "*goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life*," as he gave the money to his wife when he got home at night.

As to Mr. Johnson, he found abundant matter for his thoughts during the rest of his journey. On the whole he was more disposed to envy than to pity the Shepherd. I have seldom seen, said he, so happy a man. It is a sort of happiness which the world could not give, and which I plainly see, it has not been able to take away. This must be the true spirit of religion. I see more and more, that true goodness is not merely a thing of words and opinions, but a Living Principle brought into every common action of a man's life. What else could have supported this poor couple under every bitter trial of want and sickness? No, my honest Shepherd, I do not pity, but I respect and even honour thee; and I will visit thy poor hovel on my return to Salisbury with as much pleasure as I am now going to the house of my friend.

If Mr. Johnson keeps his word in sending me the account of his visit to the Shepherd's cottage, I shall be very glad to entertain my readers with it.

PART II.

I AM willing to hope that my readers will not be sorry to hear some farther particulars of their old acquaintance *the Shepherd of Salisbury-Plain.* They will call to mind that at the end of the first part, he was returning home full of gratitude for the favours he had received from Mr. Johnson,

whom we left purſuing his journey, after having promiſed to make a viſit to the Shepherd's cottage.

Mr. Johnſon, after having paſſed ſome time with his friend, ſat out on his retnrn to Saliſbury, and on the Saturday evening reached a very ſmall inn, a mile or two diſtant from the Shepherd's Village; for he never travelled on a Sunday. He went the next morning to the Church neareſt the houſe where he had paſſed the night; and after taking ſuch refreſhment as he could get at that houſe, he walked on to find out the Shepherd's cottage. His reaſon for viſiting him on a Sunday was chiefly, becauſe he ſuppoſed it to be the only day which the Shepherd's employment allowed him to paſs at home with his family, and as Mr. Johnſon had been ſtruck with his talk, he thought it would be neither unpleaſant nor unprofitable to obſerve how a man who carried ſuch an appearance of piety ſpent his Sunday; for though he was ſo low in the world, this Gentleman was not above entering very cloſely into his character, of which he thought he ſhould be able to form a better judgment, by ſeeing whether his practice at home kept pace with his profeſſions abroad. For it is not ſo much by obſerving how people talk, as how they live, that we ought to judge of their characters.

After a pleaſant walk Mr. Johnſon got within ſight of the cottage, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney. He wiſhed to take the family by ſurpriſe; and walking gently up to the houſe, he ſtood awhile to liſten. The door being half open, he ſaw the

Shepherd, (who looked so respectable in his Sunday coat that he should hardly have known him) his Wife, and their numerous young family, drawing round their little table, which was covered with a clean though very coarse cloth. There stood on it a large dish of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of a coarse loaf. The wife and children stood in silent attention, while the Shepherd, with up-lifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the blessing of Heaven on their homely fare. Mr. Johnson could not help sighing to reflect, that he had sometimes seen better dinners eaten with less appearance of thankfulness.

The Shepherd and his wife then sat down with great seeming cheerfulness, but the children stood; and while the mother was helping them, little fresh-coloured Molly, who had picked the wool from the bushes with so much delight, cried out, Father, I wish I was big enough to say grace, I am sure I should say it very heartily today, for I was thinking what must *poor* people do who have no salt to their potatoes, and do but look, our dish is quite full.—That is the true way of thinking, Molly, said the father; in whatever concerns bodily wants and bodily comforts, it is our duty to compare our own lot with the lot of those who are worse off, and this will keep us thankful: on the other hand, whenever we are tempted to set up our own wisdom or goodness, we must compare ourselves with those who are wiser and better, and that will keep us humble. Molly was now so hungry, and found the potatoes so good, that she had no time to

make any more remarks; but was devouring her dinner very heartily, when the barking of the great dog drew her attention from her trencher to the door, and, spying the stranger, she cried out, Look father, see here, if yonder is not the good Gentleman! Mr. Johnson finding himself discovered, immediately walked in, and was heartily welcomed by the honest Shepherd, who told his wife that this was the Gentleman to whom they were so much obliged.

The good Woman began, as some very neat people are rather too apt to do, with making many apologies that her house was not cleaner, and that things were not in fitter order to receive such a Gentleman. Mr. Johnson, however, on looking round, could discover nothing but the most perfect neatness. The trenchers on which they were eating were almost as white as their linen; and notwithstanding the number and smallness of the children, there was not the least appearance of dirt or litter. The furniture was very simple and poor, hardly indeed amounting to bare necessaries. It consisted of four brown wooden chairs, which, by constant rubbing, were become as bright as a looking-glass; an iron pot and kettle; a poor old grate which scarcely held a handful of coal, and out of which the little fire that had been in it appeared to have been taken, as soon as it had answered the end for which it had been lighted, that of boiling their potatoes. Over the chimney stood an old-fashioned broad bright candlestick, and a still brighter spit; it was pretty clear that this last was kept rather for ornament than use. An old carved elbow chair,

and a cheſt of the ſame date, which ſtood in the corner, were conſidered as the moſt valuable part of the Shepherd's goods, having been in his family for three generations. But all theſe were lightly eſteemed by him, in compariſon of another poſſeſſion, which, added to the above, made up the whole of what he had inherited from his father; and which laſt he would not have parted with, if no other could have been had, for a king's ranſom: this was a large old Bible, which lay on the window ſeat, neatly covered with brown cloth, variouſly patched. This ſacred book was moſt reverendly preſerved from dog's ears, dirt, and every other injury, but ſuch as time and much uſe had made it ſuffer in ſpite of care. On the clean white walls was paſted a hymn on the Crucifixion of our Saviour, a print of the Prodigal Son, the Shepherd's Hymn, a *New Hiſtory of a True Book*, and Patient Joe, or the Newcaſtle Collier*.

After the firſt ſalutations were over, Mr. Johnſon ſaid, that if they would go on quietly with their dinner, he would ſit down. Though a good deal aſhamed, they thought it more reſpectful to obey the Gentleman, who having caſt his eye on their ſlender proviſions, gently rebuked the Shepherd for not having indulged himſelf, as it was Sunday, with a morſel of bacon to reliſh his potatoes. The Shepherd ſaid nothing, but poor Mary coloured and hung down her head, ſaying, Indeed, Sir, it is not my fault, I did beg my huſband to allow himſelf a bit of meat to-day

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out of your honour's bounty; but he was too good to do it, and it is all for my sake. The Shepherd seemed unwilling to come to an explanation, but Mr. Johnson desired Mary to go on. So she continued; you must know, Sir, that both of us, next to a sin, dread a debt, and indeed in some cases a debt is a sin; but with all our care and pains we have never been able quite to pay off the doctor's bill for that bad fit of rheumatism which I had last winter. Now when you were pleased to give my husband that kind present the other day, I heartily desired him to buy a bit of meat for Sunday, as I said before, that he might have a little refreshment for himself out of your kindness. But, answered he, Mary, it is never out of my mind long together, that we still owe a few shillings to the doctor (and thank God it is all we did owe in the world). Now if I carry him this money directly it will not only shew him our honesty and our good will; but it will be an encouragement to him to come to you another time, in case you should be taken once more in such a bad fit; for I must own, added my poor husband, that the thought of your being so terribly ill without any help, is the only misfortune that I want courage to face.

Here the grateful woman's tears ran down so fast that she could not go on. She wiped them with the corner of her apron, and humbly begged pardon for making so free. Indeed, Sir, said the Shepherd, though my wife is full as unwilling to be in debt as myself, yet I could hardly prevail on her to consent to my paying this money just then, because she said it was hard

I ſhould not have a taſte of the Gentleman's bounty myſelf. But for once, Sir, I would have my own way. For you muſt know, as I paſs beſt part of my time alone, tending my ſheep, 'tis a great point with me, Sir, to get comfortable matter for my own thoughts; ſo that 'tis rather ſelf-intereſt in me to allow myſelf in no pleaſures and no practices that won't bear thinking on over and over. For when one is a good deal alone you know, Sir, all one's bad deeds do ruſh in upon one, as I may ſay, and ſo torment one, that there is no true comfort to be had but in keeping clear of wrong doings, and falſe pleaſures; and that I ſuppoſe may be one reaſon why ſo many folks hate to ſtay a bit by themſelves.—But as I was ſaying—when I came to think the matter over on the hill yonder, ſaid I to myſelf, a good dinner is a good thing, I grant, and yet it will be but cold comfort to me a week after, to be able to ſay—to be ſure I had a nice ſhoulder of mutton laſt Sunday for dinner, thanks to the good Gentleman, but then I am in debt.—I *had* a rare dinner, that's certain, but the pleaſure of that has long been over, and the debt ſtill remains. I have ſpent the crown, and now if my poor wife ſhould be taken in one of thoſe fits again, die ſhe muſt, unleſs God work a miracle to prevent it, for I can get no help for her. This thought ſettled all; and I ſet off directly and paid the crown to the Doctor with as much cheerfulneſs as I ſhould have felt on ſitting down to the fatteſt ſhoulder of mutton that ever was roaſted. And if I was contented at the time, think how much more happy I have been at the remem-

brance! O Sir, there are no pleasures worth the name but such as bring no plague or penitence after them.

Mr. Johnson was satisfied with the Shepherd's reasons; and agreed that though a good dinner was not to be despised, yet it was not worthy to be compared with a *contented Mind, which* (as the Bible truly says) *is a continual Feast.* But come, said the good Gentleman, what have we got in this brown mug? As good water, said the Shepherd, as any in the King's dominions. I have heard of countries beyond sea in which there is no wholesome water; nay, I have been myself in a great town not far off where they are obliged to buy all the water which they get, while a good Providence sends to my very door a spring as clear and fine as Jacob's well. When I am tempted to repine that I have often no other drink, I call to mind, that it was nothing better than a cup of cold water which the woman of Samaria drew for the greatest guest that ever visited this world.

Very well, replied Mr. Johnson; but as your honesty has made you prefer a poor meal to being in debt, I will at least send and get something for you to drink. I saw a little public house just by the church, as I came along. Let that little rosy-faced fellow fetch a mug of beer. So saying, he looked full at the boy, who did not offer to stir; but cast an eye at his father, to know what he was to do. Sir, said the Shepherd, I hope we shall not appear ungrateful, if we seem to refuse your favour; my little boy would, I am sure, fly to serve you on

any other occasion. But, good Sir, it is Sunday, and should any of my family be seen at a public house on a Sabbath-day, it would be a much greater grief to me than to drink water all my life. I am often talking against these doings to others, and if I should say one thing and do another, you can't think what an advantage it would give many of my neighbours over me, who would be glad enough to report, that they had caught the Shepherd's son at the ale-house, without explaining how it happened. Christians you know, Sir, must be doubly watchful, or they will not only bring disgrace on themselves, but what is much worse, on that holy name by which they are called.

Are you not a little too cautious, my honest friend? said Mr. Johnson. I humbly ask your pardon, Sir, replied the Shepherd, if I think that is impossible. In my poor notion I no more understand how a man can be too cautious, than how he can be too strong, or too healthy.

You are right indeed, said Mr. Johnson, as a general principle, but this struck me as a very small thing.—Sir, said the Shepherd, I am afraid you will think me very bold, but you encourage me to speak out.—'Tis what I wish, said the Gentleman. Then, Sir, resumed the Shepherd, I doubt, if where there is a temptation to do wrong, any thing can be called small; that is, in short, if there is any such thing as a small, wilful sin. A poor man, like me, is seldom called out to do great things, so that it is not by a few striking deeds his character can be judged by his neighbours, but by

the little round of daily cuſtoms he allows himſelf in.—While they were thus talking, the children who had ſtood very quietly behind, and had not ſtirred a foot, now began to ſcamper about all at once, and in a moment ran to the window-ſeat to pick up their little old hats. Mr. Johnſon looked ſurpriſed at this diſturbance; the Shepherd aſked his pardon, telling him it was the ſound of the Church Bell which had been the cauſe of their rudeneſs; for their mother had brought them up with ſuch a fear of being too late for Church, that it was but who could catch the firſt ſtroke of the bell, and be firſt ready. He had always taught them to think that nothing was more indecent than to get into Church after it was begun; for as the ſervice opened with an exhortation to repentance, and a confeſſion of ſin, it looked very preſumptuous not to be ready to join in it; it looked as if people did not feel themſelves to be ſinners. And though ſuch as lived at a great diſtance might plead difference of clocks as an excuſe, yet thoſe who lived within the ſound of the bell, could pretend neither ignorance nor miſtake.

Mary and her children ſet forward. Mr. Johnſon and the Shepherd followed, taking care to talk the whole way on ſuch ſubjects as might fit them for the ſolemn duties of the place to which they were going. I have often been ſorry to obſerve, ſaid Mr. Johnſon, that many who are reckoned decent, good kind of people, and who would on no account neglect going to Church, yet ſeem to care but little in what frame

or temper of mind they go thither. They will talk of their worldly concerns till they get within the door, and then take them up again the very minute the sermon is over, which makes me ready to fear they lay too much stress on the mere form of going to a place of worship. Now, for my part, I always find that it requires a little time to bring my mind into a state fit to do any *common* business well, much more this great and most necessary business of all.—Yes, Sir, said the Shepherd, and then I think too how busy I should be in preparing my mind, if I was going into the presence of a great Gentleman, or a Lord, or the King; and shall the King of kings be treated with less respect? Besides one likes to see people feel as if going to Church was a thing of choice and pleasure, as well as a duty, and that they were as desirous not to be the last there, as they would be if they were going to a feast, or a fair.

After service, Mr. Jenkins the Clergyman, who was well acquainted with the character of Mr. Johnson, and had a great respect for him, accosted him with much civility; expressing his concern that he could not enjoy just now so much of his conversation as he wished, as he was obliged to visit a sick person at a distance, but hoped to have a little talk with him before he left the Village. As they walked along together, Mr. Johnson made such enquiries about the Shepherd, as served to confirm him in the high opinion he entertained of his piety, good sense, industry, and self-denial. They parted, the Cler-

gyman promising to call in at the cottage in his way home.

The Shepherd, who took it for granted that Mr. Johnson was gone to the Parsonage, walked home with his wife and children, and was beginning in his usual way to catechise and instruct his family, when Mr. Johnson came in, and insisted that the Shepherd should go on with his instructions, just as if he were not there. This Gentleman, who was very desirous of being useful to his own servants and workmen in the way of religious instruction, was sometimes sorry to find, that though he took a good deal of pains, they did not now and then quite understand him, for though his meaning was very good, his language was not always very plain; and though the *things* he said were not hard to be understood, yet the *words* were, especially to such as were very ignorant. And he now began to find out, that if people were ever so wise and good, yet if they had not a simple, agreeable, and familiar way of expressing themselves, some of their plain hearers would not be much the better for them. For this reason he was not above listening to the plain, humble way in which this honest man taught his family, for though he knew that he himself had many advantages over the Shepherd, had more learning, and could teach him many things, yet he was not too proud to learn even of so poor a man, in any point where he thought the Shepherd might have the advantage of him.

This Gentleman was much pleased with the

knowledge and piety which he diſcovered in the anſwers of the children; and deſired the Shepherd to tell him how he contrived to keep up a ſenſe of divine things in his own mind, and in that of his family with ſo little leiſure, and ſo little reading. O as to that, Sir, ſaid the Shepherd, we do not read much except in one book, to be ſure; but my hearty prayer for God's bleſſing on the uſe of that book, what little knowledge is needful ſeems to come of courſe, as it were. And my chief ſtudy has been to bring the fruits of the Sunday reading into the week's buſineſs, and to keep up the ſame ſenſe of God in the heart, when the Bible is in the cupboard as when it is in the hand. In ſhort, to apply what I read in the book, to what I meet with in the field.

I don't quite underſtand you, ſaid Mr. Johnſon. Sir, replied the Shepherd, I have but a poor gift at conveying theſe things to others, though I have much comfort from them in my own mind; but I am ſure that the moſt ignorant and hard-working people, who are in earneſt about their ſalvation, may help to keep up devout thoughts and good affections during the week, though they have hardly any time to look at a book; and it will help them to keep out bad thoughts too, which is no ſmall matter. But then they muſt know the Bible; they muſt have read the word of God diligently; that is a kind of ſtock in trade for a Chriſtian to ſet up with; and it is this which makes me ſo careful in teaching it to my children; and even in ſtoring their memories with Pſalms and Chapters.

This is a great help to a poor, hard-working man, who will scarcely meet with any thing but what he may turn to some good account. If one lives in the fear and the love of God, almost every thing one sees abroad will teach one to adore his power and goodness, and bring to mind some text of Scripture, which shall fill the heart with thankfulness, and the mouth with praise. When I look upwards, *the Heavens declare the glory of God*; and shall I be silent and ungrateful? If I look round and see the valleys standing thick with corn, how can I help blessing that Power who *giveth me all things richly to enjoy?* I may learn gratitude from the beasts of the field, for the *Ox knoweth his owner, and the Ass his Master's crib*, and shall a Christian not know, shall a Christian not consider, what great things God has done for him? I, who am a Shepherd, endeavour to fill my soul with a constant remembrance of that good Shepherd, who *feedeth me in green pastures, and maketh me to lie down beside the still waters, and whose rod and staff comfort me.*

You are happy, said Mr. Johnson, in this retired life, by which you escape the corruptions of the world.—Sir, said the Shepherd, I do not escape the corruptions of my own evil nature. Even there, on that wild solitary hill, I can find out that my heart is prone to evil thoughts. I suppose, Sir, that different states have different temptations. You great folks that live in the world, perhaps, are ex-

posed to some, of which such a poor man as I am know nothing. But to one who leads a lonely life, like me, evil thoughts are a chief besetting sin; and I can no more withstand these without the grace of God, than a rich gentleman can withstand the snares of evil company, without the same grace. And I feel that I stand in need of God's help continually, and if he should give me up to my own evil heart I should be lost.

Mr. Johnson approved of the Shepherd's sincerity, for he had always observed, that where there was no humility, and no watchfulness against sin, there was no religion; and he said, that the man who did not feel himself to be a sinner, in his opinion could not be a Christian.

Just as they were in this part of their discourse, Mr. Jenkins, the clergyman, came in. After the usual salutations, he said, Well, Shepherd, I wish you joy; I know you will be sorry to gain any advantage by the death of a neighbour; but old Wilson, my clerk, was so infirm, and I trust so well prepared, that there is no reason to be sorry for his death. I have been to pray by him, but he died while I staid. I have always intended you should succeed to his place; 'tis no great matter of profit, but every little is something.

No great matter, Sir! cried the Shepherd, indeed it is a great thing to me; it will more than pay my rent. Blessed be God for all his goodness. Mary said nothing, but lifted up her eyes full of tears in silent gratitude.

I am glad of this little circumstance, said Mr. Jenkins, not only for your sake, but for the sake

of the office itself. I so heartily reverence every religious institution, that I would never have even the *Amen* added to the excellent prayers of our church, by vain or profane lips; and if it depended on me, there should be no such thing in the land as an idle, drunken, or irreligious Parish-Clerk. Sorry I am to say that this matter is not always sufficiently attended to, and that I know some of a very indifferent character.

Mr. Johnson now enquired of the Clergyman, whether there were many children in the parish. More than you would expect, replied he, from the seeming smallness of it, but there are some little hamlets which you do not see.—I think, returned Mr. Johnson, I recollect that in the conversation I had with the Shepherd on the hill yonder, he told me you had no Sunday School. —I am sorry to say we have none, said the Minister; I do what I can to remedy this misfortune by public catechising; but having two or three Churches to serve, I cannot give so much time as I wish to private instruction; and having a large family of my own, and no assistance from others, I have never been able to establish a school.

There is an excellent institution in London, said Mr. Johnson, called the Sunday-School Society, which kindly gives books and other helps, on the application of such pious Ministers as stand in need of their aid, and which I am sure would have assisted you; but I think we shall be able to do something ourselves.—Shepherd, continued he, if I were a King, and had it in my power to

make you a rich and a great man, with a word speaking, I would not do it. Those who are raised by some sudden stroke, much above the station in which Divine Providence had placed them, seldom turn out very good, or very happy. I have never had any great things in my power, but as far as I have been able, I have been always glad to assist the worthy. I have, however, never attempted or desired to set any poor man much above his natural condition, but it is a pleasure to me to lend him such assistance, as may make that condition more easy to himself, and to put him in a way which shall call him to the performance of more duties than perhaps he could have performed without my help, and of performing them in a better manner.—What rent do you pay for this cottage?

Fifty shillings a year, Sir.

It is in a sad tattered condition; is there not a better to be had in the village?

That in which the poor Clerk lived, said the Clergyman, is not only more tight and whole, but has two decent chambers, and a very large, light kitchen.—That will be very convenient, replied Mr. Johnson, pray what is the rent? I think, said the Shepherd, poor neighbour Wilson gave somewhat about four pounds a year, or it might be guineas.—Very well, said Mr. Johnson, and what will the Clerk's place be worth, think you? About three pounds, was the answer.

Now, continued Mr. Johnson, my plan is, that the Shepherd should take that house immediately; for as the poor man is dead, there will

be no need of waiting till quarter-day, if I make up the difference. True, Sir, ſaid Mr. Jenkins, and I am ſure my wife's father, whom I expect to-morrow, will willingly aſſiſt a little towards buying ſome of the Clerk's old goods. And the ſooner they remove the better, for poor Mary caught that bad rheumatiſm by ſleeping under a leaky thatch. The Shepherd was too much moved to ſpeak, and Mary could hardly ſob out, Oh Sir, you are too good; indeed this houſe will do very well. It may do very well for you and your children, Mary, ſaid Mr. Johnſon, gravely, but it will not do for a ſchool; the kitchen is neither large nor light enough. Shepherd, continued he, with your good Miniſter's leave and kind aſſiſtance, I propoſe to ſet up in this pariſh a Sunday School, and to make you the maſter. It will not at all interfere with your weekly calling, and it is the only lawful way in which you could turn the Sabbath into a day of ſome little profit to your family, by doing, as I hope, a great deal of good to the ſouls of others. The reſt of the week you will work as uſual. The difference of rent between this houſe and the Clerk's, I ſhall pay myſelf, for to put you into a better houſe at your own expence would be no great act of kindneſs.—As for honeſt Mary, who is not fit for hard labour, or any out-of-door work, I propoſe to endow a ſmall weekly ſchool, of which ſhe ſhall be the miſtreſs, and employ her notable turn to good account, by teaching ten or a dozen girls to knit, ſew, ſpin, card, or any other uſeful way of getting their bread; for all this I ſhall only pay he

the uſual price, for I am not going to make you rich, but uſeful.

Not rich, Sir? cried the Shepherd. How can I ever be thankful enough for ſuch bleſſings? And will my poor Mary have a dry thatch over her head? and ſhall I be able to ſend for the doctor when I am like to loſe her? Indeed my cup runs over with bleſſings, I hope God will give me humility.—Here he and Mary looked at each other and burſt into tears. The Gentlemen ſaw their diſtreſs, and kindly walked out upon the little green before the door, that theſe honeſt people might give vent to their feelings. As ſoon as they were alone they crept into one corner of the room, where they thought they could not be ſeen, and fell on their knees, devoutly bleſſing and praiſing God for his mercies. Never were heartier prayers preſented, than this grateful couple offered up for their benefactors. The warmth of their gratitude could only be equalled by the earneſtneſs with which they beſought the bleſſing of God on the work in which they were going to engage.

The two Gentlemen now left this happy family, and walked to the Parſonage, where the evening was ſpent in a manner very edifying to Mr. Johnſon, who the next day took all proper meaſures for putting the Shepherd in immediate poſſeſſion of his now comfortable habitation. Mr. Jenkins's father-in-law, the worthy Gentleman who gave the Shepherd's wife the blankets, in the firſt part of this hiſtory, arrived at the Parſonage before Mr. Johnſon left it, and aſſiſted in fitting up the Clerk's cottage.

Mr. Johnson took his leave, promising to call on the worthy Minister and his new Clerk once a year, in his summer's journey over the Plain, as long as it should please God to spare his life.—We hope he will never fail to give us an account of these visits, which we shall be glad to lay before our readers, if they should contain instruction or amusement. Z.

THE

TWO SHOEMAKERS.

JACK BROWN and JAMES STOCK, were two lads apprenticed at nearly the ſame time, to Mr. Williams, a Shoemaker, in a ſmall town in Oxfordſhire: they were pretty near the ſame age, but of very different characters and diſpoſitions.

Brown was eldeſt ſon to a farmer in good circumſtances, who gave the uſual apprentice fee with him. Being a wild, giddy boy, whom his father could not well manage or inſtruct in farming, he thought it better to ſend him out to learn a trade at a diſtance, than to let him idle about

at home; for Jack always preferred bird's-nesting and marbles to any other employment; and would trifle away half the day, when his father thought he was at school, with any boys he could meet with, who were as idle as himself; and never could be prevailed upon to do, or to learn any thing while a game at taw could be had for love or money. All this time his little brothers, much younger than himself, were beginning to follow the plough, or to carry the corn to mill as soon as they were able to mount a cart-horse.

Jack, however, who was a lively boy, and did not naturally want either sense or good nature, might have turned out well enough, if he had not had the misfortune of being his mother's favourite. She concealed and forgave all his faults. —To be sure he was a little wild, she would say, but he would not make the worse man for that, for Jack had a good spirit of his own, and she would not have it broke, and so make a mope of the boy. The farmer, for a quiet life, as it is called, gave up all these points to his wife; and, with them, gave up the future virtue and happiness of his child. He was a laborious and industrious man, but he had no religion; he thought only of the gains and advantages of the present day, and never took the future into the account. His wife managed him entirely, and as she was really notable, he did not trouble his head about any thing farther. If she had been careless in her dairy, he would have stormed and sworn; but as she only ruined one child by indulgence, and almost broke the hearts of the rest by un-

kindneſs, he gave himſelf little concern about the matter. The cheeſe, certainly, was good, and that indeed is a great point; but ſhe was neglectful of her children, and a tyrant to her ſervants. Her huſband's ſubſtance, indeed, was not waſted, but his happineſs was not conſulted. His houſe, it is true, was not dirty, but it was the abode of fury, ill temper, and covetouſneſs. And the farmer, though he did not care for drink, was too often driven to the public houſe in an evening, becauſe his own was neither quiet nor comfortable. The mother was always ſcolding, and the children were always crying.

Jack, however, notwithſtanding his idleneſs, picked up a little reading and writing, but never would learn to caſt an account; that was too much labour. His mother was deſirous he ſhould continue at ſchool, not ſo much for the ſake of his learning, which ſhe had not ſenſe enough to value, but to ſave her darling from the fatigue of labour; for if he had not gone to ſchool, ſhe knew he muſt have gone to work, and ſhe thought the former was the leaſt tireſome of the two. Indeed this fooliſh woman had ſuch an opinion of his genius, that ſhe uſed, from a child, to think he was too wiſe for any thing but a parſon, and hoped ſhe ſhould live to ſee him one. She did not wiſh to ſee her ſon a miniſter becauſe ſhe loved either learning or goodneſs, but becauſe ſhe thought it would make Jack a gentleman, and ſet him above his brothers.

Farmer Brown ſtill hoped, that though Jack was likely to make but an idle and ignorant farmer, yet he might make no bad tradesman,

when he ſhould be removed from the indulgences of a father's houſe, and from a ſilly mother, whoſe fondneſs kept him back in every thing. This woman was enraged when ſhe found that ſo fine a ſcholar, as ſhe took Jack to be, was to be put apprentice to a ſhoemaker. The farmer, however, for the firſt time in his life, would have his own way. But being a worldly man, and too apt to mind only what is falſely called *the main chance*; inſtead of being careful to look out for a ſober, prudent, and religious maſter for his ſon, he left all that to accident, as if it had been a thing of little or no conſequence. This is a very common fault; and fathers who are guilty of it, are in a great meaſure anſwerable for the future ſins and errors of their children, when they grow up in the world, and ſet up for themſelves. If a man gives his ſon a good education, a good example, and a good maſter, it is indeed *poſſible* that the ſon may not turn out well, but it does not often happen; and when it does, the father has no blame reſting on him; and it is a great point towards a man's comfort to have his conſcience quiet in that reſpect, however God may think fit to over-rule events.

The farmer, however, took care to deſire his friends to enquire for a ſhoemaker who had good buſineſs, and was a good workman; and the mother did not forget to put in her word, and "deſired that it might be one who was not *too ſtrict*; for Jack had been brought up tenderly, was a meek boy, and could not bear to be contradicted in any thing." And this is the common notion

of meekneſs among people who know no better.

Mr. Williams was recommended to the farmer as being the beſt ſhoemaker in the town in which he lived, and far from a ſtrict maſter; and, without farther enquiries, to Mr. Williams he went.

James Stock, who was the ſon of an honeſt labourer in the next village, was bound out by the pariſh in conſideration of his father having ſo numerous a family, that he was not able to put him out himſelf. James was in every thing the very reverſe of his new companion. He was a modeſt, induſtrious, pious youth; and though ſo poor, and the child of a labourer, was a much better ſcholar than Jack, who was a wealthy farmer's ſon. His father had, it is true, been able to give him but very little ſchooling, for he was obliged to be put to work when quite a child. When very young he uſed to run of errands for Mr. Thomas, the curate of the pariſh; a very kind-hearted young gentleman, who boarded next door to his father's cottage. He uſed alſo to rub down and ſaddle his horſe, and do any other little job for him, in the moſt civil, obliging manner. All this ſo recommended him to the clergyman, that he would often ſend for him in of an evening, after he had done his day's work in the field, and condeſcended to teach him himſelf to write and caſt accounts, as well as to inſtruct him in the principles of his religion. It was not merely out of kindneſs for the little good-natured ſervices James did him, that he ſhewed him this

favour, but alſo for his readineſs in the catechiſm, and his devout behaviour at church.

The firſt thing that drew the miniſter's attention to this boy, was the following:—He had frequently given him halfpence and pence for holding his horſe and carrying him to water, before he was big enough to be further uſeful to him. On Chriſtmas-Day he was ſurpriſed to ſee James at church, reading out of a handſome new prayer-book; he wondered how he came by it, for he knew there was nobody in the pariſh likely to have given it to him, for at that time there were no Sunday ſchools; and the father could not afford it, he was ſure.

Well James, ſaid he, as he ſaw him when they came out, you made a good figure at church today; it made you look like a man and a chriſtian, not only to have ſo handſome a book, but to be ſo ready in all parts of the ſervice. How came you by that book? James owned modeſtly, that he had been a whole year ſaving up the money by ſingle halfpence, all of which had been of the miniſter's own giving, and that in all that time he had not ſpent a ſingle farthing on his own diverſions. My dear boy, ſaid good Mr. Thomas, I am much miſtaken if thou doſt not turn out well in the world, for two reaſons:—firſt, from thy ſaving turn and ſelf-denying temper; and next, becauſe thou didſt devote the firſt eighteenpence thou waſt ever worth in the world to ſo good a purpoſe.

James bowed and bluſhed, and from that time Mr. Thomas began to take more notice of him,

and to inſtruct him as I ſaid above. As James ſoon grew able to do him more conſiderable ſervice, he would now and then give him ſixpence. This he conſtantly ſaved, till it became a little ſum with which he bought ſhoes and ſtockings; well knowing that his poor father, with a hard family and low wages, could not buy them for him. As to what little money he earned himſelf by his daily labour in the field, he conſtantly carried it to his mother every Saturday night, to buy bread for the family, which was a pretty help to them.

As James was not over-ſtout in his make, his father thankfully accepted the offer of the pariſh officers to bind out his ſon to a trade. This good man, however, had not, like Farmer Brown, the liberty of chooſing a maſter for his ſon, or he would carefully have enquired if he was a proper man to have the care of youth; but Williams the ſhoemaker was already fixed on, by thoſe who were to put the boy out, and if he wanted a maſter it muſt be him or none; for the overſeers had a better opinion of Williams than he deſerved, and thought it would be the making of the boy to go to him. The father knew that beggars muſt not be chooſers, ſo he fitted out James for his new place, having indeed little to give him beſides his bleſſing.

The worthy Mr. Thomas, however, kindly gave him an old coat and waiſtcoat, which his mother, who was a neat and notable woman, contrived to make up for him herſelf without a farthing expence, and when it was turned and

made fit for his ſize, it made him a very handſome ſuit for Sundays, and laſted him a couple of years.

And here let me ſtop to remark what a pity it is, that poor women ſo ſeldom are able or willing to do theſe ſort of little handy jobs themſelves; and that they do not oftener bring up their daughters to be more uſeful in family work. They are great loſers by it every way; not only as they are diſqualifying their girls from making good wives hereafter, but they are loſers in point of preſent advantage; for gentlefolks could much oftener afford to give a poor boy a jacket or a waiſtcoat, if it was not for the expence of making it, which adds very much to the coſt. To my certain knowledge, many poor women would often get an old coat, or bit of coarſe new cloth given them to fit out a boy, if the mothers or ſiſters were known to be able to cut it out to advantage, and to make it decently themſelves. But half-a-crown for the making a bit of kerſey, which coſts but a few ſhillings, is more than many very charitable gentry can afford to give—ſo they often give nothing at all, when they ſee the mothers ſo little able to turn it to advantage. It is hoped they will take this hint kindly, as it is meant for their good.

But to return to our two young ſhoemakers. They were both now ſettled at Mr. Williams's, who, as he was known to be a good workman, had plenty of buſineſs. He had ſometimes two or three journeymen, but no apprentices but Jack and James.

Jack, who, with all his faults, was a keen,

ſmart boy, took to learn the trade quick enough, but the difficulty was to make him ſtick two hours together to his work. At every noiſe he heard in the ſtreet, down went the work—the laſt one way, the upper leather another; the ſole dropped on the ground, and the thread he dragged after him, all the way up the ſtreet. If a blind fiddler, a ballad ſinger, a mountebank, a dancing bear, or a drum, were heard at a diſtance—out ran Jack—nothing could ſtop him, and not a ſtitch more could he be prevailed on to do that day. Every duty, every promiſe was forgot for the preſent pleaſure—he could not reſiſt the ſmalleſt temptation—he never ſtopped for a moment to conſider whether a thing was right or wrong, but whether he liked it or diſliked it. And as his ill-judging mother took care to ſend him privately a good ſupply of pocket-money, that deadly bane to all youthful virtue, he had generally a few pence ready to ſpend, and to indulge in the preſent diverſion whatever it was. And what was ſtill worſe even than ſpending his money, he ſpent his time too, or rather his maſter's time. Of this he was continually reminded by James, to whom he always anſwered, What have you to complain about? It is nothing to you or any one elſe; I ſpend nobody's money but my own. That may be, replied the other, but you cannot ſay it is your own *time* that you ſpend. He inſiſted upon it that it was; but James fetched down their *indentures*, and there ſhewed him that he had ſolemnly bound himſelf by that inſtrument, not to waſte his maſter's property. Now, quoth James, *thy*

own time is a very valuable part of thy maſter's property. To this he replied, Every one's time was his own, and he ſhould not ſit moping all day over his laſt—for his part, he thanked God, *he* was no *pariſh 'prentice.*

James did not reſent this piece of fooliſh impertinence, as ſome ſilly lads would have done; nor fly out into a violent paſſion: for even at this early age he had begun to learn of him *who was meek and lowly of heart*; and therefore *when he was reviled, he reviled not again.* On the contrary he was ſo very kind and gentle, that even Jack, vain and idle as he was, could not help loving him, though he took care never to follow his advice.

Jack's fondneſs for his boyiſh and ſilly diverſions in the ſtreet, ſoon produced the effects which might naturally be expected; and the ſame idleneſs which led him to fly out into the town at the ſound of a fiddle, or the ſight of a puppet-ſhow, ſoon led him to thoſe places where all theſe fiddles and ſhows naturally lead, I mean the ALE-HOUSE. The acquaintance picked up in the ſtreet was carried on at the Greyhound; and the idle paſtimes of the boy ſoon led to the deſtructive vices of the man.

As he was not an ill-tempered youth, nor naturally much given to drink; a ſober and prudent maſter, who had been ſteady in his management, and regular in his own conduct; who had recommended good advice by a good example, might have made ſomething of Jack. But I am ſorry to ſay, that Mr. Williams, though a good workman, and not a very hard or ſevere maſter,

was neither a ſober nor a ſteady man—ſo far from it, that he ſpent much more time at the Grey-hound, than at home. There was no order either in his ſhop or family. He left the chief care of the buſineſs to his two young apprentices; and being but a worldly man, he was at firſt diſpoſed to ſhew favour to Jack much more than to James, becauſe he had more money, and his father was better in the world than the father of poor James.

At firſt, therefore, he was diſpoſed to conſider James as a ſort of drudge, who was to do all the menial work of the family, and he did not care how little he taught him of his trade. With Mrs. Williams the matter was ſtill worſe; ſhe conſtantly called him away from the buſineſs of his trade to waſh the houſe, nurſe the child, turn the ſpit, or run of errands. And here I muſt remark, that though pariſh apprentices are bound in duty to be ſubmiſſive to both maſter and miſtreſs, and always to make themſelves as uſeful as they can in a family, and to be civil and humble; yet on the other hand, it is the duty of maſters always to remember, that if they are paid for inſtructing them in their trade, they ought conſcientiouſly to inſtruct them in it, and not to employ them the greater part of their time in ſuch houſehold or other drudgery, as to deprive them of the opportunity of acquiring their trade.

Mr. Williams ſoon found out that his favourite Jack would be of little uſe to him in the ſhop; for though he worked well enough, he did not care how little he did. Nor could he be of the

leaſt uſe to his maſter in keeping an account, or writing out a bill upon occaſion, for, as he never could be made to learn to cypher, he did not know addition from multiplication.

One day one of the cuſtomers called at the ſhop in a great hurry, and deſired his bill might be made out that minute; Mr. Williams, having taken a cup too much, made ſeveral attempts to put down a clear account, but the more he tried, the leſs he found himſelf able to do it. James, who was ſitting at his laſt, roſe up, and with great modeſty, aſked his maſter if he would pleaſe to give him leave to make out the bill, ſaying, that though but a poor ſcholar, he would do his beſt, rather than keep the gentleman waiting. Williams gladly accepted his offer, and confuſed as his head was with liquor, he yet was able to obſerve with what neatneſs, diſpatch, and exactneſs the account was drawn out. From that time he no longer conſidered James as a drudge, but as one fitted for the higher employments of the trade, and he was now regularly employed to manage the accounts, with which all the cuſtomers were ſo well pleaſed, that it contributed greatly to raiſe him in his maſter's eſteem; for there were now never any of thoſe blunders or falſe charges, for which the ſhop had before been ſo famous.

James went on in a regular courſe of induſtry, and ſoon became the beſt workman Mr. Williams had, but there were many things in the family which he greatly diſapproved. Some of the journeymen uſed to ſwear, drink, and ſing very licentious ſongs. All theſe things were a great

grief to his ſober mind; he complained to his maſter, who only laughed at him; and indeed, as Williams did the ſame himſelf, he put it out of his own power to correct his ſervants, if he had been ſo diſpoſed. James, however, uſed always to reprove them with great mildneſs indeed, but with great ſerioufneſs alſo. This, but ſtill more his own excellent example, produced at length very good effects on ſuch of the men as were not quite hardened in ſin.

What grieved him moſt, was the manner in which the Sunday was ſpent. The maſter lay in bed all the morning, nor did the mother or her children ever go to church, except there was ſome new finery to be ſhewn, or a chriſtening to be attended. The town's people were coming to the ſhop all the morning, for work which ſhould have been ſent home the night before, had not the maſter been at the ale-houſe. And what wounded James to the very ſoul was, that the maſter expected the two apprentices to carry home ſhoes to the country cuſtomers on the Sunday morning; which he wickedly thought was a ſaving of time, as it prevented their hindering their work on the Saturday. Theſe ſhameful practices greatly afflicted poor James; he begged his maſter, with tears in his eyes, to excuſe him, but he only laughed at his ſqueamiſh conſcience, as he called it.

Jack did not diſlike this part of the buſineſs, and generally after he had delivered his parcel, waſted good part of the day in nutting, playing at fives, or dropping in at the public-houſe: any thing was better than going to church.

James, on the other hand, when he was compelled, ſorely againſt his conſcience, to carry home any goods of a Sunday morning, always got up as ſoon as it was light, knelt down, and prayed heartily to GOD to forgive him a ſin which it was not in his power to avoid; he took care not to loſe a moment by the way, but as he was taking his walk with the utmoſt ſpeed, to leave his ſhoes with the cuſtomers, he ſpent his time in endeavouring to keep up good thoughts in his mind, and praying that the day might come when his conſcience might be delivered from this grievous burthen. He was now particularly thankful, that Mr. Thomas had formerly taught him ſo many pſalms and chapters, which he uſed to repeat in theſe walks with great devotion.

He always got home before the reſt of the family was up, dreſſed himſelf very clean, and went twice to church; and as he greatly diſliked the company and practices of his maſter's houſe, particularly on the Sabbath-day, he preferred ſpending his evening alone, reading his Bible, which I forgot to ſay the worthy clergyman had given him when he left his native village. Sunday evening, which is to ſome people ſuch a burthen, was to James the higheſt holiday. He had formerly learnt a little how to ſing a pſalm of the clerk of his own pariſh, and this was now become a very delightful part of his evening exerciſe. And as Will Simpſon, one of the journeymen, by James's advice and example, was now beginning to be of a more ſerious way of

thinking, he often aſked him to ſit an hour with him, when they read the Bible, and talked it over together in a manner very pleaſant and improving; and as Will was a famous ſinger, a pſalm or two ſung together, was a very innocent pleaſure.

James's good manners and civility to the cuſtomers drew much buſineſs to the ſhop; and his ſkill as a workman was ſo great, that every one deſired his ſhoes might be made by James. Williams grew ſo very idle and negligent, that he now totally neglected his affairs, and to hard drinking added deep gaming. All James's care, both of the ſhop and the accounts, could not keep things in any tolerable order: he repreſented to his maſter that they were growing worſe and worſe; and exhorted him, if he valued his credit as a tradeſman, his comfort as a huſband and father, his character as a maſter, and his ſoul as a chriſtian, to turn over a new leaf. Williams ſwore a great oath that he would not be reſtrained in his pleaſures to pleaſe a canting pariſh 'prentice, nor to humour a parcel of ſqualling brats—that let people ſay what they would of him, they ſhould never ſay he was a *hypocrite*, and as long as they could not call him that, he did not care what elſe they called him.

In a violent paſſion he immediately went to the Greyhound, where he now ſpent, not only every evening, which he had long done, but good part of the day and night alſo. His wife was very dreſſy, extravagant, and fond of company, and ſpent at home as faſt as her huſband did abroad; ſo that all the neighbours ſaid, if it had

not been for James, his maſter muſt have broke long ago, but they were ſure he could not hold it much longer.

As Jack Brown ſung a good ſong, and played many diverting tricks, Williams liked his com-pany, and often allowed him to make one at the Greyhound, where he would laugh heartily at his ſtories; ſo that every one thought Jack was much the greater favourite—ſo he was as a companion in frolick, and foolery, and *pleaſure*, as it is called; but he would not truſt him with an inch of lea-ther, or ſixpence in money: No, no—when bu-ſineſs was to be done, or truſt was to be repoſed, James was the man: the idle and the drunken never truſt one another, if they have common ſenſe. They like to laugh, and ſing, and riot, and drink together: but when they want a friend, a coun-ſellor, a help in buſineſs or in trouble, they go farther a-field; and Williams, while he would drink with Jack, would truſt James with untold gold; and even was fooliſhly tempted to neglect his buſineſs the more from knowing that he had one at home who was taking care of it.

In ſpite of all James's care and diligence, how-ever, things were growing worſe and worſe: the more James ſaved, the more his maſter and miſ-treſs ſpent. One morning, juſt as the ſhop was opened, and James had ſet every body to their reſpective work, and he himſelf was ſettling the buſineſs for the day, he found that his maſter was not yet come from the Greyhound. As this was now become a common caſe, he only grieved, but did not wonder at it. While he was indulging ſad

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thoughts on what would be the end of all this, in ran the tapſter from the Greyhound out of breath, and with a look of terror and diſmay, deſired James would ſtep over to the publick-houſe with him that moment, for that his maſter wanted him.

James went immediately, ſurpriſed at this unuſual meſſage. When he got into the kitchen of the public-houſe, which he now entered for the firſt time in his life, though it was juſt oppoſite the houſe in which he lived, he was ſhocked at the beaſtly, diſguſting appearance of every thing he beheld. There was a table covered with tankards, punch bowls, broken glaſſes, pipes, and dirty, greaſy packs of cards, and all over wet with liquor; the floor was ſtrewed with broken earthen cups, odd cards, and an EO table ſhivered to pieces in a quarrel; behind the table ſtood a crowd of dirty fellows, with matted locks, hollow eyes, and faces ſmeared with tobacco; James made his way after the tapſter, through this wretched looking crew, to a ſettle which ſtood in the chimney corner. Not a word was uttered, but the ſilent horror ſeemed to denote ſomething more than a mere common drunken bout.

What was the diſmay of James, when he ſaw his miſerable maſter ſtretched out on the ſettle, in all the agonies of death! He had fallen into a fit, after having drank hard beſt part of the night, and ſeemed to have but a few minutes to live. In his frightful countenance was diſplayed the dreadful picture of ſin and death; for he ſtruggled at once under the guilt of intoxication,

and the pangs of a dying man. He recovered his ſenſes for a few moments, and called out to aſk if his faithful ſervant was come: James went up to him, took him by his cold hand, but was too much moved to ſpeak. Oh! James, James, cried he in a broken voice, pray for me, comfort me. James ſpoke kindly to him, but was too honeſt to give him falſe comfort, as is too often done by miſtaken friends in theſe dreadful moments.

James, ſaid he, I have been a bad maſter to you—you would have ſaved my ſoul and body, but I would not let you—I have ruined my wife, my children, and my own ſoul. Take warning, oh, take warning by my miſerable end, ſaid he, to his ſtupified companions; but none were able to attend to him but James, who bid him lift up his heart to GOD, and prayed heartily for him himſelf. Oh! ſaid the dying man, it is too late, too late for me—but you have ſtill time, ſaid he, to the half drunken terrified crew around him. Where is Jack? Jack Brown came forward, but was too much frightened to ſpeak. O wretched boy, ſaid he, I fear I ſhall have the ruin of thy ſoul, as well as my own, to anſwer for. Stop ſhort!—Take warning—now, in the days of thy youth. O James, James, thou doſt not pray for me. Death is dreadful to the wicked—O the ſting of death to a guilty conſcience!—Here he lifted up his ghaſtly eyes in ſpeechleſs horror, graſped hard the hand of James, gave a deep hollow groan, and cloſed his eyes never to open them but in an awful eternity.

This was death in all its horrors! The gay companions of his ſinful pleaſures could not ſtand the ſight; all ſlunk away like guilty thieves from their late favourite friend—no one was left to aſſiſt him, but his two apprentices. Brown was not ſo hardened but that he ſhed many tears for his unhappy maſter; and even made ſome haſty reſolutions of amendment, which were too ſoon forgotten.

While Brown ſtepped home to call the workmen to come and aſſiſt in removing their poor maſter, James ſtaid alone with the corpſe, and employed thoſe awful moments in indulging the moſt ſerious thoughts, and praying heartily to God, that ſo terrible a leſſon might not be thrown away upon him; but that he might be enabled to live in a conſtant ſtate of preparation for death. The reſolutions he made at this moment, as they were not made in his own ſtrength, but in an humble reliance on God's gracious help, were of uſe to him as long as he lived; and if ever he was for a moment tempted to ſay, or do a wrong thing, the remembrance of his poor dying maſter's laſt agonies, and the dreadful words he uttered, always inſtantly checked him.

When Williams was buried, and his affairs came to be inquired into, they were found to be in a ſad condition. His wife, indeed, was the leſs to be pitied, as ſhe had contributed her full ſhare to the common ruin. James, however, did pity her, and by his ſkill in accounts, his known honeſty, and the truſt the creditors put in his word, things came to be ſettled rather better than Mrs. Williams expected.

Both Brown and James were now within a month or two of being out of their time. The creditors, as was ſaid before, employed James to ſettle his late maſter's accounts, which he did in a manner ſo creditable to his abilities, and his honeſty, that they propoſed to him to take the ſhop himſelf. He aſſured them it was utterly out of his power for want of money. As the creditors had not the leaſt fear of being repaid, if it ſhould pleaſe God to ſpare his life, they generouſly agreed among themſelves, to advance him a ſmall ſum of money without any ſecurity but his bond; for this he was to pay a very reaſonable intereſt, and to return the whole in a given number of years. James ſhed tears of gratitude at this teſtimony to his character, and could hardly be prevailed on to accept their kindneſs, ſo great was his dread of being in debt.

He took the remainder of the leaſe from his miſtreſs, and in ſettling affairs with her, took care to make every thing as advantageous to her as poſſible. He never once allowed himſelf to think how unkind ſhe had been to him, he only ſaw in her the needy widow of his deceaſed maſter, and the diſtreſſed mother of an infant family; and was heartily ſorry it was not in his power to contribute to their ſupport; it was not only his duty, but his delight to return good for evil—for he was a CHRISTIAN.

James Stock was now, by the bleſſing of God on his own earneſt endeavours, maſter of a conſiderable ſhop, and was reſpected by the whole town for his prudence, honeſty, and piety. How

he behaved in his new ſtation, and alſo what befel his comrade Brown, muſt be the ſubject of another book; and I hope my readers will look forward with ſome impatience for ſome further account of this worthy young man. In the mean time, other apprentices will do well to follow ſo praiſe-worthy an example, and to remember, that the reſpectable maſter of a large ſhop, and a profitable buſineſs, was raiſed to that creditable ſituation, without money, friends, or connections, from the low beginning of a *pariſh 'prentice*, by ſobriety, induſtry, *the fear of God*, and an obedience to the divine principles of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

PART II.

THE APPRENTICE TURNED MASTER.

THE firſt part of this Hiſtory left off with the dreadful ſudden death of Williams the idle Shoemaker, who died in a drunken fit at the Greyhound. It alſo ſhewed how James Stock, his faithful apprentice, by his honeſt and upright behaviour, ſo gained the love and reſpect of his late maſter's creditors, that they ſet him up in buſineſs, though he was not worth a ſhilling of his own, ſuch is the power of a good character! And when we laſt parted from him he had juſt got poſſeſſion of his maſter's ſhop.

This ſudden proſperity was a time of trial for

James; who, as he was now become a creditable tradeſman, I ſhall hereafter think proper to call Mr. James Stock. I ſay, this ſudden riſe in life was a time of trial; for we hardly know what we are ourſelves till we become our own maſters. There is indeed always a reaſonable hope that a good ſervant will not make a bad maſter, and that a faithful apprentice will prove an honeſt tradeſman. But the heart of man is deceitful, and ſome folks who ſeem to behave very well while they are under ſubjection, no ſooner get a little power than their heads are turned, and they grow prouder than thoſe who are gentlemen born. They forget at once that they were lately poor and dependent themſelves, ſo that one would think that with their poverty they had loſt their memory too. I have known ſome who had ſuffered moſt hardſhips in their early days, become the moſt hard and oppreſſive in their turn; ſo that they ſeem to forget that fine conſiderate reaſon which God gives to the children of Iſrael why they ſhould be merciful to their ſervants, "remembring," ſaith he, "that thou thyſelf waſt a bondman."

Young Mr. Stock did not ſo forget himſelf. He had indeed the only ſure guard from falling into this error. It was not from any eaſineſs in his natural diſpoſition: for that only juſt ſerves to make folks good natured when they are pleaſed, and patient when they have nothing to vex them. James went upon higher ground. He brought his religion into all his actions; he did not give way to abuſive language, becauſe

he knew it was a ſin. He did not uſe his apprentices ill, becauſe he knew he had himſelf a Maſter in heaven.

He knew he owed his preſent happy ſituation to the kindneſs of the creditors. But did he grow eaſy and careleſs becauſe he knew he had ſuch friends? No indeed. He worked with double diligence in order to get out of debt, and to let theſe friends ſee he did not abuſe their kindneſs. Such behaviour as this is the greateſt encouragement in the world to rich people to lend a little money. It creates friends, and it keeps them.

His ſhoes and boots were made in the beſt manner; this *got* him buſineſs; he ſet out with a rule to tell no lies and deceive no cuſtomers; this *ſecured* his buſineſs. He had two reaſons for not promiſing to ſend home goods when he knew he ſhould not be able to keep his word. The firſt, becauſe he knew a lie was a ſin, the next, becauſe it was a folly. There is no credit ſooner worn out than that which is got by falſe pretences. After a little while no one is deceived by them. Falſehood is ſo ſoon found out that I believe moſt tradeſmen are the poorer for it in the long run. Deceit is the worſt part of a ſhopkeeper's ſtock in trade.

James was now at the head of a family. This is a ſerious ſituation, (ſaid he to himſelf, one fine ſummer's evening, as he ſtood leaning over the half door of his ſhop to enjoy a little freſh air) I am now maſter of a family. My cares are doubled, and ſo are my duties. I ſee the higher one gets in life the more one has to anſwer for.

Let me now call to mind the ſorrow I uſed to feel when I was made to carry work home on a Sunday by an ungodly maſter; and let me now *keep* the reſolutions I then formed.

So what his heart found right to do he reſolved to do quickly; and he ſet out at firſt as he meant to go on. The Sunday was truly a day of reſt at Mr. Stock's. He would not allow a pair of ſhoes to be given out on that day to oblige the beſt cuſtomer he had. And what did he loſe by it? Why nothing. For when the people were once uſed to it, they liked Saturday night juſt as well. But had it been otherwiſe he would have given up his gains to his conſcience.

Shewing how Mr. Stock behaved to his Apprentices.

When he got up in the world ſo far as to have apprentices, he thought himſelf as accountable for their behaviour as if they had been his children. He was very kind to them, and had a chearful merry way of talking to them, ſo that the lads who had ſeen too much of ſwearing, reprobate maſters, were very fond of him. They were never afraid of ſpeaking to him, they told him all their little troubles, and conſidered their maſter as their beſt friend, for they ſaid they would do any thing for a good word and a kind look. As he did not ſwear at them when they had been guilty of a fault, they did not lie to him to conceal it, and thereby make one fault two. But though he was very kind, he was very watchful alſo, for he did not think neglect any part of

kindneſs. He brought them to one very pretty method, which was, on a Sunday evening to divert themſelves with writing out half a dozen texts of Scripture in a pretty copybook with gilt covers. You may have the ſame at any of the Stationers; they do not coſt above four pence, and will laſt nearly a year.

When the boys carried him their books, he juſtly commended him whoſe texts were written in the faireſt hand. And now my boys, ſaid he, let us ſee which of you will learn your texts beſt in the courſe of the week; he who does ſhall chuſe for next Sunday. Thus the boys ſoon got many pſalms and chapters by heart, almoſt without knowing how they came by them. He taught them how to make a practical uſe of what they learnt; for, ſaid he, it will anſwer little purpoſe to learn texts, if we do not try to live up to them. One of the boys being apt to play in his abſence, and to run back again to his work when he heard his maſter's ſtep, he brought him to a ſenſe of his fault by the laſt Sunday's text, which happened to be the 6th of Epheſians. He ſhewed him what was meant by being obedient to his maſter in ſingleneſs of heart as unto Chriſt, and explained to him with ſo much kindneſs what it was, not to work with eye-ſervice as men-pleaſers, but doing the will of God from the heart, that the lad ſaid he ſhould never forget it, and it did more towards curing him of idleneſs than the ſoundeſt horſe-whipping would have done.

How Mr. Stock got out of Debt.

Stock's behaviour was very regular, and he was much beloved for his kind and peaceable temper. He had alſo a good reputation for ſkill in his trade, and his induſtry was talked of through the whole town, ſo that he had ſoon more work than he could poſſibly do. He paid all his dealers to the very day, and took care to carry his intereſt money to the creditors the moment it became due. In two or three years he was able to begin to pay off a ſmall part of the principal. His reaſon for being ſo eager to pay money as ſoon as it became due was this:—He had obſerved tradeſmen, and eſpecially his old maſter, put off the day of payment as long as they could, even though they had the means in their power. This deceived them: for having money in their pockets they forgot it belonged to the creditor, and not to themſelves, and ſo got to fancy they were rich when they were really poor. This falſe notion led them to indulge in idle expences, whereas, if they had paid regularly, they would have had this one temptation the leſs. A young tradeſman, when he is going to ſpend money, ſhould at leaſt aſk himſelf whether this money is his own or his creditors'. This little queſtion might help to prevent many a bankruptcy.

A true Chriſtian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his beſetting ſin; and when he has found it, (which he eaſily may if he looks ſharp) againſt this ſin he watches narrowly. Now

I know it is the fashion among some folks (and a bad fashion it is) to fancy that good people have no sin; but this only shews their ignorance. It is not true. That good man St. Paul knew better *. And when men do not own their sins, it is not because there is no sin in their hearts, but because they are not anxious to search for it, nor humble to confess it, nor penitent to mourn over it. But this was not the case with James Stock. Examine yourselves truly, said he, is no bad part of the catechism. He began to be afraid that his desire of living creditably, and without being a burthen to any one, might, under the mask of honesty and independence, lead him into pride and covetousness. He feared that the bias of his heart lay that way. So instead of being proud of his sobriety; instead of bragging that he never spent his money idly, nor went to the ale-house; instead of boasting how hard he worked, and how he denied himself, he strove in secret that even these good qualities might not grow out of a wrong root. The following event was of use to him in the way of indulging any disposition to covetousness:

One evening as he was standing at the door of his shop, a poor dirty boy without stockings and shoes came up and asked him for a bit of broken victuals, for he had eaten nothing all day. In spite of his dirt and rags he was a very pretty, lively, civil spoken boy, and Mr. Stock could not help thinking he knew something of his face.

* See Romans vii.

He fetched him out a good piece of bread and cheese, and while the boy was devouring it, asked him if he had no parents, and why he went about in that vagabond manner? Daddy has been dead some years, said the boy, he died in a fit over at the Grey-hound. Mammy says he used to live at this shop, and then we did not want for cloaths nor victuals neither. Stock was melted almost to tears on finding that this dirty beggar-boy was Tommy Williams, the son of his old master. He blessed God on comparing his own happy condition with that of this poor destitute child, but he was not proud at the comparison, and while he was thankful for his own prosperity, he pitied the helpless boy.—Where have you been living of late? said he to him, for I understand you all went home to your mother's friends. So we did, Sir, said the boy, but they are grown tired of maintaining us, because they said that Mammy spent all the money which should have gone to buy victuals for us, on snuff and drams. And so they have sent us back to this place, which is Daddy's parish.

And where do you live here? said Mr. Stock. O Sir, we are all put into the parish poor-house —And does your mother do any thing to help to maintain you? No, Sir, for Mammy says she was not brought up to work like poor folks, and she would rather starve than spin or knit; so she lies a-bed all the morning, and sends us about to pick up what we can, a bit of victuals or a few halfpence. And have you any money in your pocket now? Yes, Sir, I have got three halfpence which I have begged to-day. Then,

as you were ſo very hungry, how came you not to buy a role at that baker's over the way? Becauſe, Sir, I was going to lay it out in tea for Mammy, for I never lay out a farthing for myſelf. Indeed Mammy ſays ſhe *will* have her tea twice a-day if we beg or ſtarve for it. Can you read, my boy? ſaid Mr. Stock: a little, Sir, and ſay my prayers too. And can you ſay your catechiſm? I have almoſt forgot it all, Sir, though I remember about honouring my father and mother, and that makes me ſtill carry the halfpence home to Mammy inſtead of buying cakes. Who taught you theſe good things? One Jemmy Stock, Sir, who was a pariſh 'prentice to my Daddy. He taught me one queſtion out of the catechiſm every night, and always made me ſay my prayers to him before I went to bed. He told me I ſhould go to the wicked place if I did not fear God, ſo I am ſtill afraid to tell lies like the other boys. Poor Jemmy gave me a piece of gingerbread every time I learnt well; but I have no friend now; Jemmy was very good to me, though Mammy did nothing but beat him.

Mr. Stock was too much moved to carry on the diſcourſe; he did not make himſelf known to tde boy, but took him over to the baker's ſhop; as they walked along he could not help repeating aloud a verſe or two of that beautiful hymn, ſo deſervedly the favourite of all children:

"Not more than others I deſerve,
"Yet God hath given me more;
"For I have food while others ſtarve,
"Or beg from door to door."

The little boy looked up in his face, ſaying, Why, Sir, that's the very hymn which Jemmy Stock gave me a penny for learning. Stock made no anſwer, but put a couple of three-penny loaves into his hand to carry home, and told him to call on him again at ſuch a time in the following week.

How Mr. Stock continued to be charitable without any Expence.

Stock had abundant ſubject for meditation that night. He was puzzled what to do with the boy. While he was carrying on his trade upon borrowed money, he did not think it right to give any part of that money to aſſiſt the idle, or even to help the diſtreſſed. I muſt be juſt, ſaid he, before I am generous. Still he could not bear to ſee this fine boy given up to certain ruin. He did not think it ſafe to take him into his ſhop, in his preſent ignorant unprincipled ſtate. At laſt he hit upon this thought: I work for myſelf twelve hours in the day. Why ſhall I not work one hour or two for this boy in the evening? It will be but for a year, and I ſhall then have more right to do what I pleaſe. My money will then be my own, I ſhall have paid my debts.

So he began to put his reſolution in practice that very night, ſticking to his old notion of not putting off till to-morrow what ſhould be done to-day; and it was thought he owed much of his ſucceſs in life, as well as his growth in goodneſs, to this little ſaying. I am young and healthy, ſaid he, one hour's work more will do

me no harm; I will ſet aſide all I get by theſe over-hours, and put the boy to ſchool. I have not only no right to puniſh this child for the ſins of his father, but I conſider that though God hated thoſe ſins, he has made them be inſtruments for my advancement.

Tommy Williams called at the time appointed. In the mean time Mr. Stock's maid had made him a tidy little ſuit of cloaths out of an old coat of her maſter's. She had alſo knit him a pair of ſtockings, and Mr. Stock made him ſit down in the ſhop, while he himſelf fitted him with a pair of new ſhoes. The maid having waſhed and dreſſed him, Mr. Stock took him by the hand and walked along with him to the pariſh poor-houſe to find his mother. They found her dreſſed in ragged filthy finery, ſtanding at the door, where ſhe paſſed moſt of her time, quarrelling with half a dozen women as idle and dirty as herſelf; when ſhe ſaw Tommy ſo neat and well-dreſſed, ſhe fell a-crying for joy. She ſaid it put her in mind of old times, for Tommy always uſed to be dreſſed like a gentleman. So much the worſe, ſaid Mr. Stock; if you had not begun by making him look like a gentleman, you needed not have ended by making him look like a beggar. Oh Jem, ſaid ſhe, (for though it was four years ſince ſhe had ſeen him, ſhe ſoon recollected him) fine times for you! ſet a beggar on horſeback—you know the proverb. I ſhall beat Tommy well for finding you out, and expoſing me to you.

Inſtead of entering into any diſpute with this bad woman, or praiſing himſelf at her expence:

or putting her in mind of her paſt ill-behaviour to him, or reproaching her with the bad uſe ſhe had made of her proſperity, he mildly ſaid to her,—Mrs. Williams, I am ſorry for your miſfortunes; I am come to relieve you of part of your burthen. I will take Tommy off your hands. I will give him a year's board and ſchooling, and by that time I ſhall ſee what he is fit for. I will promiſe nothing, but if the boy turns out well I will never forſake him. I ſhall make but one bargain with you, which is, that he muſt not come to this place to hear all this railing and ſwearing, nor ſhall he keep company with theſe pilfering, idle children. You are welcome to go and ſee him when you pleaſe, but here he muſt not come.

The fooliſh woman burſt out a-crying, ſaying, ſhe ſhould loſe her poor dear Tommy for ever. Mr. Stock might give *her* the money he intended to pay at the ſchool, for nobody could do ſo well by him as his own mother. The truth was, ſhe wanted to get theſe new cloaths into her clutches, which would all have been pawned at the dram-ſhop before the week was out. This Mr. Stock well knew. From crying ſhe fell to ſcolding and ſwearing. She told him he was an unnatural wretch, that wanted to make a child deſpiſe his own mother becauſe ſhe was poor. She even went ſo far as to ſay ſhe would not part from him; ſhe ſaid ſhe hated your godly people, they had no bowels of compaſſion, but tried to ſet men, women, and children againſt their own fleſh and blood.

Mr. Stock now almoſt loſt his patience, and

for one moment a thought came acroſs him to ſtrip the boy, carry back the cloaths, and leave him to his unnatural mother. Why, ſaid he, ſhould I work over-hours, and wear out my ſtrength for this wicked woman? But he ſoon checked this thought, by reflecting on the patience and long-ſuffering of God with rebellious ſinners. This cured his anger in a moment, and he mildly reaſoned with her on her folly and blindneſs in oppoſing the good of her child.

One of the neighbours who ſtood by, ſaid, what a fine thing it was for the boy, but ſome people were born to be lucky! She wiſhed Mr. Stock would take a fancy to *her* child, he ſhould have him ſoon enough. Mrs. Williams now began to be frightened leſt Mr. Stock ſhould take the woman at her word, and ſullenly conſented to let the boy go, from envy and malice, not from prudence and gratitude; and Tommy was ſent to ſchool that very night, his mother crying and roaring, inſtead of thanking God for ſuch a bleſſing.

And here I cannot forbear telling a very good-natured thing of Will Simpſon, one of the workmen. By-the-bye it was that very young fellow who was reformed by Stock's good example when he was an apprentice, and who uſed to ſing pſalms with him on a Sunday evening when they got out of the way of Williams's junketing. Will coming home early one evening, was ſurpriſed to find his maſter at work by himſelf, long after the uſual time. He begged ſo heartily to know the reaſon, that Stock owned the truth. Will was ſo ſtruck with this piece of kindneſs,

that he ſnatched up a laſt, crying out, Well, maſter, you ſhall not work by yourſelf however; we will go ſnacks in maintaining Tommy: it ſhall never be ſaid that Will Simpſon was idling about, when his maſter was working for charity. This made the hour paſs cheerfully, and doubled the profits.

In a year or two Mr. Stock, by God's bleſſing on his labours, became quite clear of the world. He now paid off his creditors; but he never forgot his obligation to them, and found many opportunities of ſhewing kindneſs to them, and to their children after them. He now caſt about for a proper wife, and as he was thought a proſperous man, and very well looking beſides, moſt of the ſmart girls of the place, with their tawdry finery, uſed to be often parading before the ſhop, and would even go to church in order to put themſelves in his way. But Mr. Stock when he went to church had other things in his head, and if ever he thought about theſe gay damſels at all, it was with concern in ſeeing them ſo improperly tricked out, ſo that the very means they took to pleaſe him, made him diſlike them.

There was one Betſy Weſt, a young woman of excellent character and very modeſt appearance. He had ſeldom ſeen her out, as ſhe was employed night and day in waiting on an aged widowed mother who was both lame and blind. This good girl was indeed almoſt truly eyes and feet to her helpleſs parent, and Mr. Stock uſed to ſee her, through the little caſement window, lifting her up, and feeding her with a tenderneſs which greatly raiſed his eſteem for her. He uſed

to tell Will Simpſon, as they ſat at work, that ſuch a dutiful daughter could hardly fail to make a faithful wife. He had not, however, the heart to try to draw her off from her care of her ſick mother. The poor woman declined very faſt. Betſy was much employed in reading or praying by her when ſhe was awake, and paſſed good part of the night while ſhe ſlept, in doing ſome fine works to ſell in order to ſupply her ſick mother with little niceties which their poor pittance could not afford, while ſhe herſelf lived on a cruſt.

Mr. Stock knew that Betſy would have little or nothing after her mother's death, as ſhe had only a life income. On the other hand Mr. Thompſon, the tanner, had offered him two hundred pounds with his daughter Nancy: but he was almoſt ſorry that he had not in this caſe an opportunity of reſiſting his natural bias, which rather lay on the ſide of loving money: For, ſaid he, putting principle and putting affection out of the queſtion, I ſhall do a more *prudent* thing by marrying Betſy Weſt, who will conform to her ſtation, and is a religious, humble, induſtrious girl, without a ſhilling, than by having an idle, dreſſy laſs, who will neglect my family and fill my houſe with company, though ſhe ſhould have twice the fortune which Nancy Thompſon would bring.

At length poor old Mrs. Weſt was releaſed from all her ſufferings. At a proper time Mr. Stock propoſed marriage to Betſy, and was accepted. All the diſappointed girls in the town wondered what any body could like in ſuch a

dowdy as that. Had the man no eyes? They thought Mr. Stock had had more taſte. Oh! how it did provoke all the vain, idle things to find, that ſtaying at home, dreſſing plainly, ſerving God, aud nurſing a blind Mother, ſhould do that for Betſy Weſt, which all their contrivances, flaunting, and dancing, could not do for them.

He was not diſappointed of meeting with a good wife in Betſy, as indeed thoſe who marry on right grounds ſeldom are. But if religious perſons will, for the ſake of money, chuſe partners for life who have no religion, do not let them complain that they are unhappy; they might have known that beforehand.

Tommy Williams was now taken home to Stock's houſe and bound apprentice. He was always kind and attentive to his mother; and every penny which Will Simpſon or his maſter gave him for learning a chapter, he would ſave to buy a bit of tea and ſugar for her. When the other boys laughed at him for being ſo fooliſh as to deny himſelf cakes and apples, to give his money to her who was ſo bad a woman, he would anſwer, It may be ſo, but ſhe is my mother for all that.

Mr. Stock was much moved at the change in this boy, who turned out a very good youth. He reſolved, as God ſhould proſper him, that he would try to ſnatch other helpleſs creatures from ſin and ruin. For, ſaid he, it is owing to God's bleſſing on the inſtructions of my good miniſter when I was a child, that I have been ſaved from the broad way of deſtruction. He ſtill gave God

the glory of every thing he did aright, and when Will Simpſon one day ſaid to him, Maſter, I wiſh I were half as good as you are:—Hold William, anſwered he gravely, I once read in a book, that the Devil is willing enough we ſhould appear to do good actions, if he can but make us proud of them.

But we muſt not forget our other old acquaintance, Mr. Stock's fellow-prentice. So next month you may expect a full account of the many tricks and frolicks of idle Jack Brown, being the third part of the Hiſtory of the Two Shoemakers.

Z.

PART III.

YOU have not, I hope, forgotten your old acquaintance idle Jack Brown, the fellow-apprentice of James Stock. I gave a little account of him and his wild tricks in the firſt part of this hiſtory, from which I dare ſay you expect to hear no great good of him. The ſecond part ſhewed how James Stock, from a pariſh apprentice, became a top Shoemaker. You ſhall now hear what befel idle Jack, who, being a farmer's ſon, had many advantages to begin life with. But he who wants prudence may be ſaid to want every thing, becauſe he turns all his advantages to no account.

Jack Brown was juſt out of his time when his maſter Williams died in that terrible drunken fit at the Greyhound. You know already how

Stock ſucceeded to his maſter's buſineſs, and proſpered in it. Jack wiſhed very much to enter into partnerſhip with him. His father and mother too were deſirous of it, and offered to advance a hundred pounds with him. Here is a freſh proof of the power of a good character! The old farmer, with all his covetouſneſs, was eager to get his ſon into partnerſhip with Stock, though the latter was not worth a ſhilling, and even Jack's mother, with all her pride, was eager for it, for they had both ſenſe enough to ſee it would be the making of Jack. The father knew that Stock would look to the main chance; and the mother that he would take the labouring oar, and ſo her darling would have little to do.

Stock, however, young as he was, was too old a bird to be caught with chaff. His wiſdom was an overmatch for their cunning. He had a kindneſs for Brown, but would on no account enter into buſineſs with him. One of theſe three things, ſaid he, I am ſure will happen if I do; he will either hurt my principles, my character, or my trade; perhaps all. And here, by the bye, let me drop a hint to other young men who are about to enter into partnerſhip. Let them not do that in haſte which they may repent at leiſure. Next to marriage it is a tie the hardeſt to break; and next to that it is an engagement which ought to be entered into with the moſt caution. Many things go to the making ſuch a connection ſuitable, ſafe, and pleaſant. There is many a rich man need not be above

taking a hint in this reſpect from James Stock the Shoemaker.

Brown was ſtill unwilling to part from him, indeed he was too idle to look out for buſineſs, ſo he offered Stock to work with him as a journeyman; but this he alſo mildly refuſed. It hurt his good-nature to do ſo; but he reflected that a young man who has his way to make in the world muſt not only be good-natured, he muſt be prudent alſo. I am reſolved, ſaid he, to employ none but the moſt ſober, regular young men I can get. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I ſhould be anſwerable for all the diſorders of my own houſe if I knowingly took a wild drinking young fellow into it. That which might be kindneſs to one, would be injuſtice to many, and therefore a ſin in myſelf.

Brown's mother was in great rage when ſhe heard that her ſon had ſtooped ſo low as to make this offer. She thought pride was a grand thing. Poor woman! ſhe did not know that it is the meaneſt thing in the world. It was her ignorance which made her proud, as is apt to be the caſe. "You mean ſpirited raſcal," ſaid ſhe to Jack, "I had rather follow you to your grave, as well as I love you, than ſee you diſgrace your family by working under Jem Stock, the pariſh apprentice." She forgot already what pains ſhe had taken about the partnerſhip, but pride and paſſion have a bad memory.

It is hard to ſay which was now uppermoſt in her mind, her deſire to be revenged on Stock, or to ſee her ſon make a figure. She raiſed every ſhilling ſhe could get from her huſband, and all

ſhe could crib from the dairy to ſet up Jack in a ſhowy way. So the very next market day ſhe came herſelf, and took for him the new white houſe, with the two little ſaſh windows painted blue, and blue poſts before the door. It is that houſe which has the Old Croſs juſt before it, as you turn down between the Church and the Greyhound. It's being ſo near the Church to be ſure was no recommendation to Jack, but it's being ſo near the Greyhound was, and ſo taking one thing with the other it was to be ſure no bad ſituation; but what weighed moſt with the mother was, that it was a much more ſhowy ſhop than Stock's, and the houſe, though not half ſo convenient, was far more ſmart.

In order to draw cuſtom, his fooliſh mother idviſed him to underſell his neighbours juſt at irſt; to buy ordinary but ſhowy goods, and employ cheap workmen. In ſhort, ſhe charged him o leave no ſtone unturned to ruin his old comade Stock. Indeed ſhe always thought with louble ſatisfaction of Jack's proſperity, becauſe he always joined to it the hope that his ſucceſs would be the ruin of Stock, for ſhe owned it would be the joy of her heart to bring that proud pſtart to a morſel of bread. She did not underand, for her part, why ſuch beggars muſt become tradeſmen, it was making a velvet purſe f a ſow's ear.

Stock however ſet out on quite another ſet of rinciples. He did not allow himſelf always to quare his own behaviour to others by theirs to im. He ſeldom aſked himſelf what he ſhould

like to do; but he had a mighty way of saying, I wonder now what is my duty to do? And when he was once clear in that matter he generally did it, always begging God's blessing and direction. So instead of setting Brown at defiance; instead of all that vulgar selfishness, of catch he that catch can—and two of a trade can never agree—he resolved to be friendly towards him. Instead of joining in the laugh against Brown for making his house so fine, he was sorry for him, because he feared he would never be able to pay such a rent. So he very kindly called upon him, told him there was business enough for them both, and gave him many useful hints for his going on. He warned him to go oftener to church and seldomer to the Greyhound: put him in mind how following the one and forsaking the other had been the ruin of their poor master, and added the following

Advice to young Tradesmen.

Buy the best goods; cut the work out yourself; let the eye of the master be every where; employ the sobereſt men; avoid all the low deceits of trade; never lower the credit of another to raise your own; make short payments; keep exact accounts; avoid idle company; and be very strict to your word.

For a short time things went on swimmingly. Brown was merry and civil. The shop was well situated for gossip; and every one who had something to say, and nothing to do, was welcome. Every idle story was first spread, and every idle song first sung in Brown's shop. Every cus-

tomer who came to be meaſured was promiſed that his ſhoes ſhould be done firſt. But the misfortune was, if twenty came in a day the ſame promiſe was made to all; ſo that nineteen were diſappointed and of courſe affronted. He never ſaid *No* to any one. It is indeed a word which it requires ſome honeſty to pronounce. By all theſe falſe promiſes he was thought the moſt obliging fellow that ever made a ſhoe. And as he ſet out on the principle of underſelling, people took a mighty fancy to the Cheap Shop. And it was agreed among all the young and giddy, that he would beat Stock hollow, and that the old ſhop would be ſoon knocked up.

All is not gold that gliſtens.

After a few months, however, folks began to be not quite ſo fond of the Cheap Shop; one found out that the leather was bad, another that the work was ſlight. Thoſe who liked ſubſtantial goods went all of them to Stock's, for they ſaid Brown's heel taps did not laſt a week; his new boots let in water; and they believed he made his ſoles of brown paper. Beſides it was thought by moſt, that his promiſing all, and keeping his word with none, hurt his buſineſs as much as any thing. Indeed I queſtion, putting religion out of the queſtion, if lying ever anſwers in the long run.

Brown had what is commonly called *a good heart*; that is, he had a thoughtleſs good nature, and a ſort of feeling for the moment which made him ſeem ſorry when others were in trouble.

But he was not apt to put himſelf to any inconvenience, nor go a ſtep out of his way, nor give up any pleaſure to ſerve the beſt friend he had. He loved *fun*; and thoſe who do ſhould always ſee that it be harmleſs, and that they do not give up more for it than it is worth. I am not going to ſay a word againſt innocent merriment. I like it myſelf. But what the Proverb ſays of gold, may be ſaid of mirth, it may be bought too dear. If a young man finds that what he fancies is a good joke may poſſibly offend God, hurt his neighbour, afflict his parent, or make a modeſt girl bluſh, let him then be aſſured it is not fun but wickedneſs, and he had better let it alone.

Jack Brown then, as *good a heart* as he had, did not know what it was to deny himſelf any thing. He was ſo *good-natured* indeed that he never in his life refuſed to make one of a jolly ſet; but he was not good-natured enough to conſider that thoſe men whom he kept up all night roaring and laughing, had wives and children at home, who had little to eat, and leſs to wear, becauſe *they* were keeping up the character of merry fellows at the public houſe.

The Mountebank.

One day he ſaw his father's plough-boy come galloping up to his door in great haſte. This boy brought Brown word that his mother was dangerouſly ill, and that his father had ſent his own beſt bay mare Smiler, that his ſon might loſe no time, but ſet out directly to ſee his mother before ſhe died. Jack burſt into tears, lamented

the danger of ſo fond a mother, and all the people in the ſhop extolled his *good heart*.

He ſent back the boy directly, with a meſſage that he would follow him in half an hour, as ſoon as the mare had baited; for he well knew that his father would not thank him for any haſte he might make if Smiler was hurt.

Jack accordingly ſet off, and rode with ſuch ſpeed to the next town, that both himſelf and Smiler had a mind to another bait. They ſtopped at the Star, unluckily it was Fair-day, and as he was walking about while Smiler was eating her oats, a bill was put into his hand ſetting forth, that on a ſtage oppoſite the Globe a Mountebank was ſhowing away, and his Andrew performing the fineſt tricks that ever were ſeen. He read—he ſtood ſtill—he went on—It will not hinder me, ſays he; Smiler muſt reſt; and I ſhall ſee my poor dear mother quite as ſoon if I juſt take a peep, as if I ſit moping at the Star.

The tricks were ſo merry that the time ſeemed ſhort, and when they were over he could not forbear going into the Globe and treating theſe choice ſpirits with a bowl of punch. Juſt as they were taking the laſt glaſs Jack happened to ſay that he was the beſt fives-player in the country. That is lucky, ſaid the Andrew, for there is a famous match now playing in the court, and you may never again have ſuch an opportunity to ſhow your ſkill. Brown declared he could not ſtay, for that he had left his horſe at the Star, and muſt ſet off on urgent buſineſs. They now all pretended to call his ſkill in queſ-

tion. This rouſed his pride, and he thought another half hour could break no ſquares. Smiler had now had a good feed of corn, and he would only have to puſh her on a little more; ſo to it he went.

He won the firſt game. This ſpurred him on; and he played till it was ſo dark they could not ſee a ball. Another bowl was called for from the winner. Wagers and betts now drained Brown not only of all the money he had won, but of all he had in his pocket, ſo that he was obliged to aſk leave to go to the houſe where his horſe was, to borrow enough to diſcharge his reckoning at the Globe.

All theſe loſſes brought his poor dear mother to his mind, and he marched off with rather a heavy heart to borrow the money, and to order Smiler out of the ſtable. The landlord expreſſed much ſurpriſe at ſeeing him, and the oſtler declared there was no Smiler there; that he had been rode off above two hours ago by the Merry Andrew, who ſaid he came by order of the owner, Mr. Brown, to fetch him to the Globe, and to pay for his feed. It was indeed one of the neateſt tricks the Andrew ever performed, for he made ſuch a clean conveyance of Smiler, that neither Jack nor his father ever heard of her again.

It was night: no one could tell what road the Andrew took, and it was another hour or two before an advertiſement could be drawn up for apprehending the horſe-ſtealer. Jack had ſome doubts whether he ſhould go on or return back. He knew that though his father might fear his wife moſt, yet he loved Smiler beſt. At length

he took that courage from a glaſs of brandy which he ought to have taken from a hearty repentance, and he reſolved to purſue his journey. He was obliged to leave his watch and ſilver buckles in pawn for a little old hack which was nothing but ſkin and bone, and would hardly trot three miles an hour.

He knocked at his father's door about five in the morning. The family were all up. He aſked the boy who opened the door how his mother was? She is dead, ſaid the boy, ſhe died yeſterday afternoon. Here Jack's heart ſmote him, and he cried aloud, partly from grief, but more from the reproaches of his own conſcience, for he found by computing the hours, that had he come ſtrait on, he ſhould have been in time to receive his mother's bleſſing.

The Farmer now called from within, I hear Smiler's ſtep. Is Jack come? Yes father, ſaid Jack, in a low voice. Then, cried the Farmer, run every man and boy of you and take care of the mare. Tom, do thou go and rub her down; Jem, run and get her a good feed of corn. Be ſure walk her about that ſhe may not catch cold. Young Brown came in. Are you not an undutiful dog? ſaid the father; you might have been here twelve hours ago. Your mother could not die in peace without ſeeing you. She ſaid it was a cruel return for all her fondneſs that you could not make a little haſte to ſee her; but it was always ſo, for ſhe had wronged her other children to help you, and this was her reward. Brown ſobbed out a few words, but his father replied,

Never cry Jack, for the boy told me that it was out of regard for Smiler that you were not here as ſoon as he was; and if 'twas your over care of her, why there's no great harm done. You could not have ſaved your poor mother, and you might have hurt the mare. Here Jack's double guilt flew into his face. He knew that his father was very covetous, and had lived on bad terms with his wife; and alſo that his own unkindneſs to her had been forgiven by him out of love to the horſe; but to break to him how he had loſt that horſe through his own folly and want of feeling, was more than Jack had courage to do. The old man, however, ſoon got at the truth, and no words can deſcribe his fury. Forgetting that his wife lay dead above ſtairs, he abuſed his ſon in a way not fit to be repeated; and though his covetouſneſs had juſt before found an excuſe for a favourite ſon neglecting to viſit a dying parent, yet he now vented his rage againſt Jack as an unnatural brute, whom he would cut off with a ſhilling, and bade him never ſee his face again.

Jack was not allowed to attend his mother's funeral, which was a real grief to him; nor would his father advance even the little money which was needful to redeem his things at the Star. He had now no fond mother to aſſiſt him, and he ſet out on his return home on his borrowed hack, full of grief. He had the added mortification of knowing, that he had alſo loſt by his folly a little hoard of money which his mother had ſaved up for him.

When Brown got back to his own town he

found that the ſtory of Smiler and the Andrew had got thither before him, and it was thought a very good joke at the Greyhound. He ſoon recovered his ſpirits as far as related to the horſe, but as to his behaviour to his dying mother it troubled him at times to the laſt day of his life, though he did all he could to forget it. He did not however go on at all better, nor did he engage in one frolick the leſs for what had paſſed at the Globe; his *good heart* continually betraying him into acts of levity and vanity.

Jack began at length to feel the reverſe of that proverb, Keep your ſhop and your ſhop will keep you. He had neglected his cuſtomers, and they forſook him. Quarter-day came round; there was much to pay and little to receive. He owed two years rent. He was in arrears to his men for wages. He had a long account with his Currier. It was in vain to apply to his father. He had now no mother. Stock was the only true friend he had in the world, and had helped him out of many petty ſcrapes, but he knew Stock would advance no money in ſo hopeleſs a caſe. Duns came faſt about him. He named a ſpeedy day for payment, but as ſoon as they were out of the houſe, and the danger put off to a little diſtance, he forgot every promiſe, was as merry as ever, and run the ſame round of thoughtleſs gaiety. Whenever he was in trouble Stock did not ſhun him, becauſe that was the moment he thought to throw in a little good advice. He one day aſked him if he always intended to go on in this courſe? No, ſaid

he, I am resolved by-and-bye to reform, grow sober, and go to church. Why I am but five and twenty, man, I am stout and healthy, and likely to live long; I can repent, and grow melancholy and good at any time.

Oh Jack, said Stock, don't cheat thyself with that false hope. What thou dost intend to do, do quickly. Didst thou never read about the heart growing hardened by long indulgence in sin? Some folks, who pretend to mean well, show that they mean nothing at all, by never beginning to put their good resolutions into practice; which made a wise man once say, that hell is paved with good intentions. We cannot repent when we please. It is the goodness of God which leadeth us to repentance.

Michaelmas-day was at hand. The Landlord declared he would be put off no longer, but would seize for rent if it was not paid him on that day, as well as for a considerable sum due to him for leather. Brown now began to be frightened. He applied to Stock to be bound for him. This Stock flatly refused. Brown now began to dread the horrors of a jail, and really seemed so very contrite, and made so many vows and promises of amendment, that at length Stock was prevailed on, together with two or three of Brown's other friends, to advance each a small sum of money to quiet the Landlord, Brown promising to make over to them every part of his stock, and to be guided in future by their advice, declaring that he would turn over a new leaf, and follow Mr. Stock's example, as well as his direction in every thing.

Stock's good nature was at laſt wrought upon, and he raiſed the money. The truth is, he did not know the worſt, nor how deeply Brown was involved; Brown joyfully ſet out on the very quarter-day to a town at ſome diſtance to carry his landlord the money, raiſed by the imprudent kindneſs of his friend. At his departure Stock put him in mind of the old ſtory of Smiler and the Merry Andrew, and he promiſed of his own head that he would not even call at a public houſe till he had paid the money.

He was as good as his word. He very triumphantly paſſed by ſeveral. He ſtopped a little under the window of one where the ſounds of merriment and loud laughter caught his ear. At another he heard the enticing notes of a fiddle and the light heels of the merry dancers. Here his heart had well-nigh failed him, but the dread of a jail on the one hand, and what he feared almoſt as much, Mr. Stock's anger on the other, ſpurred him on; and he valued himſelf not a little at having got the better of this temptation. He felt quite happy when he found he had reached the door of his landlord without having yielded to one idle inclination.

He knocked at the door. The maid who opened it ſaid her maſter was not at home. I am ſorry for it, ſaid he, ſtrutting about, and with a boaſting air he took out his money. I want to pay him my rent: he need not have been afraid of me. The Servant, who knew her maſter was very much afraid of him, deſired him to walk in, for her maſter would be at home in half an hour. I will call again, ſaid he; but no, let

him call on me, and the ſooner the better: I ſhall be at the Blue Poſts. While he had been talking he took care to open his black leather caſe, and to diſplay the Bank Bills to the ſervant, and then, in a ſwaggering way, he put up his money and marched off to the Blue Poſts.

He was by this time quite proud of his own reſolution, and having tendered the money, and being clear in his own mind that it was the landlord's own fault, and not his, that it was not paid, he went to refreſh himſelf at the Blue Poſts. In a barn belonging to this public houſe ſome ſtrollers were juſt going to perform ſome of that ſing-ſong ribaldry by which our villages are corrupted, the laws broken, and that money is drawn from the poor for pleaſure, which is wanted by their families for bread. The name of the laſt new ſong which made part of the entertainment, made him think himſelf in high luck, that he ſhould have juſt that half hour to ſpare. He went into the barn, but was too much delighted with the actor, who ſung his favourite ſong, to remain a quiet hearer. He leaped out of the pit, and got behind the two ragged blankets which ſerved for a curtain. He ſung ſo much better than the actors themſelves, that they praiſed and admired him to a degree which awakened all his vanity. He was ſo intoxicated with their flattery, that he could do no leſs than invite them all to ſupper, an invitation which they were too hungry not to accept.

He did not however quite forget his appointment with his landlord; but the half hour was long ſince paſt by. And ſo, ſays he, as I know

he is a mean curmudgeon, who goes to bed I ſuppoſe by day light to ſave candle, it will be too late to ſpeak with him to-night; beſides, let him call upon me; it is his buſineſs, and not mine. I left word where I was to be found; the money is ready, and if I don't pay him to-night, I can do it before breakfaſt.

By the time theſe firm reſolutions were made, ſupper was ready. There never was a more jolly evening; ale and punch were as plenty as water. The actors ſaw what a vain fellow was feaſting them; and as they wanted victuals, and he wanted flattery, the buſineſs was ſoon ſettled. They ate, and Brown ſung. They pretended to be in raptures. Singing promoted drinking, and every freſh glaſs produced a ſong, or a ſtory, ſtill more merry than the former. Before morning, thoſe who were engaged to act in another barn a dozen miles off, ſtole away quietly. Brown having dropt aſleep they left him to finiſh his nap by himſelf: as to him, his dreams were gay and pleaſant, and the houſe being quite ſtill, he ſlept comfortably till morning.

As ſoon as he had breakfaſted, the buſineſs of the night before popped into his head. He ſet off once more to his landlord's in high ſpirits, gaily ſinging by the way ſcraps of all the tunes he had picked up the night before from his new friends. The landlord opened the door himſelf, and reproached him with no ſmall ſurlineſs for not having kept his word with him the evening before, adding, that he ſuppoſed he was come now with ſome more of his ſhallow excuſes. Brown put on all that haughtineſs which is com-

mon to people who are generally apt to be in the wrong, when they catch themſelves doing a right action; and he looked big, as ſome ſort of people do, when they have money to pay. You need not have been ſo anxious about your money, ſaid he, I was not going to break or run away. The landlord knew this was the common language of thoſe who are ready to do both. Brown haughtily added, You ſhall ſee I am a man of my word; give me a receipt. The landlord had it ready, and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather caſe in which the bills were; he felt, he ſearched, he examined, firſt one pocket, then the other, then both waiſtcoat pockets, but no leather caſe could he find. He looked terrified. It was the face of real terror, but the landlord conceived it to be that of guilt, and abuſed him heartily for putting his old tricks upon him; he ſwore he would not be impoſed upon any longer, the money or a jail, there lay his choice.

Brown proteſted for once with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; declared that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it, but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen aſleep on the ſettle in the room where they had ſupped. This raiſed his ſpirits; for he had no doubt but the caſe had fallen out of his pocket; he ſaid he would ſtep to the public houſe and ſearch for it, and would be back directly. Not one word of all this did the landlord believe, ſo inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He ſwore Brown ſhould not ſtir

out of his houſe without a conſtable, and made him wait while he ſent for one. Brown, guarded by the conſtable, went back to the Blue Poſts, the landlord charging the officer not to loſe ſight of the culprit. The caution was needleſs, Brown had not the leaſt deſign of running away, ſo firmly perſuaded was he that he ſhould find his leather caſe.

But who can paint his diſmay, when no tale or tidings of the leather caſe could be had! The maſter, the miſtreſs, the boy, and the maid of the public houſe all proteſted they were innocent. His ſuſpicions ſoon fell on the ſtrollers with whom he had paſſed the night; and he now found out, for the firſt time, that a merry evening did not always produce a happy morning. He obtained a warrant, and proper officers were ſent in purſuit of the ſtrollers. No one however believed he had really loſt any thing; and as he had not a ſhilling left to defray the expenſive treat he had given, the maſter of the inn agreed with the other landlord in thinking this ſtory was a trick to defraud them both, and Brown remained in cloſe cuſtody. At length the officers returned, who ſaid they had been obliged to let the ſtrollers go, as they could not fix the charge on any one, and they had all offered to ſwear before a juſtice that they had ſeen nothing of the leather caſe. It was at length agreed, that as he had paſſed the evening in a crowded barn, he had probably been robbed there, if at all; and among ſo many, who could pretend to gueſs at the thief?

Brown raved like a madman, he cried, tore his hair, and ſaid he was ruined for ever. The

abuſive language of his old landlord, and his new creditor at the Blue Poſts, did not lighten his ſorrow. His landlord would be put off no longer. Brown declared he could neither find bail, nor raiſe another ſhilling, and as ſoon as the forms of law were made out, he was ſent to the county jail.

Here it might have been expected that hard living and much leiſure would have brought him to reflect a little on his paſt follies. But his heart was not truly touched. The chief thing which grieved him at firſt was, his having abuſed the kindneſs of Stock, for to him he ſhould appear guilty of real fraud, where he had indeed been only vain, idle, and imprudent. And it is worth while here to remark, that vanity, idleneſs, and imprudence, often bring a man to ruin both ſoul and body, though ſilly people do not put them in the catalogue of heavy ſins, and thoſe who indulge in them are often reckoned honeſt merry fellows, with *good hearts*.

I wiſh I had room to tell my readers what befel Jack in his preſent doleful habitation, and what became of him afterwards. I promiſe them, however, that they ſhall certainly know the firſt of next month, when I hope they will not forget to inquire for the Fourth Part of the Shoemakers, or Jack Brown in priſon.

Z.

PART IV.

JACK BROWN IN PRISON.

I HOPE the reader has not forgotten where the third part of this hiſtory left off laſt month. It finiſhed with an account how Jack Brown, by keeping idle company, when he ſhould have been paying his debts, was robbed of his pocket-book while he was aſleep on the ſettle at the Blue Poſts. It was alſo told how the landlord, not believing one word of his ſtory, ſent him to priſon for debts long due to him.

Brown was no ſooner lodged in his doleful habitation, and a little recovered from his firſt ſurpriſe, when he ſat down and wrote his friend Stock the whole hiſtory of the tranſaction. Mr. Stock, who had long known the exceeding lightneſs and diſſipation of his mind, did not ſo utterly diſbelieve the ſtory as all the other creditors did. To ſpeak the truth, Stock was the only one among them who had good ſenſe enough to know, that a man may be completely ruined, both in what relates to his property and his ſoul, without committing Old Bailey crimes. He well knew that idleneſs, vanity, and the love of *pleaſure*, as it is falſely called, will bring a man to a morſel of bread, as ſurely as thoſe things which are reckoned much greater ſins; and that they undermine his principles as certainly, though not, perhaps, quite ſo faſt.

Stock was too angry with what had happened to anſwer Brown's letter, or to ſeem to take the leaſt notice of him. However, he kindly and ſecretly undertook a journey to the hard-hearted old Farmer, Brown's father, to intercede with him, and to ſee if he would do any thing for his ſon. Stock did not pretend to excuſe Jack, or even to leſſen his offences; for it was a rule of his never to diſguiſe truth or to palliate wickedneſs. Sin was ſtill ſin in his eyes, though it were committed by his beſt friend; but though he would not ſoften the ſin, he felt tenderly for the ſinner. He pleaded with the old Farmer on the ground, that his ſon's idleneſs and other vices would gather freſh ſtrength in a jail. He told him, that the looſe and worthleſs company which he would there keep would harden him in vice, and if he was now wicked he might there become irreclaimable.

But all his pleas were urged in vain. The Farmer was not to be moved. Indeed he argued with ſome juſtice, that he ought not to make his induſtrious children beggars to ſave one rogue from the gallows. Mr. Stock allowed the force of his reaſoning, though he ſaw the father was leſs influenced by this principle of juſtice than by reſentment on account of the old ſtory of Smiler. People, indeed, ſhould take care that what appears in their conduct to proceed from juſtice, does not really proceed from revenge. Wiſer men than Farmer Brown often deceive themſelves, and fancy they act on better principles than they really do, for want of looking a little more cloſely into their own hearts, and putting

down every action to its true motive. When we are praying againſt deceit, we ſhould not forget to take ſelf-deceit into the account.

Mr. Stock at length wrote to poor Jack; not to offer him any help, that was quite out of the queſtion, but to exhort him to repent of his evil ways; to lay before him the ſins of his paſt life; and to adviſe him to convert the preſent puniſhment into a benefit, by humbling himſelf before God. He offered his intereſt to get his place of confinement exchanged for one of thoſe improved priſons, where ſolitude and labour have been made the happy inſtruments of bringing many to a better way of thinking; and ended by ſaying, that if he ever gave any ſolid ſigns of real amendment he would ſtill be his friend in ſpite of all that was paſt.

If Mr. Stock had ſent him a good ſum of money to procure his liberty, or even a trifle to make merry with his wretched companions, Jack would have thought him a friend indeed. But to ſend him nothing but dry advice, and a few words of empty comfort, was, he thought, but a cheap ſhabby way of ſhewing his kindneſs. Unluckily the letter came juſt as he was going to ſit down to one of thoſe direful merry-makings which are often carried on with brutal riot within the doleful walls of a jail on the entrance of a new priſoner, who is often expected to give a feaſt to the reſt.

When his companions were heated with gin, Now, ſaid Jack, I'll treat you with a ſermon, and a very pretty preachment it is. So ſaying, he took out Mr. Stock's kind and pious letter,

and was delighted at the burſts of laughter it produced. What a canting dog, ſaid one! Repentance, indeed! cried Tom Crew; No, no, Jack, tell this hypocritical rogue that if we have loſt our liberty, it is only for having been jolly, hearty fellows, and we have more ſpirit than to repent of that I hope: all the harm we have done is living a little too faſt, like honeſt bucks as we are. Aye, aye, ſaid Jolly George, had we been ſuch ſneaking miſerly fellows as Stock, we need not have come hither. But if the ill-nature of the laws has been ſo cruel as to clap up ſuch fine hearty blades, we are no *felons* however. We are afraid of no Jack Ketch; and I ſee no cauſe to repent of any ſin that's not hanging matter. As to thoſe who are thruſt into the condemned hole indeed, and have but a few hours to live, they *muſt* ſee the parſon, and hear a ſermon, and ſuch ſtuff. But I do not know what ſuch ſtout young fellows as we are have to do with repentance. And ſo, Jack, let us have that rare new catch which you learnt of the ſtrollers that merry night when you loſt your pocket-book.

Brown ſoon gave a freſh proof of the power of evil company, and of the quick progreſs of the heart of a ſinner from bad to worſe. Brown, who always wanted principle, ſoon grew to want feeling alſo. He joined in the laugh which was raiſed againſt Stock, and told many *good ſtories*, as they were called, in deriſion of the piety, ſobriety, and ſelf-denial of his old friend. He loſt every day ſomewhat of thoſe ſmall remains of ſhame and decency which he had brought with

him to the priſon. He even grew reconciled to this wretched way of life, and the want of money ſeemed to him the heavieſt evil in the life of a jail.

Mr. Stock finding, from the gaoler, that his letter had been treated with ridicule, would not write to him any more. He did not come to ſee him, nor ſend him any aſſiſtance, thinking it right to let him ſuffer that want which his vices had brought upon him. But, as he ſtill hoped that the time might come when he might be brought to a ſenſe of his own evil courſes, he continued to have an eye upon him by means of the gaoler, who was an honeſt, kind-hearted man.

Brown ſpent one part of his time in thoughtleſs riot, and the other in gloom and ſadneſs. Company kept up his ſpirits; with his new friends he contrived to drown thought; but when he was alone he began to find that a *merry fellow*, when deprived of his companions and his liquor, is often a moſt forlorn wretch. Then it is, that even a merry fellow ſays of laughter, What is it? and of mirth, It is madneſs.

As he contrived, however, to be as little alone as poſſible, his gaiety was commonly uppermoſt, till that loathſome diſtemper, called the Jail Fever, broke out in the priſon. Tom Crew, the ringleader in all their evil practices, was firſt ſeized with it. Jack ſtaid a little while with his comrade to aſſiſt and divert him, but of aſſiſtance he could give little, and the very thought of diverſion was now turned into horror. He ſoon caught the diſtemper, and that in ſo dreadful a degree, that his life was in great danger. Of

thoſe who remained in health not a ſoul came near him, though he had ſhared his laſt farthing with them. He had juſt ſenſe enough left to feel this cruelty. Poor fellow! he did not know before that the friendſhip of the worldly is at an end when there is no more drink or diverſion to be had. He lay in the moſt deplorable condition; his body tormented with a dreadful diſeaſe, and his ſoul terrified and amazed at the approach of death: that death which he thought at ſo great a diſtance, and of which his comrades had aſſured him, that a young fellow, of five-and-twenty, was in no danger. Poor Jack! I cannot help feeling for him. Without a ſhilling! without a friend! without one comfort reſpecting this world, and, what is far more terrible, without one hope reſpecting the next!

Let not the young reader fancy that Brown's miſery aroſe entirely from his altered circumſtances. It was not merely his being in want, and ſick, and in a priſon, which made his condition ſo deſperate. Many an honeſt man unjuſtly accuſed, many a perſecuted Saint, many a holy Martyr has enjoyed ſometimes more peace and content in a priſon, than wicked men have ever taſted in the height of their proſperity. But to any ſuch comforts poor Jack had left himſelf no right.

A Chriſtian friend generally comes forward at the very time when worldly friends forſake the wretched. The other priſoners would not come near Brown, though he had often entertained and never offended them, even his own father was not moved with his ſad condition. When Mr. Stock

informed him of it, he answered, 'tis no more than he deserves. As he brews so he must bake. He has made his own bed, and let him lie in it. The hard old man had ever at his tongue's end some proverb of hardness, or frugality, which he contrived to turn in such a way as to excuse himself.

We shall now see how Mr. Stock behaved. He had his favourite sayings too, but they were chiefly on the side of kindness, mercy, or some other virtue. I must not, said he, pretend to call myself a Christian, if I do not requite evil with good. When he received the gaoler's letter with the account of Brown's sad condition, Will Simpson and Tommy Williams began to compliment him on his own wisdom and prudence, by which he had escaped Brown's misfortunes. He only gravely said, Blessed be God that I am not in the same misery. It is *He* who has made us to differ. But for *his* grace I might have been in no better condition. Now Brown is brought low by the hand of God, it is my time to go to him. What you, said Will, whom he cheated of your money? This is not a time to remember injuries, said Mr. Stock. How can I ask forgiveness for my own sins, if I withhold forgiveness from him? So saying, he ordered his horse, and set off to see poor Brown, thus proving that his was a religion not of words but of deeds.

Stock's heart nearly failed him as he passed through the prison. The groans of the sick and dying, and what to such a heart as his was still more moving, the brutal merriment of the healthy

in ſuch a place, pierced his very ſoul. Many a ſilent prayer did he put up as he paſſed along, that God would yet be pleaſed to touch their hearts, and that now (during this infectious ſickneſs) might be the accepted time. The gaoler obſerved him drop a tear, and aſked the cauſe. I cannot forget, ſaid he, that the moſt diſſolute of theſe men is ſtill my fellow-creature. The ſame God made them; the ſame SAVIOUR died for them; how then can I hate the worſt of them? With my advantages they might have been much better than I am; without the bleſſing of God on my good Miniſter's inſtructions, I might have been worſe than the worſt of theſe. I have no cauſe for pride, much for thankfulneſs; *let us not be high-minded, but fear.*

It would have moved a heart of ſtone to have ſeen poor, miſerable Jack Brown lying on his wretched bed, his face ſo changed by pain, poverty, dirt and ſorrow, that he could hardly be known for that merry ſoul of a jack boot, as he uſed to be proud to hear himſelf called. His groans were ſo piteous that it made Mr. Stock's heart ach. He kindly took him by the hand, though he knew the diſtemper was catching, How doſt do, Jack? ſaid he, doſt know me? Brown ſhook his head and ſaid faintly, know you? aye, that I do. I am ſure I have but one friend in the world who would come to ſee me in this woeful condition. O James, what have I brought myſelf to? What will become of my poor ſoul? I dare not look back, for that is all ſin; nor forward, for that is all miſery and woe.

Mr. Stock ſpoke kindly to him, but did not

attempt to cheer him with falſe comfort, as is too often done. I am aſhamed to ſee you in this dirty place, ſays Brown. As to the place, Jack, replied the other, if it has helped to bring you to a ſenſe of your paſt offences, it will be no bad place for you. I am heartily ſorry for your diſtreſs and your ſickneſs; but if it ſhould pleaſe God by them to open your eyes, and to ſhew you that ſin is a greater evil than the priſon to which it has brought you, all may yet be well. I had rather ſee you in this humble penitent ſtate, laying on this dirty bed, in this diſmal priſon, than roaring and rioting at the Greyhound, the king of the company, with handſome cloaths on your back, and plenty of money in your pocket.

Brown wept bitterly and ſqueezed his hand, but was too weak to ſay much. Mr. Stock then deſired the gaoler to let him have ſuch things as were needful, and he would pay for them. He would not leave the poor fellow till he had given him with his own hands ſome broth which the gaoler had got ready for him, and ſome medicines which the doctor had ſent. All this kindneſs cut Brown to the heart. He was juſt able to ſob out, My unnatural father leaves me to periſh, and my injured friend is more than a father to me. Stock told him that one proof he muſt give of his repentance was, that he muſt forgive his father, whoſe provocation had been very great. He then ſaid he would leave him for the preſent to take ſome reſt, and deſired him to lift up his heart to God for mercy. Dear James, replied Brown, do you pray for me. God perhaps may

hear you, but he will never hear the prayer of ſuch a ſinner as I have been. Take care how you think ſo, ſaid Stock. To believe that God cannot forgive you, would be ſtill a greater ſin than any you have yet committed againſt him. He then explained to him in a few words, as well as he was able, the nature of repentance, and forgiveneſs through a Saviour, and warned him earneſtly againſt unbelief and hardneſs of heart.

Poor Jack grew much refreſhed in body with the comfortable things he had taken; and a little cheered with Stock's kindneſs in coming ſo far to ſee, and to forgive ſuch a forlorn outcaſt, ſick of an infectious diſtemper, and locked within the walls of a priſon. Surely, ſaid he to himſelf, there muſt be ſome mighty power in a religion which can lead men to do ſuch things! things ſo much againſt the grain as to forgive ſuch an injury, and to riſk catching ſuch a diſtemper, but he was ſo weak he could not expreſs this in words. He tried to pray, but he could not; at length, overpowered with wearineſs, he fell aſleep.

When Mr. Stock came back, he was ſurpriſed to find him ſo much better in body; but his agonies of mind were dreadful, and he had now got ſtrength to expreſs part of the horrors which he felt. James, ſaid he, (looking wildly) it is all over with me. I am a loſt creature. Even your prayers cannot ſave me. Dear Jack, replied Mr. Stock, I am no miniſter; it does not become me to talk much to thee: but I know I may venture to ſay whatever is in the Bible. As ignorant as I am, I ſhall be ſafe enough while I

ſtick to that. Aye, ſaid the ſick man, you uſed to be ready enough to read to me, and I would not liſten, or if I did, it was only to make fun of what I heard, and now you will not ſo much as read a bit of a chapter to me.

This was the very point to which Stock longed to bring him. So he took a little Bible out of his pocket, which he always carried with him on a journey, and read ſlowly, verſe by verſe, the 55th chapter of Iſaiah. When he came to the ſixth and ſeventh verſes, poor Jack cried ſo much that Stock was forced to ſtop. The words were, "Let the wicked man forſake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord." Here Brown ſtopped him, ſaying, Oh it is too late, too late for me. Let me finiſh the verſe, ſaid Stock, and you will ſee your error; you will ſee that it is never too late. So he read on—"let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon." Here Brown ſtarted up, ſnatched the book out of his hand, and cried out, Is that really there? No, no; that's of your own putting in, in order to comfort me; let me look at the words myſelf. No, indeed, ſaid Stock, I would not for the world give you unfounded comfort, or put off any notion of my own for a ſcripture doctrine. But is it poſſible! cried the ſick man, that God may really pardon me? Doſt think he can? Doſt think he will? I am ſure of it, ſaid Stock; I dare not give thee falſe hopes; or, indeed, any hopes of my own. But theſe are God's own words,

and the only difficulty is to know when we are really brought into such a state as that the words may be applied to us.

Mr. Stock was afraid of saying more. He would not venture out of his depth; nor, indeed, was poor Brown able to bear more discourse just now. So he made him a present of the Bible, folding down such places as he thought might be best suited to his state, and took his leave, being obliged to return home that night. He left a little money with the gaoler, to add a few comforts to the allowance of the prison, and promised to return in a short time.

When he got home, he described the sufferings and misery of Brown in a very moving manner; but Tommy Williams, instead of being properly affected at it, only said, Indeed, Master, I am not very sorry; he is rightly served. How, Tommy, said Mr. Stock, (rather sternly), not sorry to see a fellow-creature brought to the lowest state of misery! one too whom you have known so prosperous! No, Master, I can't say I am; for Mr. Brown used to make fun of you, and laugh at you for being so godly, and reading your Bible.

Let me say a few words to you, Tommy, said Mr. Stock. In the first place you should never watch for the time of a man's being brought low by trouble to tell of his faults. Next, you should never rejoice at his trouble, but pity him, and pray for him. Lastly, as to his ridiculing me for my religion, if I cannot stand an idle jest, I am not worthy the name of a Christian.—*He that is ashamed of me and my words*, dost remember what

follows, Tommy? Yes, Master, 'twas last Sunday's text,—*of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when he shall judge the world.*

Mr. Stock soon went back to the prison. But he did not go alone. He took with him Mr. Thomas, the worthy Minister who had been the guide and instructor of his youth, who was so kind as to go at his request and visit this forlorn prisoner. When they got to Brown's door, they found him sitting up in his bed with the Bible in his hand. This was a joyful sight to Mr. Stock, who secretly thanked God for it. Brown was reading aloud; they listened; it was the fifteenth of Saint Luke. The circumstances of this beautiful Parable of the Prodigal Son were so much like his own, that the story pierced him to the soul; and he stopped every minute to compare his own case with that of the Prodigal. He was just got to the eighteenth verse, *I will arise, and go to my father,*—at that moment he spied his two friends; joy darted into his eyes. O dear Jem, said he, it is *not* too late, I will arise, and go to my father, my heavenly Father, and you, Sir, will shew me the way, won't you? said he to Mr. Thomas, whom he recollected. I am very glad to see you in so hopeful a disposition, said the good Minister. O, Sir, said Brown, what a place is this to receive you in! O, see to what I have brought myself!

Your condition, as to this world, is indeed very low, replied the good Divine. But what are mines, dungeons, or gallies, to that eternal, hopeless prison to which your unrepented sins must

ſoon have conſigned you? Even in this gloomy priſon, on this bed of ſtraw, worn down by pain, poverty, and want, forſaken by your worldly friends, an object of ſcorn to thoſe with whom you uſed to carouſe and riot; yet here, I ſay, brought thus low, if you have at laſt found out your own vileneſs, and your utterly undone ſtate by ſin, you may ſtill be more an object of favour in the ſight of God, than when you thought yourſelf proſperous and happy; when the world ſmiled upon you, and you paſſed your days and nights in envied gaiety and unchriſtian riot. If you will but improve the preſent aweful viſitation; if you do but heartily renounce and abhor your preſent evil courſes; if you even now turn to the Lord your Saviour with lively faith, deep repentance, and unfeigned obedience, I ſhall ſtill have more hope of you than of many who are going on quite happy, becauſe quite inſenſible. The heavy laden ſinner, who has diſcovered the iniquity of his own heart, and his utter inability to help himſelf, may be reſtored to God's favour, and become happy, though in a dungeon. And be aſſured, that he who from deep and humble contrition dares not ſo much as lift up his eyes to heaven, when with a hearty faith he ſighs out *Lord be merciful to me a ſinner*, ſhall in no wiſe be caſt out. Theſe are the words of him who cannot lie.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſelf-abaſement, the grief, the joy, the ſhame, the hope, and the fear which filled the mind of this poor man. A dawn of comfort at length ſhone on his benighted mind. His humility and fear of falling back into

his former ſins, if he ſhould ever recover, Mr. Thomas thought were ſtrong ſymptoms of a ſound repentance. He improved and cheriſhed every good diſpoſition he ſaw riſing in his heart, and particularly warned him againſt ſelf-deceit, ſelf-confidence, and hypocriſy.

One day, when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Stock came to ſee him, they found him more than commonly affected. His face was more ghaſtly pale than uſual, and his eyes were red with crying. Oh, Sir, ſaid he, what a ſight have I juſt ſeen! Jolly George, as we uſed to call him, the ring-leader of all our mirth, who was at the bottom of all the fun, and tricks, and wickedneſs, that are carried on within theſe walls, Jolly George is juſt dead of the jail diſtemper! He taken, and I left! I *would* be carried into his room to ſpeak to him, to beg him to take warning by me, and that I might take warning by him. But what did I ſee! what did I hear! not one ſign of repentance; not one dawn of hope. Agony of body, blaſphemies on his tongue, deſpair in his ſoul; while I am ſpared and comforted with hopes of mercy and acceptance. Oh, if all my old friends at the Greyhound could but then have ſeen Jolly George! A hundred ſermons about death, Sir, don't ſpeak ſo home, and cut ſo deep, as the ſight of one dying ſinner.

Brown grew gradually better in his health, that is the fever mended, but the diſtemper ſettled in his limbs, ſo that he ſeemed likely to be a poor, weakly cripple the reſt of his life. But as he ſpent much of his time in prayer, and in reading

ſuch parts of the Bible as Mr. Thomas directed, he improved every day in knowledge and piety, and of courſe grew more reſigned to pain and infirmity.

Some months after this, his hard-hearted father, who had never been prevailed upon to ſee him, or offer him the leaſt relief, was taken off ſuddenly by a fit of apoplexy; and, after all his threatenings, he died without a will. He was one of thoſe ſilly, ſuperſtitious men, who fancy they ſhall die the ſooner for having made one; and who love the world and the things that are in the world ſo dearly, that they dread to ſet about any buſineſs which may put them in mind that they are not always to live in it. As, by this neglect, his father had not fulfilled his threat of cutting him off with a ſhilling, Jack, of courſe, went ſhares with his brothers in what their father left. What fell to him proved to be juſt enough to diſcharge him from priſon, and to pay all his debts, but he had nothing left. His joy at being thus enabled to make reſtitution was ſo great, that he thought little of his own wants. He did not deſire to conceal the moſt trifling debt, nor to keep a ſhilling for himſelf.

Mr. Stock undertook to ſettle all his affairs. There did not remain money enough, after every creditor was ſatisfied, even to pay for his removal home. Mr. Stock kindly ſent his own cart for him with a bed in it, made as comfortable as poſſible, for he was too weak and lame to be removed any other way, and Mr. Stock gave the driver a particular charge to be tender and care-

ful of him, and not to drive hard, nor to leave the cart a moment.

Mr. Stock would fain have taken him into his own houſe, at leaſt for a time, ſo convinced was he of his ſincere reformation both of heart and life; but Brown would not be prevailed on to be further burdenſome to this generous friend. He inſiſted on being carried to the pariſh work-houſe, which he ſaid was a far better place than he deſerved. In this houſe Mr. Stock furniſhed a ſmall room for him, and ſent him every day a morſel of meat from his own dinner. Tommy Williams begged that he might always be allowed to carry it, as ſome atonement for his having for a moment ſo far forgotten his duty, as rather to rejoice than ſympathize in Brown's misfortunes. He never thought of this fault without ſorrow, and often thanked his maſter for the wholeſome leſſon he then gave him, and he was the better for it all his life.

Mrs. Stock often carried poor Brown a bit of tea or baſon of good broth herſelf. He was quite a cripple, and never able to walk out as long as he lived. Mr. Stock, Will Simpſon, and Tommy Williams laid their heads together, and contrived a ſort of barrow on which he was often carried to Church by ſome of his poor neighbours, of which Tommy was always one; and he requited their kindneſs, by reading a good book to them whenever they would call in, or teaching their children to ſing Pſalms or ſay the Catechiſm.

It was no ſmall joy to him thus to be enabled to

go to Church. Whenever he was carried by the Greyhound, he was much moved, and uſed to put up a prayer full of repentance for the paſt, and praiſe for the preſent.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

This Hymn was frequently ſung by Jack Brown in the Workhouſe.

BEHOLD the wretch, whoſe luſt and wine
Have waſted his eſtate;
He begs a ſhare among the ſwine,
To taſte the huſks they eat.

I die with hunger here, he cries,
I ſtarve in foreign lands;
My father's houſe has large ſupplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face,
Father, I've done thy juſtice wrong,
Nor can deſerve thy grace.

He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home,
To ſeek his father's love;
The father ſaw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The rebel's heart with ſorrow breaks
For ſins which he had done.

Take off his clothes of ſhame and ſin,
(The Father gives command,)
Dreſs him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.

A day of feaſting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound,
My ſon was dead and lives again,
Was loſt, and now is found.

PART V.

A Dialogue between James Stock and Will Simpſon, the Shoemakers, as they ſat at Work.

JAMES STOCK, and his journeyman Will Simpſon, as I informed my readers in the Second Part of the Two Shoemakers, had reſolved to work together one hour every evening, in order to pay for Tommy Williams's ſchooling. This circumſtance brought them to be a good deal together when the reſt of the men were gone home. Now it happened that Mr. Stock had a mighty way of endeavouring to turn all common events to ſome uſe; and he thought it right on the preſent occaſion to make the only return in his power to Will Simpſon for his great kindneſs. For, ſaid he, if Will gives up ſo much of his time to help me to provide for this poor boy, it is the leaſt I can do to try to turn part of that time to the purpoſe of promoting Will's ſpiritual

good. Now as the bent of Stock's own mind was religious, it was eaſy to him to lead their talk to ſomething profitable. He always took eſpecial care however, that the ſubject ſhould be introduced properly, cheerfully, and without conſtraint. As he well knew that great good may be ſometimes done by a prudent attention in ſeizing proper opportunities, ſo he knew that the cauſe of piety had been ſometimes hurt by forcing ſerious ſubjects where there was clearly no diſpoſition to receive them. I ſay he had found out that two things were neceſſary to the promoting of religion among his friends; a warm zeal to be always on the watch for occaſions, and a cool judgment to diſtinguiſh which was the right time and place to make uſe of them. To know *how* to do good is a great matter, but to know *when* to do it is no ſmall one.

Simpſon was an honeſt good natured fellow; he was now become ſober, and rather religiouſly diſpoſed. But he was ignorant; he did not know much of the grounds of religion, or of the corruption of his own nature; he was regular at church, but was firſt drawn thither rather by his ſkill in pſalm-ſinging than by any great devotion. He had left off going to the Greyhound, and often read the Bible, or ſome other good book on the Sunday evening. This he thought was quite enough; he thought the Bible was the prettieſt hiſtory book in the world, and that religion was a very good thing for Sundays. But he did not much underſtand what buſineſs people had with it on working days. He had left off drinking becauſe it had brought Williams to the

grave, and his wife to dirt and rags; but not because he himself had seen the evil of sin. He now considered swearing and sabbath-breaking as scandalous and indecent, but he had not found out that both were to be left off because they are highly offensive to God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. As Simpson was less self-conceited than most ignorant people are, Stock had always a good hope that when he should come to be better acquainted with the word of God, and with the evil of his own heart, he would become one day a good Christian. The great hindrance to this was, that he fancied himself so already.

One evening Simpson had been calling to Stock's mind how disorderly the house and shop, where they were now sitting quietly at work, had formerly been, and he went on thus:

Will. How comfortably we live now, master, to what we used to do in Williams's time! I used then never to be happy but when we were keeping it up all night, but now I am as merry as the day is long. I find I am twice as happy since I am grown good and sober.

Stock. I am glad you are happy, Will, and I rejoice that you are sober; but I would not have you take too much pride in your own *goodness* for fear it should become a sin, almost as great as some of those you have left off. Besides, I would not have you make quite so sure that you *are* good.

Will. Not good, master! why don't you find me regular and orderly at work?

Stock. Very much so, and accordingly I have a great respect for you.

Will. I pay every one his own, ſeldom miſs church, have not been drunk ſince Williams died, have handſome cloaths for Sundays, and ſave a trifle every week.

Stock. Very true, and very laudable it is; and to all this you may add, that you very generouſly work an hour, for poor Tommy's education, every evening, without fee or reward.

Will. Well, maſter, what can a man do more? If all this is not being good, I don't know what is.

Stock. All theſe things are very right as far as they go, and you could not well be a Chriſtian without doing them. But I ſhall make you ſtare perhaps when I tell you, you may do all theſe things, and many more, and yet be no Chriſtian.

Will. No Chriſtian! ſurely, maſter, I do hope that after all I have done, you will not be ſo unkind as to ſay I am no Chriſtian.

Stock. God forbid that I ſhould ſay ſo, Will. I hope better things of you. But come now, what do you think it is to be a Chriſtian?

Will. What! why to be chriſtened when one is a child, to learn the Catechiſm when one can read, to be confirmed when one is a youth, and to go to Church when one is a man.

Stock. Theſe are all very proper things, and quite neceſſary. They make a part of a Chriſtian's life. But for all that, a man may be exact in them all, and yet not be a Chriſtian.

Will. Not be a Chriſtan! ha! ha! ha! you are very comical maſter.

Stock. No indeed, I am very ſerious, Will.

At this rate it would be a very eaſy thing to be a Chriſtian, and every man who went through certain forms would be a good man; and one man who obſerved theſe forms would be as good as another. Whereas, if we come to examine ourſelves by the word of God, I am afraid there are but few comparatively whom our Saviour would allow to be real Chriſtians. What is your notion of a Chriſtian's practice?

Will. Why, he muſt not rob nor murder, nor get drunk. He muſt avoid ſcandalous things, and do as other decent orderly people do.

Stock. It is eaſy enough to be what the world calls a Chriſtian, but not to be what the Bible calls ſo.

Will. Why, maſter, we working men are not expected to be ſaints, and martyrs, and apoſtles, and miniſters.

Stock. We are not. And yet, Will, there are not two ſorts of Chriſtianity; we are called to practiſe the ſame Religion which they practiſed, and ſomething of the ſame ſpirit is expected in us which we reverence in them. It was not ſaints and martyrs only to whom our Saviour ſaid that they muſt "crucify the world with its affections and luſts." We are called to "be holy" in our meaſure and degree, "as he who hath called us is holy." It was not only ſaints and martyrs who were told that they muſt be "like-minded with Chriſt"——That "they muſt do all to the glory of God"—"That they muſt renounce the ſpirit of the world, and deny themſelves." It was not to apoſtles only that Chriſt ſaid, "they muſt have their converſation in Heaven." It was

not to a few holy men set apart for the altar, that he said, "they must set their affections on things above."—That they "must not be conformed to the world."—No, it was to Fishermen, to Publicans, to Farmers, to Day-labourers, to poor Tradesmen, that he spoke when he told them, they must "love not the world, nor the things of the world."—"That they must renounce the hidden things of dishonesty, grow in grace, lay up for themselves treasures in Heaven."

Will. All this might be very proper for *them* to be taught, because they had not been bred up Christians, but Heathens or Jews; and Christ wanted to make them his followers, that is Christians. But thank God we do not want to be taught all this, for we *are* Christians, born in a Christian country, of Christian parents.

Stock. I suppose then you fancy that Christianity comes to people in a Christian country by nature?

Will. I think it comes by a good education or a good example. When a fellow who has got any sense sees a man cut off in his prime by drinking, I think he will begin to leave it off. When he sees another man respected, like you, master, for honesty and sobriety, and going to Church, why he will grow honest and sober and go to Church; that is, he will see it his advantage to be a Christian.

Stock. Will, what you say is the truth, but 'tis not the whole truth. You are right as far as you go, but you do not go far enough. The worldly advantages of piety are, as you suppose, in general great. Credit, prosperity, and health,

almoſt naturally attend on a religious life, both becauſe a religious life ſuppoſes a ſober and induſtrious life; and becauſe a man who lives in a courſe of duty puts himſelf in the way of God's bleſſing. But a true Chriſtian has a ſtill higher aim in view, and will follow Religion even under circumſtances, when it may hurt his credit and ruin his proſperity, if it ſhould ever happen to be the will of God that he ſhould be brought into ſuch a trying ſtate.

Will. Well, maſter, to ſpeak the truth, if I go to Church on Sundays, and follow my work in the week, I muſt ſay I think that is being good.

Stock. I agree with you, that he who does both gives the beſt outward ſigns that he is good, as you call it. But our going to Church, and even reading the Bible, are no proofs that we are as good as we need be, but rather that we do both theſe in order to make us better than we are. We do both on Sundays as means by God's bleſſing, to make us better all the week. We are to bring the fruits of that Chapter or of that Sermon into our daily life, and try to get our inmoſt heart and ſecret thoughts, as well as our daily conduct, amended by them.

Will. Why ſure, maſter, you won't be ſo unreaſonable as to want a body to be religious always! I can't do that neither. I'm not ſuch a hypocrite as to pretend to it.

Stock. Yes, you can be ſo in every action of your life!

Will. What, maſter, always to be thinking about Religion?

Stock. No, far from it, Will; much leſs to be

always talking about it. But you must be always acting under it's power and spirit.

Will. But surely 'tis pretty well if I do this when I go to Church; or while I am saying my prayers. Even you, master, as strict as you are, would not have me always on my knees, nor always at Church, I suppose: for then how would your work be carried on, and how would our town be supplied with shoes?

Stock. Very true, Will. 'Twould be no proof of our religion to let our customers go barefoot; but 'twould be a proof of our laziness, and we should starve, as we ought to do. The business of the world must not only be carried on; but carried on with spirit and activity. We have the same authority for not being slothful in business, as we have for being fervent in spirit. Religion has put godliness and laziness as wide asunder as any two things in the world; and what God has separated, let no man pretend to join. Indeed, the spirit of religion can have no fellowship with sloth, indolence, and self-indulgence. But still, a Christian does not carry on his common trade quite like another man neither; for something of the spirit which he labours to attain at Church, he carries with him into his worldly concerns. While there are some who set up for Sunday Christians, who have no notion that they are bound to be Week-day Christians too.

Will. Why, master, I do think, if God Almighty is contented with one day in seven, he won't thank you for throwing him the other six into the bargain. I thought he gave us them for our own use; and I am sure nobody works harder all the week than you do.

Stock. God, it is true, ſets apart one day in ſeven for actual reſt from labour, and for more immediate devotion to his ſervice. But ſhew me that text, wherein he ſays, thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God on *Sundays*—Thou ſhalt keep my commandments on the *Sabbath Day*.—To be carnally minded on *Sundays*, *is death*—Ceaſe to do evil, and learn to do well *one day in ſeven*—Grow in grace on the *Lord's Day*.—Is there any ſuch text?

Will. No, to be ſure there is not; for that would be encouraging ſin in all the other days.

Stock. Yes, juſt as you do when you make religion a thing for the church and not for the world. There is no one lawful calling in purſuing which we may not ſerve God acceptably. You and I may ſerve him while we are ſtitching this pair of boots. Farmer Furrow, while he is plowing yonder field. Betſy Weſt, over the way, whilſt ſhe is nurſing her ſick mother. Neighbour Incle, in meaſuring out his tapes and ribbons. I ſay, all theſe may ſerve God juſt as acceptably in thoſe employments as at Church; I had almoſt ſaid more ſo.

Will. Aye, indeed—how can that be? Now you're too much on t'other ſide.

Stock. Becauſe a man's trials in trade being often greater, they give him freſh means of glorifying God, and proving the ſincerity of religion. A man who mixes in buſineſs, is naturally brought into continual temptations and difficulties. Theſe will lead him, if he be a good man, to look more to God, than he perhaps would otherwiſe do. He ſees temptations on the right hand and on the left; he knows that there are ſnares

all around him, this makes him watchful: he feels that the enemy within is too ready to betray him; this makes him humble himself; while a ſenſe of his own difficulties makes him tender to the failings of others.

Will. Then you would make one believe, after all, that trade and buſineſs muſt be ſinful in itſelf, ſince it brings a man into all theſe ſnares and ſcrapes.

Stock. No, no, Will; trade and buſineſs don't create evil paſſions—they were in the heart before—Only now and then they ſeem to lie ſnug a little—our concerns with the world bring them out into action a little more, and thus ſhew both others and ourſelves what we really are.—But then, as the world offers more trials on the one hand, ſo on the other it holds out more duties. If we are called to battle oftener, we have more opportunities of victory. Every temptation reſiſted, is an enemy ſubdued; and "he that ruleth his own ſpirit, is better than he that taketh a city."

Will. I don't quite underſtand you, maſter.

Stock. I will try to explain myſelf. There is no paſſion more called out by the tranſactions of trade than covetouſneſs. Now, 'tis impoſſible to withſtand ſuch a maſter ſin as that, without carrying a good deal of the ſpirit of religion into one's trade.

Will. Well, I own I don't yet ſee how I am to be religious when I'm hard at work, or buſy ſettling an account. I can't do two things at once; 'tis as if I were to pretend to make a ſhoe and cut out a boot at the ſame moment.

Stock. I tell you both muſt ſubſiſt together. Nay, the one muſt be the motive to the other. God commands us to be induſtrious, and if we love him, the deſire of pleaſing him ſhould be the main ſpring of our induſtry.

Will. I don't ſee how I can always be thinking about pleaſing God.

Stock. Suppoſe, now, a man had a wife and children whom he loved, and wiſhed to ſerve, would not he be often thinking about them while he was at work? and though he would not be *always* thinking about them, yet would not the very love he bore them be a conſtant ſpur to his induſtry? He would always be purſuing the ſame courſe from the ſame motive, though his words, and even his thoughts, muſt often be taken up in the common tranſactions of life.

Will. Well, I ſay firſt one, then the other; now for labour, now for religion.

Stock. I will ſhew that both muſt go together. I will ſuppoſe you were going to buy ſo many ſkins of our currier—that is quite a worldly tranſaction—you can't ſee what a ſpirit of religion has to do with buying a few calves' ſkins. Now, I tell you it has a great deal to do with it. Covetouſneſs, a deſire to make a good bargain, may riſe up in your heart. Selfiſhneſs, a ſpirit of monopoly, a wiſh to get all, in order to diſtreſs others; theſe are evil deſires, and muſt be ſubdued. Some opportunity of unfair gain offers, in which there may be much ſin, and yet little ſcandal. Here a Chriſtian will ſtop ſhort; he will recollect, "that he who maketh haſte to be rich ſhall hardly be innocent." Perhaps the ſin may

be on the ſide of your dealer—*he* may want to overreach *you*—this is provoking—you are tempted to violent anger, perhaps to ſwear—here is a freſh demand on you for a ſpirit of patience and moderation, as there was before for a ſpirit of juſtice and ſelf-denial. If, by God's grace, you get the victory over theſe temptations, you are the better man for having been called out to them; always provided, that the temptations be not of your own ſeeking. If you give way, and ſink under theſe temptations, don't go and ſay that trade and buſineſs have made you covetous, paſſionate, and profane. No, no; depend upon it, you were ſo before; you would have had all theſe evil ſeeds lurking in your heart, if you had been loitering about at home, and doing nothing, with the additional ſin of idleneſs into the bargain. When you are buſy, the devil often tempts you; when you are idle, you tempt the devil. If buſineſs and the world call theſe evil tempers into action, buſineſs and the world call that religion into action too which teaches us to reſiſt them. And in this you ſee the Week-day fruit of the Sunday's piety. 'Tis trade and buſineſs in the week which call us to put our Sunday readings, praying, and church-going into practice.

Will. Well, maſter, you have a comical way, ſome how, of coming over one. I never ſhould have thought there would have been any religion wanted in buying and ſelling a few calves' ſkins. But, I begin to ſee there is a good deal in what you ſay.—And, whenever I am doing a common

action, I will try to remember that it must be done after a godly sort.

Stock. I hear the clock strike nine—let us leave off our work. I will only observe farther, that one good end of our bringing religion into our business is, to put us in mind not to undertake more business than we can carry on consistently with our religion. I shall never commend that man's diligence, though it is often commended by the world, who is not diligent about the salvation of his soul. We are as much forbidden to be overcharged with the *cares* of life as with it's *pleasures*. I only wish to prove to you, that a discreet Christian may be wise for both worlds; that he may employ his hands without entangling his soul, and labour for the meat that perisheth, without neglecting that which endureth unto eternal life; that he may be prudent for time, while he is wise for eternity.

Z.

THE HYMN.

O THAT that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would give me grace
To know and do his will!

Lord send thy spirit down to write
Thy love upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act a liar's part.

From vanity, Lord, turn mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
I would not, Lord, forget thy way,
Bring back thy wandering sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God

THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

MR. BRAGWELL.

MR. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy happened to meet laſt year at Weyhill-Fair. They were glad to ſee each other, as they had but ſeldom met of late; Mr. Bragwell having removed, ſome years before, from Mr. Worthy's neighbourhood, to a diſtant village where he had bought an eſtate.

Mr. Bragwell was a ſubſtantial Farmer and Grazier. He had riſen in the world by what worldly men call a run of good fortune. He had alſo been a man of great induſtry; that is, he had paid a diligent and conſtant attention to his own intereſt. He underſtood buſineſs, and had a knack of turning almoſt every thing to his own advantage. He had that ſort of ſenſe, which good men call cunning, and knaves call wiſdom. He was too prudent ever to do any thing ſo wrong that the law could take hold of him; yet he was not over ſcrupulous about the morality of an action, when the proſpect of enriching himſelf by it was very great, and the chance of hurting his character was ſmall. The corn he ſent home to his cuſtomers was not always quite ſo good as the ſamples he had produced at market, and he now and then forgot to name ſome capital blemiſh in the horſes he ſold at fair. He ſcorned to be guilty of the petty frauds of cheating in weights and meaſures, for he thought that was a beggarly ſin; but he valued himſelf on his ſkill in making a bargain, and fancied it ſhewed his knowledge of the world to take advantage of the ignorance of a dealer.

It was his conſtant rule to undervalue every thing he was about to buy, and to overvalue every thing he was about to ſell; but as he prided himſelf on his character he avoided every thing that was very ſhameful, ſo that he was conſidered merely as a hard dealer, and a keen hand at a bargain. Now and then, when he had been caught in puſhing his own advantage too far, he contrived to get out of the ſcrape by turning

the whole into a jeſt, ſaying, it was a good take in, a rare joke, and that he had only a mind to divert himſelf with the folly of his neighbour, who could be ſo eaſily impoſed on.

Mr. Bragwell had one favourite maxim, namely, that a man's ſucceſs in life was a ſure proof of his wiſdom; and that all failure and misfortune was the conſequence of a man's own folly. As this opinion was firſt taken up by him from vanity and ignorance; ſo it was more and more confirmed by his own proſperity. He ſaw that he himſelf had ſucceeded greatly without either money or education to begin with, and he therefore now deſpiſed every man, however excellent his character or talents might be, who had not had the ſame ſucceſs in life. His natural diſpoſition was not particularly bad, but proſperity had hardened his heart. He made his own progreſs in life the rule by which the conduct of all other men was to be judged, without any allowance for their peculiar diſadvantages, or the viſitations of Providence. He thought, for his part, that every man of ſenſe could command ſucceſs on his undertakings, and controul and diſpoſe the events of his own life.

But though he conſidered thoſe who had had leſs ſucceſs than himſelf, as no better than fools, yet he did not extend this opinion to Mr. Worthy, whom he looked upon not only as a good but wiſe man. They had been bred up, when children, in the ſame houſe, but with this difference, that Worthy was the nephew of the maſter, and Bragwell the ſon of the ſervant.

Bragwell's father had been ploughman in the family of Mr. Worthy's uncle, a ſenſible man, who farmed a ſmall eſtate of his own, and who, having no children, bred up young Worthy as his ſon, inſtructed him in the buſineſs of huſbandry, and at his death left him his eſtate. The father of Worthy was a pious clergyman, who lived with his brother the farmer, in order to help out a narrow income. He had beſtowed much pains on the inſtruction of his ſon, and uſed frequently to repeat to him a ſaying which he had picked up in a book, written by one of the greateſt men in this country,—that there were two things with which every man ought to be acquainted, RELIGION AND HIS OWN BUSINESS. While he therefore took care that his ſon ſhould be made an excellent Farmer, he filled up his leiſure hours in improving his mind: ſo that young Worthy had read more good books, and underſtood them better, than moſt men in his ſtation. His reading, however, had been chiefly confined to huſbandry and divinity, the two ſubjects which were of the moſt immediate importance to him.

The reader will ſee by this time, that Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy were likely to be as oppoſite to each other as two men could well be, who were nearly of the ſame age and condition, and who were neither of them without credit in the world. Bragwell indeed made far the greater figure, for he liked to *cut a daſh*, as he called it. And while it was the ſtudy of Worthy to conform to his ſtation, and to ſet a good example to thoſe about him, it was the delight of Bragwell to vie in his way of life with men of larger fortune.

He did not ſee how much this vanity raiſed the envy of his inferiors, the ill-will of his equals, and the contempt of his betters.

His wife was a notable ſtirring woman, but vain, violent, and ambitious; very ignorant, and very high-minded. She had married Bragwell before he was worth a ſhilling, and as ſhe had brought him a good deal of money, ſhe thought herſelf the grand cauſe of his riſing in the world, and thence took occaſion to govern him moſt completely. Whenever he ventured to oppoſe her, ſhe took care to put him in mind that he owed every thing to her, that had it not been for her he might ſtill have been ſtumping after a plough-tail, or ſerving hogs in old Worthy's farm-yard, but that it was ſhe who had made a gentleman of him. In order to ſet about making him a gentleman, ſhe had begun by teazing him till he had turned away all his poor relations who worked in the farm. She next drew him off from keeping company with his old acquaintance, and at laſt perſuaded him to remove from the place where he had got his money. Poor woman! ſhe had not ſenſe and virtue enough to ſee how honorable it is for a man to raiſe himſelf in the world by fair means, and then to help forward his poor relations and friends; engaging their ſervices by his kindneſs, and endeavouring to keep want out of the family.

Mrs. Bragwell was an excellent miſtreſs, according to her own notions of excellence, for no one could ſay that ſhe ever loſt an opportunity of ſcolding a ſervant, or was ever guilty of the weak-

neſs of overlooking a fault. Towards her two daughters her behaviour was far otherwiſe. In them ſhe could ſee nothing but perfections; but her extravagant fondneſs for theſe girls was full as much owing to pride as to affection. She was bent on making a family, and having found out that ſhe was too ignorant, and too much trained to the habits of getting money, ever to hope to make a figure herſelf, ſhe looked to her daughters as the perſons who were to raiſe the family of the Bragwells; and in this hope ſhe fooliſhly ſubmitted to any drudgery for their ſakes, and bore every kind of impertinence from them.

The firſt wiſh of her heart was to ſet them above their neighbours; for ſhe uſed to ſay, what was the uſe of having ſubſtance, if her daughters might not carry themſelves above girls who had nothing? To do her juſtice, ſhe herſelf would be about early and late to ſee that the buſineſs of the houſe was not neglected. She had been bred to great induſtry, and continued to work when it was no longer neceſſary, both from early habit, and the deſire of heaping up money for her daughters. Yet her whole notion of gentility was, that it conſiſted in being rich and idle; and though ſhe was willing to be a drudge herſelf, ſhe reſolved to make her daughters gentlewomen on this principle. To be well dreſſed, and to do nothing, or nothing which is of any uſe, was what ſhe fancied diſtinguiſhed people in genteel life. And this is too common a notion of a fine education among ſome people. They do not eſteem things by their uſe, but by their ſhew. They eſtimate the value of their children's education by the mo-

ney it coſts, and not by the knowledge and goodneſs it beſtows. People of this ſtamp often take a pride in the expence of learning, inſtead of taking pleaſure in the advantages of it. And the ſilly vanity of letting others ſee that they can afford any thing, often ſets parents on ſetting their daughters learn not only things of no uſe, but things which may be really hurtful in their ſituation; either by ſetting them above their proper duties, or by taking up their time in a way inconſiſtent with them.

Mrs. Bragwell ſent her daughters to a boarding ſchool, where ſhe inſtructed them to hold up their heads as high as any body; to have more ſpirit than *to be put upon* by any one; never to be pitiful about money, but rather to ſhew that they could ſpend with the beſt; to keep company with the richeſt girls in the ſchool, and to make no acquaintance with Farmers Daughters.

They came home at the uſual age of leaving ſchool, with a laage portion of vanity grafted on their native ignorance. The vanity was added, but the ignorance was not taken away. Of Religion they could not poſſibly learn any thing, ſince none was taught, for at that place it was conſidered as a part of education which belonged only to Charity Schools. Of knowledge they got juſt enough to laugh at their fond parents' ruſtic manners and vulgar language, and juſt enough taſte to deſpiſe and ridicule every girl, who was not as vainly dreſſed as themſelves.

The mother had been comforting herſelf for the heavy expence of their bringing up, by look-

ing forward to the pleaſure of ſeeing them become fine ladies, and to the pride of marrying them above their ſtation.

Their father hoped alſo that they would be a comfort to him both in ſickneſs and in health. He had had no learning himſelf, and could write but poorly, and owed what ſkill he had in figures to his natural turn for buſineſs. He hoped that his daughters, after all the money he had ſpent on them, would now write his letters, and keep his accounts. And as he was now and then laid up with a fit of the gout, he was enjoying the proſpect of having two affectionate children to nurſe him.

When they came home, however, he had the mortification to find, that though he had two ſmart ſhowy ladies to viſit him, he had neither dutiful daughters to nurſe him, nor faithful ſtewards to keep his books, nor prudent children to manage his houſe. They neither ſoothed him by kindneſs when he was ſick, nor helped him when he was buſy. They thought the maid might take care of him in the gout, as ſhe did before. And as to their ſkill in cyphering, he ſoon found, to his coſt, that though they knew how to *ſpend* both Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, yet they did not know ſo well how to caſt them up.

Mrs. Bragwell one day, being very buſy in preparing a great dinner for the neighbours, ventured to requeſt her daughters to aſſiſt in making the paſtry. They aſked her ſcornfully, whether ſhe had ſent them to Boarding School to learn to cook; and added, that they ſuppoſed ſhe would expect them next to make puddings for the hay-

makers. So saying, they coolly marched off to their music. When the mother found her girls were too polite to be of any use, she would take comfort in observing how her parlour was set out with their Fillagree and Flowers, their Embroidery and Cut paper. They spent the morning in bed, the noon in dressing, the evening at the Spinnet, and the night in reading Novels.

With all these fine qualifications it is easy to suppose, that as they despised their sober duties, they no less despised their plain neighbours. When they could not get to a horse race, a petty ball, or a strolling play, with some company as idle and as smart as themselves, they were driven for amusement to the Circulating-Library. Jack, the plough-boy, on whom they had now put a livery jacket, was employed half his time in trotting backwards and forwards, with the most wretched trash the little neighbouring book-shop could furnish. The choice was often left to Jack, who could not read, but who had general orders to bring all the new things, and a great many of them.

Things were in this state, or rather growing worse, for idleness and vanity are never at a stand; when these Two Wealthy Farmers, Bragwell and Worthy, met at Weyhill Fair, as was said before. After many hearty salutations had passed between them, it was agreed that Mr. Bragwell should spend the next day with his old friend, whose house was not many miles distant. Bragwell invited himself in the following manner:—We have not had a comfortable day's chat for years, said he, and as I am to look at a drove

of lean beaſts in your neighbourhood, I will take a bed at your houſe, and we will paſs the evening in debating as we uſed to do. You know I always loved a bit of an argument, and am reckoned not to make the worſt figure at our club: I had not, to be ſure, ſuch good learning as you had, becauſe your father was a parſon, and you got it for nothing; but I can bear my part pretty well for all that. When any man talks to me about his learning, I aſk if it has helped him to get a good eſtate; if he ſays no, then I would not give him a ruſh for it; for of what uſe is all the learning in the world if it does not make a man rich? But as I was ſaying, I will come and ſee you to-morrow; but now don't let your wife put herſelf into a fuſs for me. Don't alter your own plain way, for I am not proud, I aſſure you, nor above my old friends, though, I thank God, I am pretty well in the world.

To all this flouriſhing ſpeech Mr. Worthy coolly anſwered, that certainly worldly proſperity ought never to make any man proud, ſince it is GOD who giveth ſtrength to get riches, and without his bleſſing, *'tis in vain to riſe up early, and to eat the bread of carefulneſs.*

About the middle of the next day, Mr. Bragwell reached Mr. Worthy's neat and pleaſant dwelling. He found every thing in it the reverſe of his own. It had not ſo many ornaments, but it had more comforts. And when he ſaw his friend's good old faſhioned arm chair in a warm corner, he gave a ſigh to think how his own had been baniſhed to make room for his daughter's Piano Forte. Inſtead of made flowers in glaſs

caſes, and a tea-cheſt and ſcreen too fine to be uſed, which he ſaw at home, and about which he was cautioned, and ſcolded as often as he came near them, he ſaw a neat ſhelf of good books for the ſervice of the family, and a ſmall medicine cheſt for the benefit of the poor.

Mrs. Worthy and her daughters had prepared a plain but neat and good dinner. The tarts were ſo excellent, that Bragwell felt a ſecret kind of regret that his owndaughters were too genteel to do any thing ſo very uſeful. Indeed he had been always unwilling to believe that any thing, which was very proper and very neceſſary, could be ſo extremely vulgar and unbecoming as his daughters were always declaring it to be. And his late experience of the little comfort he found at home, inclined him now ſtill more ſtrongly to ſuſpect that things were not ſo right as he had been made to ſuppoſe. But it was in vain to ſpeak; for his daughters conſtantly ſtopped his mouth by a favourite-ſaying of theirs, better be out of the world than out of the faſhion.

Soon after dinner the women went out to their ſeveral employments, and Mr. Worthy being left alone with his gueſt, the following diſcourſe took place:

Bragwell. You have a couple of ſober pretty looking girls, Worthy; but I wonder they don't tiff off a little more. Why my girls have as much fat and flour on their heads as would half maintain my reapers in ſuet pudding.

Worthy. Mr. Bragwell, in the management of my family, I don't conſider what I might afford only, though that is one great point; but I con-

ſider alſo what is needful and becoming in a man of my ſtation, for there are ſo many uſeful ways of laying out money, that I feel as if it were a ſin to ſpend one unneceſſary ſhilling. Having had the bleſſing of a good education myſelf, I have been able to give the like advantage to my daughters. One of the beſt leſſons I have taught them is, to know themſelves; and one proof that they have learnt this leſſon is, that they are not above any of the duties of their ſtation. They read and write well, and when my eyes are bad, they keep my accounts in a very pretty manner. If I had put them to learn what you call *genteel things*, theſe might either have been of no uſe to them, and ſo both time and money might have been thrown away; or they might have proved worſe than nothing to them, by leading them into wrong notions, and wrong company. Though we don't wiſh them to do the laborious parts of the dairy work; yet they always aſſiſt their mother in the management of it. As to their appearance, they are every day nearly as you ſee them now, and on Sundays they are very neatly dreſſed, but it is always in a decent and modeſt way. There are no lappets, fringes, furbelows, and tawdry ornaments, fluttering about among my cheeſe and butter. And I ſhould feel no vanity, but much mortification, if a ſtranger, ſeeing Farmer Worthy's daughters at Church, ſhould aſk who thoſe fine ladies were.

Bragwell. Now I own I ſhould like to have ſuch a queſtion aſked concerning my daughters. I like to make people ſtare and envy. It makes one feel one-ſelf ſomebody. But as to yourſelf,

to be ſure you beſt know what you can afford. And indeed there is ſome difference between your daughters and the Miſs Bragwells.

Worthy. For my part, before I engage in any expence, I always aſk myſelf theſe two ſhort queſtions, Firſt, Can I afford it?—Secondly, Is it proper for me?

Bragwell. Do you ſo? Now I own I aſk myſelf but one. For if I find I can afford it, I take care to make it proper for me. If I can pay for a thing, no one has a right to hinder me from having it.

Worthy. Certainly. But a man's own prudence and ſenſe of duty, ought to prevent him from doing any improper thing, as effectually as if there were ſomebody to hinder him.

Bragwell. Now I think a man is a fool who is hindered from having any thing he has a mind to; unleſs, indeed, he is in want of money to pay for it; I'm no friend to debt. A poor man muſt want on.

Worthy. But I hope my children have learnt not to want any thing which is not proper for them. They are very induſtrious, they attend to buſineſs all day; and in the evening they ſit down to their work and a good book. I think they live in the fear of God. I truſt they are humble and pious, and I am ſure they ſeem cheerful and happy. If I am ſick, it is pleaſant to ſee them diſpute which ſhall wait upon me, for they ſay the maid cannot do it ſo tenderly as themſelves.—

This part of the diſcourſe ſtaggered Bragwell. Vain as he was, he could not help feeling what a

difference a religious and a worldly education made on the heart, and how much the former regulated even the natural temper. Another thing which ſurpriſed him was, that theſe girls, living a life of domeſtic piety, without any public diverſions, ſhould be ſo very cheerful and happy; while his own daughters, who were never contradicted, and were indulged with continual amuſements, were always ſullen and ill-tempered. That they who are more humoured ſhould be leſs grateful and leſs happy, diſturbed him much. He envied Worthy the tenderneſs of his children, though he would not own it, but turned it off thus.

Bragwell. But my girls are too ſmart to make mopes of, that is the truth. Though ours is ſuch a lonely village, 'tis wonderful to ſee how ſoon they get the faſhions. What with the deſcriptions in the magazines, and the pictures in the Pocket Books, they have them in a twinkling, and out-do their patterns all to nothing. I uſed to take in the County Journal, becauſe it was uſeful enough to ſee how Oats went, the time of high water, and the price of Stocks. But when my ladies came home forſooth, I was ſoon wheedled out of that, and forced to take a London paper, that tells a deal about caps and feathers, and all the trumpery of the quality. When I want to know what Hops are a bag, they are ſnatching the paper to ſee what violet ſoap is a pound. And as to the dairy, they never care how Cow's milk goes, as long as they can get ſome ſtuff which they call Milk of Roſes.

Worthy. But do your daughters never read?

Bragwell. Read! I believe they do too. Why our Jack, the Plough-boy, ſpends half his time in going to a ſhop in our Market town, where they let out books to read with marble covers. And they ſell paper with all manner of colours on the edges, and gim-cracks, and powder-puffs, and waſh-balls, and cards without any pips, and every thing in the world that's genteel and of no uſe. 'Twas but t'other day I met Jack with a baſket full of theſe books, ſo having ſome time to ſpare, I ſat down to ſee a little what they were about.

Worthy. Well, I hope you there found what was likely to improve your daughters, and teach them the true uſe of time.

Bragwell. O as to that, you are pretty much out. I could make neither head nor tail of it. It was neither fiſh, fleſh, nor good red-herring. It was all about my Lord, and Sir Harry, and the Captain. But I never met with ſuch nonſenſical fellows in my life. Their talk was no more like that of my old landlord, who was a Lord you know, nor the Captain of our fencibles, than chalk is like cheeſe. I was fairly taken in at firſt, and began to think I had got hold of a *godly* book, for there was a deal about hope and deſpair, and Heaven, and Angels, and torments, and everlaſting happineſs. But when I got a little on, I found there was no meaning in all theſe words, or, if any, 'twas a bad meaning. Miſery, perhaps, only meant a diſappointment about a bit of a letter: and everlaſting happineſs meant two people talking nonſenſe together five minutes. In ſhort, I never met with

ſuch a pack of lies. The people talk ſuch gibberiſh as no folks in their ſober ſenſes ever did talk; and the things that happen to them are not like the things that ever happen to any of my acquaintance. They are at home one minute, and beyond ſea the next. Beggars to-day, and Lords to-morrow. Waiting maids in the morning, and Dutcheſſes at night. You and I, maſter Worthy, have worked hard many years, and think it very well to have ſcraped a trifle of money together, you a few hundreds, I ſuppoſe, and I a few thouſands. But one would think every man in theſe books had the Bank of England in his ſcrutoire. Then there's another thing which I never met with in true life. We think it pretty well, you know, if one has got one thing, and another has got another. I'll tell you how I mean. You are reckoned ſenſible, our Parſon is learned, the Squire is rich, I am rather generous, one of your daughters is pretty, and both mine are genteel. But in theſe books (except here and there one, whom they make worſe than Satan himſelf) every man and woman's child of them, are all wiſe, and witty, and generous, and rich, and handſome, and genteel; and all to the laſt degree. Nobody is middling, or good in one thing, and bad in another, like my live acquaintance; but 'tis all up to the ſkies, or down to the dirt. I had rather read Tom Hickathrift, or Jack the Giant Killer, a thouſand times.

Worthy. You have found out Mr. Bragwell, that many of theſe books are ridiculous; I will go farther, and ſay, that to me they appear

wicked alſo. And I ſhould account the reading of them a great miſchief, eſpecially to people in middling and low life, if I only took into the account the great loſs of time ſuch reading cauſes, and the averſion it leaves behind for what is more ſerious and ſolid. But this, though a bad part, is not the worſt. Theſe books give falſe views of human life. They teach a contempt for humble and domeſtic duties; for induſtry, frugality, and retirement. Want of youth and beauty is conſidered in them as ridiculous. Plain people, like you and me, are objects of contempt. Parental authority is ſet at nought.—Nay, plots and contrivances againſt parents, and guardians, fill half the volumes. They conſider love as the great buſineſs of human life, and even teach that it is impoſſible to be regulated or reſtrained, and to the indulgence of this paſſion every duty is therefore ſacrificed. A country life, with a kind mother, or a ſober aunt, is deſcribed as a ſtate of intolerable miſery. And one would be apt to fancy, from their painting, that a good country houſe is a priſon, and a worthy father the gaoler. Vice is ſet off with every ornament which can make it pleaſing and amiable; while virtue and piety are made ridiculous by tacking to them ſomething that is ſilly, or abſurd. Crimes, which would be conſidered as hanging matter at the Old Bailey, are here made to take the appearance of virtue, by being mixed with ſome wild flight of unnatural generoſity. Thoſe crying ſins, ADULTERY, GAMING, DUELS, and SELF-MURDER, are made ſo familiar, and the wickedneſs of them is ſo diſ-

guiſed, that even innocent girls get to loſe their abhorrence, and to talk with complacency of *things which ſhould not be ſo much as named by them.*

I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much on this miſchief (continued Mr. Worthy,) from which I dare ſay, great folks fancy people in our ſtation are ſafe enough, if I did not know, and lament, that this corrupt reading is now got down even among ſome of the loweſt claſs. And it is an evil which is ſpreading every day. Poor induſtrious girls, who get their bread by the needle, or the loom, ſpend half the night in liſtening to theſe books. Thus the labour of one girl is loſt, and the minds of the reſt are corrupted; for though their hands are employed in honeſt induſtry, which might help to preſerve them from a life of ſin, yet their hearts are at that very time polluted by ſcenes and deſcriptions which are too likely to plunge them into it. And I think I don't go too far, when I ſay, that the vain and ſhewy manner in which young women who have to work for their bread, have taken to dreſs themſelves, added to the poiſon they draw from theſe books, contribute together to bring them to deſtruction, more than almoſt any other cauſe. Now tell me, don't you think theſe vile books will hurt your daughters?

Bragwell. Why I do think they are grown full of ſchemes and contrivances and whiſpers, that's the truth on't. Every thing is a ſecret. They always ſeem to be on the look-out for ſomething, and when nothing comes on't, then they are ſulky and diſappointed. They will not

keep company with their equals. They deſpiſe trade and farming, and, I own, *I'm for the ſtuff.* I ſhould not like for them to marry any but a man of ſubſtance, if he was ever ſo ſmart. Now they will hardly ſit down with a ſubſtantial country dealer. But if they hear of a recruiting party in our Market Town, on goes the finery—off they are. Some flimſy excuſe is patched up. They want ſomething at the book ſhop, or the milliner's, becauſe, I ſuppoſe, there is a chance that ſome Jack-a-napes of an Enſign may be there buying ſticking-plaiſter. In ſhort I do grow a little uneaſy, for I ſhould not like to ſee all I have ſaved thrown away on a knapſack.

So ſaying they both roſe, and walked out to view the farm. Mr. Bragwell affected greatly to admire the good order of every thing he ſaw; but never forgot to compare it with ſomething larger and handſomer or better of his own. It was eaſy to ſee that *ſelf* was his ſtandard of perfection in every thing. All he poſſeſſed gained ſome increaſed value in his eyes from being his; and in ſurveying the property of his friend, he derived food for his vanity, from things which ſeemed leaſt likely to raiſe it. Every appearance of comfort, of ſucceſs, of merit, in any thing which belonged to Mr. Worthy, led him to ſpeak of ſome ſuperior advantage of his own, of the ſame kind. And it was clear that the chief part of the ſatisfaction he felt in walking over the farm of his friend, was cauſed by thinking how much larger his own was.

Mr. Worthy who felt a kindneſs for him, which all his vanity could not cure, was on the watch

how to turn their talk to ſome uſeful point. And whenever people reſolve to go into company with this view, it is commonly their own fault if ſome opportunity of turning it to account does not offer.

He ſaw Bragwell was intoxicated with pride, and undone by proſperity, and that his family was in the high road to ruin. He thought that if ſome means could be found to open his eyes on his own character, to which he was now totally blind, it might be of the utmoſt ſervice to him. The more Mr. Worthy reflected, the more he wiſhed to undertake this kind office. He was not ſure that Mr. Bragwell would bear it, but he was very ſure it was his duty to attempt it. Mr. Worthy was very humble, and very candid, and he had great patience and forbearance with the faults of others. He felt no pride at having eſcaped the ſame errors himſelf, for he knew who it was had *made them to differ*. He remembered that God had given him many advantages, a pious father, with a religious education; this made him humble under a ſenſe of his own ſins, and charitable towards the ſins of others, who had not the ſame privileges.

Juſt as he was going to try to enter into a very ſerious converſation with his gueſt, he was ſtopped by the appearance of his daughter, who told them ſupper was ready.—This interruption obliges me to break off alſo, and I ſhall reſerve what follows to the next month, when I promiſe to give my readers the ſecond Part of this Hiſtory.

PART II.

MY readers may remember that the firſt part of this hiſtory concluded with a walk taken by Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy over the grounds of the latter, in which walk Mr. Bragwell, though he ſeemed to admire, took care to lower every thing he ſaw, by comparing it with ſomething better which he had of his own. Soon after ſupper Mrs. Worthy left the room with her daughters, at her huſband's deſire; for it was his intention to ſpeak more plainly to Bragwell than was likely to be agreeable to him to hear before others.

The two farmers being ſeated at their little table, each in a handſome old-faſhioned great chair. Bragwell began.

It is a great comfort, neighbour Worthy, at a certain time of life, to be got above the world: my notion is, that a man ſhould labour hard the firſt part of his days, and that he may then ſit down and enjoy himſelf for the remainder. Now though I hate boaſting, yet as you are my oldeſt friend, I am about to open my heart to you. Let me tell you then, I reckon I have worked as hard as any man in my time, and that I now begin to think I have a right to indulge a little. I have got my money with a good character, and I mean to ſpend it with credit. I pay every one his own, I ſet a good example, I keep to my church, I ſerve God, I honour the king, and I obey the laws of the land.

This is doing a great deal indeed, replied Mr. Worthy; but, added he, I doubt that more goes to the making up all theſe duties than men are commonly aware of. Suppoſe then that you and I talk the matter over coolly, we have the evening before us. What if we ſit down together as two friends, and examine one another.

Bragwell, who loved argument, and who was not a little vain both of his ſenſe and his morality, accepted the challenge, and gave his word that he would take in good part any thing that ſhould be ſaid to him. Worthy was about to proceed when Bragwell interrupted him for a moment, by ſaying,—But ſtop, friend, before we begin I wiſh you would remember that we have had a long walk, and I want a little refreſhment: have you no liquor that is ſtronger than this cyder? I am afraid it will give me a fit of the gout.

Mr. Worthy immediately produced a bottle of wine, and another of ſpirits, ſaying, that though he drank neither ſpirits, nor even wine himſelf, yet his wife always kept a little of each as a proviſion in caſe of ſickneſs or accidents.

Farmer Bragwell preferred the brandy, and began to taſte it. Why, ſaid he, this is no better than Engliſh; I always uſe foreign myſelf. I bought this for foreign, ſaid Mr. Worthy. No, no, it is Engliſh ſpirits, I aſſure you, but I can put you into a way to get foreign nearly as cheap as Engliſh. Mr. Worthy replied, that he thought that was impoſſible.

Bragwell. O no, there are ways and means—

a word to the wife—there is an acquaintance of mine that lives upon the south coaſt—you are a particular friend, and I will get you a gallon for a trifle.

Worthy. Not if it be ſmuggled, Mr. Bragwell, though I ſhould get it for ſix-pence a bottle.—Aſk no queſtions, ſaid the other, I never ſay any thing to any one, and who is the wiſer?—And ſo this is your way of obeying the laws of the land, ſaid Mr. Worthy,—here is a fine ſpecimen of your morality.

Bragwell. Come, come, don't make a fuſs about trifles. If *every one* did it indeed it would be another thing, but as to my getting a drop of good brandy cheap, why that can't hurt the revenue much.

Worthy. Pray, Mr. Bragwell, what ſhould you think of a man who would dip his hand into a bag and take out a few guineas?

Bragwell. Think! why I think that he ſhould be hanged, to be ſure.

Worthy. But ſuppoſe that bag ſtood in the king's treaſury?

Bragwell. In the king's treaſury! worſe and worſe! What, rob the king's treaſury! Well, I hope the robber will be taken up and executed, for I ſuppoſe we ſhall all be taxed to pay the damage.

Worthy. Very true. If one man takes money out of the treaſury, others muſt be obliged to pay the more into it; but what think you if the fellow ſhould be found to have ſtopped ſome money

in its way to the treaſury, inſtead of taking it out of the bag after it got there?

Bragwell. Guilty, Mr. Worthy; it is all the ſame, in my opinion. If I was a juryman, I ſhould ſay guilty, death.

Worthy. Hark ye, Mr. Bragwell, he that deals in ſmuggled brandy is the man who takes to himſelf the king's money in its way to the treaſury, and he as much robs the government as if he dipt his hands into a bag of guineas in the treaſury chamber. It comes to the ſame thing exactly. Here Bragwell ſeemed a little offended. —What, Mr. Worthy, do you pretend to ſay I am not an honeſt man becauſe I like to get my brandy as cheap as I can? and becauſe I like to ſave a ſhilling to my family? Sir, I repeat it, I do my duty to God and my neighbour. I ſay the Lord's Prayer moſt days, I go to Church on Sundays, I repeat my Creed, and keep the Ten Commandments, and though I may now and then get a little brandy cheap, yet, upon the whole, I will venture to ſay, I do as much as can be expected of any man.

Worthy. Come then, ſince you ſay you keep the commandments, you cannot be offended if I aſk you whether you underſtand them.

Bragwell. To be ſure I do. I dare ſay I do: look'ee, Mr. Worthy, I don't pretend to much reading, I was not bred to it as you were. If my father had been a parſon, I fancy I ſhould have made as good a figure as ſome other folks, but I hope good ſenſe and *a good heart* may teach a man his duty without much ſcholarſhip.

Worthy. To come to the point let us now go through the Ten Commandments, and let us take along with us thoſe explanations of them which our Saviour gave us in his ſermon on the mount.

Bragwell. Sermon on the mount! why the Ten Commandments are in the 20th chapter of Exodus. Come, come, Mr. Worthy, I know where to find the commandments as well as you do, for it happens that I am church-warden, and I can ſee from the altar-piece where the Ten Commandments are without your telling me, for my pew directly faces it.

Worthy. But I adviſe you to read the ſermon on the mount, that you may ſee the full meaning of them.

Bragwell. What do you want to make me believe that there are two ways of keeping the commandments?

Worthy. No; but there may be two ways of underſtanding them.

Bragwell. Well; I am not afraid to be put to the proof; I defy any man to ſay I do not keep at leaſt all the four firſt that are on the left ſide of the altar-piece.

Worthy. If you can prove that, I ſhall be more ready to believe you obſerve thoſe of the other table; for he who does his duty to God, will be likely to do his duty to his neighbour alſo.

Bragwell. What! do you think that I ſerve two Gods? Do you think then that I make graven images, and worſhip ſtocks or ſtones? Do you take me for a Papiſt or an Idolator?

Worthy. Don't triumph quite ſo ſoon, maſter Bragwell. Pray is there nothing in the world you prefer to God, and thus make an idol of? Do you not love your money, or your lands, or your crops, or your cattle, or your own will, and your own way, rather better than you love God? Do you never think of theſe with more pleaſure than you think of Him, and follow them more eagerly than your religious duty?

Bragwell. O there's nothing about that in the 20th Chapter of Exodus.

Worthy. But Jeſus Chriſt has ſaid, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Now it is certainly a man's duty to love his father and mother, nay it would be wicked not to love them, and yet we muſt not love even theſe more than our Creator and our Saviour. Well, I think on this principle your heart pleads guilty to the breach of the firſt and ſecond commandments, let us proceed to the third.

Bragwell. That is about ſwearing, is it not?

Mr. Worthy, who had obſerved Bragwell guilty of much profaneneſs in uſing the name of his Maker, (though all ſuch offenſive words have been avoided in writing this hiſtory) now told him that he had been waiting the whole day for an opportunity to reprove him for his frequent breach of the third commandment.

Good L—d, I break the third commandment, ſaid Bragwell, no indeed hardly ever. I once uſed to ſwear a little to be ſure, but I vow to G—d I never do it now, except now and then, when I happen to be in a paſſion: and in ſuch a

caſe, why good G—d you know the ſin is with thoſe who provoke me, and not with me; but upon my ſoul I don't think I have ſworn an oath theſe three months, no not I, faith, as I hope to be ſaved.

Worthy. And yet you have broken this holy law no leſs than five or ſix times in the laſt ſpeech you have made.

Bragwell. Lord bleſs me! Sure you miſtake, Good heavens, Mr. Worthy, I call G—d to witneſs, I have neither curſed nor ſworn ſince I have been in the houſe.

Worthy. Mr. Bragwell, this is the way in which many who call themſelves very good ſort of people deceive themſelves. What! is it no profanation of the name of God to uſe it lightly, irreverently, and familiarly, as you have done? Our Saviour has not only told us not to ſwear by the immediate name of God, but he has ſaid, "ſwear not at all, neither by the heaven nor by the earth;" and in order to prevent our inventing any other irreligious exclamations or expreſſions, he has even added, "but let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatſoever is more than this ſimple affirmation and denial cometh of evil."

Bragwell. Well, well, I muſt take a little more care I believe: I vow to heaven I did not know there had been ſo much harm in it; but my daughters ſeldom ſpeak without uſing ſome of theſe words, and yet they wanted to make me believe the other day that it is monſtrous vulgar to ſwear.

Worthy. Women, even gentlewomen, who ought to correct this evil habit in their fathers, and husbands, and children, are too apt to encourage it by their own practice. And indeed they betray the profaneness of their own minds also by it, for none, who truly venerate the holy name of God, can either profane it in this manner themselves, or hear others do so without being exceedingly pained at it.

Bragwell. Well, since you are so hard upon me, I believe I must e'en give up this point—so let us pass on to the next, and here I tread upon sure ground, for as sharp as you are upon me, you can't accuse me of being a sabbath-breaker, since I go to Church every Sunday of my life, unless on some very extraordinary occasion.

Worthy. For those occasions the gospel allows, by saying, " the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath " Our own sickness, or attending on the sickness of others, are lawful impediments.

Bragwell. Yes, and I am now and then obliged to look at a drove of beasts, or to go a journey, or to take some medicine, or perhaps some friend may call upon me, or it may be very cold, or very hot, or very rainy.

Worthy. Poor excuses, Mr. Bragwell; I am afraid these will not pass on the day of judgment. But how is the rest of your Sunday spent?

Bragwell. O why, I assure you, I often go to Church in the afternoon also, and even if I am ever so sleepy.

Worthy. And so you finish your nap at Church, I suppose.

Bragwell. Why as to that, to be ſure we do contrive to have ſomething a little nicer than common for dinner on a Sunday; in conſequence of which one eats, you know, a little more than ordinary; and having nothing to do on that day, one has more leiſure to take a cheerful glaſs; and all theſe things will make one a little heavy, you know.

Worthy. And don't you take a little ride in the morning, and look at your ſheep when the weather is good, and ſo fill your mind juſt before you go to Church with thoughts of them; and when you come away again don't you ſettle an account, or write a few letters of buſineſs?

Bragwell. I can't ſay but I do, but that is nothing to any body, as long as I ſet a good example by keeping to my Church.

Worthy. And how do you paſs your Sunday evenings?

Bragwell. My wife and daughters go a viſiting of a Sunday afternoon. My daughters are glad to get out at any rate, and as to my wife, ſhe ſays, that being ready dreſſed it is a pity to loſe the opportunity; beſides it ſaves her time on a week day; ſo then you ſee I have it all my own way, and when I have got rid of the ladies, who are ready to faint at the ſmell of tobacco, I can venture to ſmoak a pipe, and drink a ſober glaſs of punch with half a dozen friends.

Worthy. Which punch being made of ſmuggled brandy, and drank on the Lord's day, in very vain, as well as profane and worldly com-

pany, you are enabled to break both the law of God, and that of your country at a ſtroke: and I ſuppoſe when you are got together, you ſpeak of your cattle, or of your crops, after which perhaps you talk over a few of your neighbours' faults, and then you brag a little of your own wealth, or your own achievements.

Bragwell. Why you ſeem to know us ſo well, that any one would think you had been ſitting behind the curtain, and yet you are a little miſtaken too, for I think we have hardly ſaid a word for ſeveral of our laſt Sundays on any thing but politics.

Worthy. And do you find that you much improve your Chriſtian charity by that ſubject?

Bragwell. Why to be ſure we do quarrel 'till we are very near fighting, that is the worſt on't.

Worthy. And then you call names, and ſwear a little I ſuppoſe.

Bragwell. Why when one is contradicted and put in a paſſion you know, fleſh and blood can't bear it.

Worthy. And when all your friends are gone home, what becomes of the reſt of the evening?

Bragwell. That is juſt as it happens, ſometimes I read the newſpaper; and as one is generally moſt tired on the days one does nothing, I go to bed earlier than on other days, that I may be more fit to get up to my buſineſs the next morning.

Worthy. So you ſhorten Sunday as much as you can, by cutting off a bit at both ends, I ſuppoſe; for I take it for granted, you lie a little later in the morning.

Bragwell. Come, come. We ſhan't get through the whole ten to night if you ſtand ſnubbing one at this rate. You may paſs over the fifth, for my father and mother have been dead ſince I was a boy, ſo I am clear of that ſcrape.

Worthy. There are, however, many relative duties in that commandment; unkindneſs to all kindred is forbidden.

Bragwell. O, if you mean my turning off my nephew Tom, the plowboy, you muſt not blame me for that, it was all my wife's fault. He was as good a lad as ever lived, to be ſure, and my own brother's ſon, but my wife could not bear that a boy in a carter's frock ſhould be about the houſe, calling her aunt. We quarreled like dog and cat about it; and when he was turned away we did not ſpeak for a week.

Worthy. Which was a freſh breach of the commandment; a worthy nephew turned out of doors, and a wife not ſpoken to for a week, are no very convincing proofs of your obſervance of the fifth commandment.

Bragwell. Well, I long to come to the ſixth, for you don't think I commit murder, I hope.

Worthy. I am not ſure of that.

Bragwell. What, kill any body?

Worthy. Why the laws of the land indeed, and the diſgrace attending it, are almoſt enough to keep any man from actual murder; let me aſk, however, do you never give way to unjuſt anger, and paſſion, and revenge? as for inſtance, do you never feel your reſentment kindle againſt ſome of the politicians who contradict you on a Sunday

night? and do you never puſh your animoſity againſt ſomebody that has affronted you, further than the occaſion will juſtify?

Bragwell. Hark'ee, Mr. Worthy, I am a man of ſubſtance, and nobody ſhall offend me without my being even with him. So as to injuring a man, if he affronts me firſt, there's nothing but good reaſon in that.

Worthy. Very well! only bear in mind that you wilfully break this commandment, whether you abuſe your ſervant, are angry at your wife, watch for a moment to revenge an injury on your neighbour, or even wreak your paſſion on a harmleſs beaſt; for you have then the ſeeds of murder working in your breaſt; and if there were no law, no gibbet to check you, and no fear of diſgrace neither, I am not ſure where you would ſtop.

Bragwell. Why, Mr. Worthy, you have a ſtrange way of explaining the commandments! ſo you ſet me down for a murderer, merely becauſe I bear hatred to a man who has done me a hurt, and am glad to do him a like injury in my turn.—I am ſure I ſhould want ſpirit if I did not.

Worthy. I go by the ſcripture rule, which ſays, "he that hateth his brother is a murderer," and again, "love your enemies, bleſs them that curſe you, and pray for them that deſpitefully uſe you and perſecute you." Beſides, Mr. Bragwell, you made it a part of your boaſt that you ſaid the Lord's Prayer every day, wherein you pray to God to forgive you your treſpaſſes as you forgive them that treſpaſs againſt you.—If therefore you

do not forgive them that treſpaſs againſt you, in that caſe, you pray daily that your own treſpaſſes may never be forgiven.

Bragwell. Well, come let us make haſte and get through theſe commandments. The next is, "Thou ſhalt not commit adultery," thank God neither I nor my family can be ſaid to break the ſeventh commandment.

Worthy. Here again, remember how Chriſt himſelf hath ſaid, "whoſo looketh on a woman to luſt after her, hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." Theſe are no far-fetched expreſſions of mine, Mr. Bragwell, they are the words of Jeſus Chriſt. I hope you will not charge him with having carried things too far, for if you do, you charge him with being miſtaken in the religion he taught, and this can only be accounted for, by ſuppoſing him an impoſtor.

Bragwell. Why, upon my word, Mr. Worthy, I don't like theſe ſayings of his, which you quote upon me ſo often, and that is the truth of it, and I can't ſay I feel much diſpoſed to believe them.

Worthy. I hope you believe in Jeſus Chriſt. I hope you believe that creed of yours, which you alſo boaſted of your repeating ſo regularly.

Bragwell. Well, well. I'll believe any thing you ſay rather than ſtand quarrelling with you.

Worthy. I hope then, you will allow that ſince it is committing adultery to look at a woman with even an irregular thought, it follows from the ſame rule, that all immodeſt dreſs in

your daughters, or indecent jeſts and double meanings in yourſelf; all looſe ſongs or novels; and all diverſions alſo which have a like dangerous tendency, are forbidden by the ſeventh commandment; for it is moſt plain from what Chriſt has ſaid, that it takes in not only the act but the inclination, the deſire, the indulged imagination; the act is only the laſt and higheſt degree of any ſin, the topmoſt round as it were of a ladder, to which all the lower rounds are only as ſo many ſteps and ſtages.

Bragwell. Strict indeed, Mr. Worthy, but let us go on to the next; you won't pretend to ſay *I ſteal.* Mr. Bragwell, I truſt, was never known to rob on the highway, to break open his neighbour's houſe, or to uſe falſe weights or meaſures.

Worthy. No, nor have you ever been under any temptation to do it, and yet there are a thouſand ways of breaking the eighth commandment beſides actual ſtealing; for inſtance, do you never hide the faults of the goods you ſell, and heighten the faults of thoſe you buy? Do you never take advantage of an ignorant dealer, and aſk more for a thing than it is worth? Do you never turn the diſtreſſed circumſtances of a man, who has ſomething to ſell, to your own unfair benefit, and thus act as unjuſtly by him as if you had ſtolen? Do you never cut off a ſhilling from a workman's wages, under a pretence which your conſcience can't juſtify? Do you never paſs off an unſound horſe, for a ſound one? Do you never conceal the real rent of your eſtate from the

overſeers, and thereby rob the poor-rates of their legal due?

Bragwell. Pooh! theſe things are done every day. I ſhan't go to ſet up for being better than my neighbours in theſe ſort of things; theſe little matters will paſs muſter.—I don't ſet up for a reformer.—If I am as good as the reſt of my neighbours, no man can call me to account; I'm not worſe, I truſt, and I don't pretend to be better.

Worthy. You muſt be tried hereafter at the bar of God, and not by a jury of your fellow-creatures; and the ſcriptures are given us, in order to ſhew by what rule we ſhall be judged. How many or how few do as you do, is quite aſide from the queſtion; Jeſus Chriſt has even told us to ſtrive to enter in at the *ſtrait* gate, ſo that we ought rather to take fright, from our being like the common run of people, than to take comfort from our being ſo.

Bragwell. Come, I don't like all this cloſe work—it makes a man feel I don't know how—I don't find myſelf ſo happy as I did—I don't like this fiſhing in troubled waters—I'm as merry as a grig when I let theſe things alone—I'm glad we are got to the ninth. But I ſuppoſe I ſhall be lugged in there too, head and ſhoulders. Any one who did not know me, would really think I was a great ſinner, by your way of putting things; I don't bear falſe witneſs however.

Worthy. You mean, I ſuppoſe, you would not ſwear a man's life away falſely before a magiſtrate, but do you take equal care not to ſlander or backbite him? Do you never repreſent a

good action of a man you have quarrelled with as if it were a bad one? or do you never make a bad one worse than it is, by your manner of telling it? even when you invent no false circumstance, do you never give such a colour, to those you relate, as to leave a false impression on the mind of the hearers? Do you never twist a story so as to make it tell a little better for yourself, and a little worse for your neighbour, than truth and justice warrant?

Bragwell. Why, as to that matter, all this is only natural.

Worthy. Aye, much too natural to be right, I doubt. Well, now we are got to the last of the commandments.

Bragwell. Yes, I have run the gauntlet finely through them all; you will bring me in guilty here, I suppose, for the pleasure of going through with it, for you condemn without judge or jury, master Worthy.

Worthy. The culprit, I think, has hitherto pleaded guilty to the evidence brought against him. The tenth commandment, however, goes to the root and principle of evil, it dives to the bottom of things; this command checks the first rising of sin in the heart, teaches us to strangle it in the birth, as it were, before it breaks out in those acts which are forbidden; as for instance, every man covets before he proceeds to steal, nay, many covet who dare not steal, lest they should suffer for it.

Bragwell. Why, lookee, Mr. Worthy, I don't understand these new-fashioned explanations; one should not have a grain of sheer goodness left, if

every thing one does is to be frittered away at this rate; I am not, I own, quite so good as I thought, but if what you say were true, I should be so miserable, I should not know what to do with myself. Why, I tell you, all the world may be said to break the commandments at this rate.

Worthy. Very true. All the world, and I myself also, are but too apt to break them, if not in the letter, at least in the spirit of them. Why then all the world are (as the Scripture expresses it) "guilty before God." And if guilty, they should own they are guilty, and not stand up and justify themselves as you do, Mr. Bragwell.

Bragwell. Well, according to my notion, I am a very honest man, and honesty is the sum and substance of all religion, say I.

Worthy. All truth, honesty, justice, order, and obedience, grow out of the christian religion. The true christian acts, at all times, and on all occasions, from the pure and spiritual principle of love to God; on this principle, he is upright in his dealings, true to his word, kind to the poor, helpful to the oppressed. In short, if he truly loves God, he must do justice, and *can't help* loving mercy. Christianity is a uniform consistent thing. It does not allow us to make up for the breach of one part of GOD's law, by our strictness in observing another. There is no sponge in one duty, that can wipe out the spot of another sin.

Bragwell. Well, but at this rate, I should be always puzzling and blundering, and should never

know for certain whether I was right or not, whereas I am now quite ſatisfied with myſelf, and have no doubts to torment me.

Worthy. One way of knowing whether we really deſire to obey the whole law of God is this; when we find we have as great a regard to that part of it, the breach of which does not touch our own intereſt, as to that part which does. For inſtance, a man robs me; I am in a violent paſſion with him, and when it is ſaid to me, Doeſt thou well to be angry? I anſwer, I do well. *Thou ſhalt not ſteal,* is a law of God, and this fellow has broken that law. Aye, but ſays conſcience, 'tis *thy own property* which is in queſtion.—He has broken *thy* hedge—he has ſtolen *thy* ſheep—he has taken *thy* purſe. Art thou, therefore, ſure whether it is his violation of thy property, or of God's law, which provokes thee? I will put a ſecond caſe.—I hear another ſwear moſt grievouſly; or I meet him coming drunk out of an alehouſe; or I find him ſinging a looſe, profane ſong. If I am not as much grieved for this blaſphemer, or this drunkard, as I was for the robber; if I do not take the ſame pains to bring him to a ſenſe of his ſin, which I did to bring the robber to juſtice, "how dwelleth the love of God in me?" Is it not clear that I value my own ſheep more than God's commandments? That I prize my purſe more than I love my Maker? In ſhort, whenever I find out that I am more jealous for my own property than for God's law; more careful about my own reputation than *his* honour, I always ſuſpect I am got upon wrong ground, and

that even my right actions are not proceeding from a right principle.

Bragwell. Why what in the world would you have me do?

Worthy. You muſt confeſs that your ſins *are* ſins. You muſt not merely call them ſins, while you ſee no guilt in them; but you muſt confeſs them ſo as to hate and deteſt them; ſo as to be habitually humbled under the ſenſe of them; ſo as to truſt for ſalvation not in your freedom from them, but in the mercy of a Saviour; and ſo as to make it the chief buſineſs of your life to contend againſt them, and in the main to forſake them. And remember, that if you ſeek for a deceitful gaiety, rather than a well-grounded cheerfulneſs; if you prefer a falſe ſecurity to final ſafety, and now go away to your cattle and your farm, and diſmiſs the ſubject from your thoughts, leſt it ſhould make you uneaſy; I am not ſure that this ſimple diſcourſe may not appear againſt you at the day of account, as a freſh proof that you "loved darkneſs rather than light," and ſo increaſe your condemnation.

Mr. Bragwell was more affected than he cared to own. He went to bed with leſs ſpirits and more humility than uſual. He did not, however, care to let Mr. Worthy ſee the impreſſion which it had made upon him; but at parting next morning, he ſhook him by the hand more cordially than uſual, and made him promiſe to return his viſit in a ſhort time.

What befel Mr. Bragwell and his family on his going home, may, perhaps, make the ſubject of a future hiſtory. Z.

PART III.

MR. BRAGWELL, when he returned home from his viſit to Mr. Worthy, as recorded in the Second Part of this Hiſtory, found that he was not quite ſo happy as he had formerly been. The diſcourſes of Mr. Worthy had broken in not a little on his comfort. And he began to ſuſpect that he was not ſo completely in the right as his vanity had led him to believe. He ſeemed alſo to feel leſs ſatisfaction in the idle gentility of his own daughters, ſince he had been witneſs to the ſimplicity, modeſty, and uſefulneſs of thoſe of Mr. Worthy. And he could not help ſeeing that the vulgar violence of his wife did not produce ſo much family happineſs at home, as the humble piety and quiet diligence of Mrs. Worthy produced in the houſe of his friend.

Happy would it have been for Mr. Bragwell, if he had followed up thoſe new convictions of his own mind, which would have led him to ſtruggle againſt the power of evil principles in himſelf, and to have controuled the force of evil habits in his family. But his convictions were juſt ſtrong enough to make him uneaſy under his errors, without driving him to reform them. The ſlight impreſſion ſoon wore off, and he fell back into his old practices. Still his eſteem for Mr. Worthy was not at all abated by the plain dealing of that honeſt friend. It is true he dreaded his piercing eye. He felt that his examlpe held out a

conſtant reproof to himſelf. Yet ſuch is the force of early affection and rooted reverence, that he longed to ſee him at his houſe. This deſire, indeed, as is commonly the caſe, was made up of mixed motives. He wiſhed for the pleaſure of his friend's company; he longed for that favorite triumph of a vulgar mind, an opportunity of ſhewing him his riches; and he thought it would raiſe his credit in the world, to have a man of Mr. Worthy's character at his houſe.

Mr. Bragwell, it is true, ſtill went on with the ſame eagerneſs in gaining money, and the ſame oſtentation in ſpending it. But though he was as covetous as ever, he was not quite ſo ſure that it was right to be ſo. While he was actually engaged abroad indeed, in tranſactions with his dealers, he was not very ſcrupulous about the means by which he *got* his money; and while he was indulging in feſtivity with his friends at home, he was eaſy enough as to the manner in which he *ſpent* it. But a man can neither be making bargains, nor making feaſts always; there muſt be ſome intervals between theſe two great objects for which worldly men may be ſaid to live; and in ſome of theſe intervals the moſt worldly form, perhaps, ſome random plans of amendment. And though many a one may ſay in the fulneſs of enjoyment, "Soul, take thine eaſe, eat, drink, and be merry;" yet hardly any man, perhaps, allows himſelf to ſay, even in the moſt ſecret moments, I will *never* retire from buſineſs—I will *never* repent—I will *never* think of death—Eternity ſhall *never* come into my thoughts. The moſt that ſuch an one probably ventures to ſay is, I need

not repent *yet*; I will continue such a sin a little longer; it will be time enough to think on the next world when I am no longer fit for the business or the pleasure of this.

Such was the case with Bragwell. He set up, in his own mind, a general distant sort of resolution, that *some years hence*, when he should be a *few years older*, and a *few* thousands richer; when a few more of his *present schemes should be completed*, he would then think of altering his course of life. He would then certainly set about spending a religious old age: he would reform some practices in his dealings, or perhaps quit business intirely; he would think about reading good books, and when he had completed such and such a purchase, he would even begin to give something to the poor, but at present he really had little to spare for charity. The very reason why he should have given more, was just the cause he assigned for not giving at all, namely, the *hardness of the times*. The true, grand source of charity, self-denial, never came into his head. *Spend less* that you may *save more*, he would have thought a shrewd maxim enough. But *spend less* that you may *spare more*, never entered into his book of Proverbs.

At length the time came when Mr. Worthy had promised to return his visit. It was indeed a little hastened by the notice that Mr. Bragwell would have, in the course of the week, a piece of land to sell by auction; and though Mr. Worthy believed the price was likely to be above his pocket, yet he knew it was an occasion which would be likely to bring the principal Farmers of

that neighbourhood together, ſome of whom he wanted to meet. And it was on this occaſion that Mr. Bragwell prided himſelf, that he ſhould ſhew his neighbours ſo ſenſible a man as his dear friend Mr. Worthy.

Worthy arrived at his friend's houſe on the Saturday, time enough to ſee the houſe, and garden, and grounds of Mr. Bragwell by daylight. He ſaw with pleaſure (for he had a warm and generous heart) thoſe evident ſigns of his friend's proſperity, but as he was a man of a ſober mind, and was a moſt exact dealer in truth, he never allowed his tongue the licence of immodeſt commendation, which he uſed to ſay either ſavoured of flattery or envy. Indeed he never rated mere worldly things ſo highly as to beſtow upon them undue praiſe. His calm approbation ſomewhat diſappointed the vanity of Mr. Bragwell, who could not help ſecretly ſuſpecting that his friend, as good a man as he was, was not quite free from envy. He felt, however, very much inclined to forgive this jealouſy, which he feared the ſight of his ample property, and handſome habitation, muſt naturally awaken in the mind of a man whoſe own poſſeſſions were ſo inferior. He practiſed the uſual trick of ordinary and vulgar minds, that of pretending himſelf to find ſome fault with thoſe things which were particularly deſerving praiſe, when he found Mr. Worthy diſpoſed to paſs them over in ſilence.

When they came in to ſupper, he affected to talk of the comforts of Mr. Worthy's *little* parlour, by way of calling his attention to his own large one. He repeated the word *ſnug*, as ap-

plied to every thing at Mr. Worthy's, with the plain design to make comparisons favourable to his own more ample domains. He contrived, as he passed by to his chair, by a seeming accident, to push open the door of a large beaufet in the parlour, in which all the finery was most ostentatiously set out to view. He protested with a look of satisfaction which belied his words, that for his part he did not care a farthing for all this trumpery; and then smiling and rubbing his hands, added with an air of no small importance, what a good thing it is, though for people of substance, that the tax on plate is taken of. You are a happy man, Mr. Worthy, you do not feel these things; tax or no tax is all the same to you. He took care during this speech, by a cast of his eye, to direct Mr. Worthy's attention to a great profusion of the brightest cups, salvers, and tankards, and other shining ornaments, which crowded the beaufet. Mr. Worthy gravely answered—Mr. Bragwell, it was indeed a tax which could not affect so plain a man as myself, but as it fell on a mere luxury, and therefore could not hurt the poor, I was always sorry that it could not be made productive enough to be continued. A man in my middling situation, who is contented with a good glass of beer, poured from a handsome earthen mug, the glass, the mug, and the beer, all of English manufacture, will be but little disturbed at taxes on plate or on wine; but he will regret, as I do, that many of these taxes are so much evaded, that new taxes are continually brought on to make up the deficiencies of the old.

During ſupper the young ladies ſat in diſdainful ſilence, not deigning to beſtow the ſmalleſt civility on ſo plain a man as Mr. Worthy. They left the room with their Mamma as ſoon as poſſible, being impatient to get away to ridicule their father's friend at full liberty.

The Dance: or, the Chriſtmas Merry-making.

As ſoon as they were gone, Mr. Worthy aſked Bragwell how his family comforts ſtood, and how his daughters, who, he ſaid, were really fine young women, went on. O, as to that, replied Bragwell, pretty much like other men's handſome daughters, I ſuppoſe, that is, worſe and worſe. I really begin to apprehend that their fantaſtical notions have gained ſuch a head, that after all the money I have ſcraped together, I ſhall never get them well married. Betſy has juſt loſt as good an offer as any girl could deſire, young Wilſon, an honeſt, ſubſtantial grazier as any in the county. He not only knows every thing proper for his ſtation, but is pleaſing in his behaviour, and a pretty ſcholar into the bargain; he reads hiſtory books and voyages, of a winter's evening, to his infirm father, inſtead of going to the card aſſembly in our town; he neither likes drinking nor ſporting, and is a ſort of favourite with our Parſon, becauſe he takes in the weekly numbers of a fine Bible with Cuts, and ſubſcribes to the Sunday School, and makes a fuſs about helping the poor, theſe dear times, as they call them, but I think they are good times for *us*, Mr. Worthy. Well, for all this, Betſy only

deſpiſed him, and laughed at him; but as he is both handſome and rich, I thought ſhe might come round at laſt; and ſo I invited him to come and ſtay a day or two at Chriſtmas, when we have always a little ſort of merry-making here. But it would not do. He ſcorned to talk that palavering ſtuff which ſhe has been uſed to in the marble covered books I told you of. He told her, indeed, that it would be the happineſs of his heart to live with her, which I own I thought was as much as could be expected of any man. But Miſs had no notion of marryiug one who was only deſirous of living with her. No, no, forſooth, her lover muſt declare himſelf ready to die for her, which honeſt Wilſon was not ſuch a fool as to offer to do. In the afternoon, however, he got a little into her favour by making out a Rebus or two, in the Lady's Diary, and ſhe condeſcended to ſay, ſhe did not think Mr. Wilſon had been ſo good a ſcholar; but he ſoon ſpoilt all again. We had a bit of a hop in the evening. The young man, though he had not much taſte for thoſe ſort of gambols, yet thought he could foot it a little in the old-faſhioned way. So he aſked Betſy to be his partner. But when he aſked what dance they ſhould call, Miſs drew up her head, and in a ſtrange gibberiſh, ſaid ſhe ſhould dance nothing but a *Menuet de la Cour*, and ordered him to call it; Wilſon ſtared, and honeſtly told her ſhe muſt call it herſelf, for he could neither ſpell nor pronounce ſuch outlandiſh words. I burſt out a laughing, and told him, I ſuppoſed it was ſomething like queſtions and commands, and if ſo, that was

much merrier than dancing. Seeing her partner ſtanding ſtock ſtill, and not knowing how to get out of the ſcrape, the girl began by herſelf, and fell to ſwimming, and ſinking, and capering, and flouriſhing, and poſturing, for all the world juſt like the man on the ſlack-rope at our fair. But ſeeing Wilſon ſtanding like a ſtuck pig, and we all laughing at her, ſhe reſolved to wreak her malice upon him; ſo, with a look of rage and diſdain, ſhe adviſed him to go down country bumkin, with the dairy maid, who would make a much fitter partner, as well as wife, for him, than ſhe could do. I am quite of your mind, Miſs, ſaid he, with more ſpirit than I thought was in him; you may make a good partner for a dance, but you would make a ſad one to go through life with. I will take my leave of you, Miſs, with this ſhort ſtory. I had lately a pretty large concern in hay-jobbing, which took me to London. I waited a good while in the Hay-market for my dealer, and, to paſs away the time, I ſtepped into a ſort of ſinging play-houſe there, where I was grieved to the heart to ſee young women painted and dizened out, and capering away juſt as you have been doing. I thought it bad enough in them, and wondered the quality could be entertained with ſuch indecent mummery. But little did I think to meet with the ſame paint, finery, and tricks, in a farm houſe. I will never marry a woman who deſpiſes me, nor the ſtation in which I ſhould place her, and ſo I take my leave.—Poor girl, how ſhe *was* provoked! to be publicly refuſed, and turned off,

as it were, by a grazier! But it was of uſe to ſome of the other girls, who have not held up their heads quite ſo high ſince, nor painted quite ſo red, but have condeſcended to ſpeak to their equals.

But how I run on! I forget it is Saturday night, and that I ought to be paying my workmen, who are all waiting for me without.

Saturday Night; or the Workmens' Wages.

As ſoon as Mr. Bragwell had done paying his men, Mr. Worthy ſaid to him, I have made it a habit, and I hope not an unprofitable one, of trying to turn to ſome moral uſe, not only all the events of daily life, but all the employments of it too. And though it occurs ſo often, I hardly know one that ſets me a thinking more ſeriouſly than the ordinary buſineſs you have been juſt diſcharging. Aye, ſaid Bragwell, it ſets me thinking too, and ſeriouſly, as you ſay, when I obſerve how much the price of wages is increaſed. Yes, yes, you are ready enough to think of that, ſaid Worthy, but you ſay not a word of how much the value of your land is increaſed, and that the more you pay, the more you can afford to pay. But the thoughts I ſpoke of are quite of another caſt. When I call in my labourers, on a Saturday night, to pay them, it often brings to my mind the great and general day of account, when I, and you, and all of us, ſhall be called to our grand and awful reckoning, when we ſhall go to receive *our* wages, maſter and ſervants, farmer and labourer. When I ſee that

one of my men has failed of the wages he ſhould have received, becauſe he has been idling at a fair; another has loſt a day by a drinking bout; a third confeſſes that, though he had taſk-work, and might have earned ſtill more, yet he has been careleſs, and has not his full pay to receive; this, I ſay, ſometimes ſets me on thinking whether I alſo have made the moſt of my time. And when I come to pay even the more diligent who have worked all the week; when I reflect that even theſe have done no more than it was their duty to do, I cannot help ſaying to myſelf, night is come; Saturday night is come. No repentance, or diligence on the part of theſe poor men can now make a bad week's work good. This week is gone into eternity. To-morrow is the ſeaſon of reſt; working time is over. My life alſo will ſoon be ſwallowed up in eternity; ſoon the ſpace allotted me for diligence, for labour, will be over. Soon will the grand queſtion be aſked, "what haſt thou done? Didſt thou uſe thy working days to the end for which they were given?" With ſome ſuch thoughts I commonly go to bed, and they help to quicken me to a keener diligence for the next week.

Some account of a Sunday in Mr. Bragwell's Family.

Mr. Worthy had been for ſo many years uſed to the ſober ways of his own well ordered family, that he greatly diſliked to paſs a Sunday in any houſe of which Religion was not the governing principle. Indeed, he commonly ordered his af-

fairs, and regulated his journies with an eye to this object. To paſs a Sunday in an irreligious family, ſaid he, is always unpleaſant, often unſafe. I ſeldom find I can do them any good, and they may perhaps do me ſome harm. At leaſt, I am giving a ſanction to their manner of paſſing it, if I paſs it in the ſame manner. If I reprove them, I ſubject myſelf to the charge of ſingularity, and of being "righteous over much;" if I do *not* reprove them, I confirm and ſtrengthen them in evil. And whether I reprove them or not, I certainly partake of their guilt if I ſpend it as they do.

He had, however, ſo ſtrong a deſire to be uſeful to Mr. Bragwell, that he at length determined to break through his common practice, and paſs the Sunday at his houſe. Mr. Worthy was ſurprized to find that though the church bell was going, the breakfaſt was not ready, and expreſſed his wonder how this ſhould be the caſe in ſo induſtrious a family. Bragwell made ſome aukward excuſes. He ſaid his wife worked her ſervants ſo hard all the week, that even ſhe, as notable as ſhe was, a little relaxed from the ſtrictneſs of her demands on Sunday mornings; and he owned that in a general way, no one was up early enough for church. He confeſſed that his wife commonly ſpent the morning in making puddings, pies, and cakes, to laſt through the week, as Sunday was the only leiſure time ſhe and her maids had. Mr. Worthy ſoon ſaw an uncommon buſtle in the houſe. All hands were buſy. It was nothing but baking and boiling, and frying, and roaſting, and running, and ſcolding, and eating. The boy was kept from church

to clean the plate, the man to gather the fruit, the miſtreſs to make the cheeſe cakes, the maids to dreſs the dinner, and the young ladies to dreſs themſelves.

The truth was, Mrs. Bragwell, who had heard much of the order and good management of Mr. Worthy's family, but who looked down with diſdain upon them as far leſs rich than herſelf, was reſolved to indulge her vanity on the preſent occaſion. She was determined to be even with Mrs. Worthy, in whoſe praiſes Bragwell had been ſo loud, and felt no ſmall pleaſure in the hope of making her gueſt uneaſy, when he ſhould be ſtruck with the diſplay both of her ſkill and her wealth. Mr. Worthy was indeed ſtruck to behold as large a dinner as he had been uſed to ſee at a Juſtice's meeting. He, whoſe frugal and pious wife had accuſtomed him only to ſuch a plain Sunday's dinner as could be dreſſed without keeping any one from church, when he ſurveyed the loaded table of his friend, inſtead of feeling that envy which theſe grand preparations were meant to raiſe, felt nothing but diſguſt at the vanity of his friend's wife, mixed with much thankfulneſs for the piety of his own.

After having made the dinner wait a long time, the Miſs Bragwells marched in, dreſſed as if they were going to the Aſſize Ball; they looked very ſcornful at having been ſo hurried; though they had been dreſſing ever ſince they got up, and their fond father, when he ſaw them ſo fine, forgave all their impertinence, and caſt an eye of triumph on Mr. Worthy, who felt he had

never loved his own humble daughters ſo well as at that moment.

In the afternoon the whole party went to church. To do them juſtice, it was indeed their common practice once a day, when the weather was good, and the road was neither duſty nor dirty, when the Miniſter did not begin too early, when the young ladies had not been diſappointed of their new bonnets on the Saturday night, and when they had no ſmart company in the houſe who rather wiſhed to ſtay at home. When this laſt was the caſe, which, to ſay the truth, happened pretty often, it was thought a piece of good manners to conform to the humour of the gueſts. Mr. Bragwell had this day forborne to aſk any of his uſual company, well knowing that their vain and worldly converſation would only ſerve to draw on him ſome new reprimand from his friend.

Mrs. Bragwell and her daughters picked up, as uſual, a good deal of acquaintance at church. Many compliments paſſed, and much of the news of the week was retailed before the ſervice began. They waited with impatience for the reading the leſſons as a licenſed ſeaſon for whiſpering, and the ſubject begun during the leſſons, was finiſhed while they were ſinging. The young ladies made an appointment for the afternoon with a friend in the next pew, while their Mamma took the opportunity of enquiring the character of a dairy maid, which ſhe obſerved, with a compliment to her own good management, would ſave time on a week day.

Mr. Worthy, who found himſelf quite in a new

world, returned home with his friend alone. In the evening he ventured to ask Bragwell, if he did not, on a Sunday night, at least, make it a custom to read and pray with his family. Bragwell told him, he was sorry to say he had no family at home, else he should like to do it for the sake of example. But as his servants worked hard all the week, his wife was of opinion that they should then have a little holiday. Mr. Worthy pressed it home upon him, whether the utter neglect of his servants' principles was not likely to make a heavy article in his final account: and asked him if he did not believe that the too general liberty of meeting together, jaunting, and diverting themselves, on Sunday evenings, was not often found to produce the worst effects on the morals of servants, and the good order of families? I put it to your conscience, said he, Mr. Bragwell, whether Sunday, which was meant as a blessing and a benefit, is not, as it is commonly kept, turned into the most mischievous part of the week, by the selfish kindness of masters, who, not daring to set their servants about any public work, allot them that day to follow their own devices, that they themselves may, with more rigour, refuse them a little indulgence and a reasonable holiday in the working part of the week, which a good servant has now and then a fair right to expect. Those masters who will give them half, or all the Lord's day, will not spare them a single hour of a working day. *Their* work *must* be done; God's work may be let alone.

Mr. Bragwell owned that Sunday had produced many miſchiefs in his own family. That the young men and maids, having no eye upon them, frequently went to improper places with other ſervants, turned adrift like themſelves. That in theſe parties the poor girls were too frequently led aſtray, and the men got to public houſes, and fives playing. But it was none of his buſineſs to watch them. His family only did as others do; indeed it was his wife's concern; and as ſhe was ſo good a manager on other days, that ſhe would not ſpare them an hour to viſit a ſick father or mother, it would be hard, ſhe ſaid, if they might not have Sunday afternoon to themſelves, and ſhe could not blame them for making the moſt of it. Indeed, ſhe was ſo indulgent in this particular, that ſhe often excuſed the men from going to church that they might ſerve the beaſts, and the maids that they might get the milking done before the holiday part of the evening came on. She would not indeed hear of any competition between doing *her* work and taking their pleaſure; but when the difference lay between their going to church and taking their pleaſure, he *muſt* ſay, that for his wife, ſhe always inclined to the good-natured ſide of the queſtion. She is ſtrict enough in keeping them ſober, becauſe drunkenneſs is a coſtly ſin; and, to do her juſtice, ſhe does not care how little they ſin at her expence.

Well, ſaid Mr. Worthy, I always like to examine both ſides fairly, and to ſee the different effects of oppoſite practices; now, which plan produces the greateſt ſhare of comfort to the

maſter, and of profit to the ſervants in the long run? Your ſervants, 'tis likely, are very much attached to you; and very fond of living where they get their own way in ſo great a point.

O, as to that, replied Bragwell, you are quite out. My houſe is a ſcene of diſcord, mutiny, and diſcontent. And though there is not a better manager in England than my wife, yet ſhe is always changing her ſervants, ſo that every quarter-day is a ſort of gaol-delivery at my houſe; and when they go off, as they often do, at a moment's warning, to own the truth, I often give them money privately, that they may not carry my wife before the Juſtice to get their wages.

I ſee, ſaid Mr. Worthy, that all your worldly compliances do not procure you even worldly happineſs. As to my own family, I take care to let them ſee that their pleaſure is bound up with their duty, and that what they may call my ſtrictneſs, has nothing in view but their ſafety and happineſs. By this means, I commonly gain their love as well as ſecure their obedience. I know that with all my care I am liable to be diſappointed, "from the corruption that is in the world through ſin." But whenever this happens, ſo far from encouraging me in remiſſneſs, it only ſerves to quicken my zeal. If, by God's bleſſing, my ſervant turns out a good Chriſtian, I have been an humble inſtrument in his hand of ſaving a ſoul committed to my charge.

Mrs. Bragwell came home, but brought only one of her daughters with her, the other, she said, had given them the slip, and was gone with a young friend, and would not return for a day or two. Mr. Bragwell was greatly displeased; as he knew that young friend had but a slight character, and kept bad acquaintances. Mrs. Bragwell came in all hurry and bustle, saying, if her family did not go to bed with the Lamb on Sundays, when they had nothing to do, how could they rise with the Lark on Mondays, when so much was to be done.

Mr. Worthy had this night much matter for reflection. We need not, said he, go into the great world to look for dissipation and vanity. We can find both in a farm house. As for me and my house, continued he, we will serve the Lord every day, but especially on Sundays. It is the day which the Lord hath made; hath made for himself; we will rejoice in it, and consider the religious use of it not only as a duty but as a privilege.

The next morning Mr. Bragwell and his friend set out early for the Golden Lion. What passed on this little journey, my readers shall hear next month.

Z.

PART IV.

IT was mentioned in the laſt part of this Hiſtory, that the chief reaſon which had drawn Mr. Worthy to viſit his friend juſt at the preſent time, was, that Mr. Bragwell had a ſmall eſtate to ſell by auction. Mr. Worthy, though he did not think he ſhould be a bidder, wiſhed to be preſent, as he had buſineſs to ſettle with one or two perſons, who were expected at the Golden Lion on that day, and he had put off his viſit till he had ſeen the ſale advertiſed in the County Paper.

Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy ſet out early on the Monday morning, on their way to the Golden Lion, a ſmall inn, in a neighbouring market town. As they had time before them, they had agreed to ride ſlowly, that they might converſe on ſome uſeful ſubject; but here, as uſual, they had two opinions about the ſame thing. Mr. Bragwell's notion of a uſeful ſubject was, ſomething by which money was to be got, and a good bargain ſtruck. Mr. Worthy was no leſs a man of buſineſs than his friend. His ſchemes were wiſe, and his calculations juſt; his reputation for integrity and good ſenſe made him the common judge and umpire in his neighbours' affairs, while no one paid a more exact attention to every tranſaction of his own. But the buſineſs of getting money was not with him the firſt, much

leſs was it the whole concern of the day. Every morning when he roſe he remembered that he had a Maker to worſhip, as well as a family to maintain. Religion, however, never made him neglect buſineſs, though it ſometimes led him to poſtpone it. He uſed to ſay, no man had any reaſon to expect God's bleſſing through the day, who did not aſk it in the morning; nor was he likely to ſpend the day in the fear of God, who did not begin it with his worſhip. But he had not the leſs ſenſe, ſpirit, and activity, when he was among men abroad, becauſe he had firſt ſerved God at home.

As theſe two Farmers rode along, Mr. Worthy took occaſion, from the fineneſs of the day, and the beauty of the country through which they paſſed, to turn the diſcourſe to the goodneſs of God, and our infinite obligations to him. He knew that the tranſition from thankſgiving to prayer would be natural and eaſy, and he therefore ſlid by degrees, into that important ſubject: and he obſerved that ſecret prayer was a duty of univerſal obligation, which every man had it in his power to fulfil; and which he ſeriouſly believed was the ground-work of all religious practice, and of all devout affections.

Mr. Bragwell felt conſcious that he was very negligent and irregular in the performance of this duty; indeed, he conſidered it as a mere ceremony, or at leaſt, as a duty which might give way to the ſlighteſt temptation of drowſineſs at night, or of buſineſs in the morning. As he knew he did not live in the conſcientious performance of this practice, he tried to ward off the

ſubject, knowing what a home way his friend had of putting things. After ſome evaſion, he at laſt ſaid, he certainly thought private prayer a good cuſtom, eſpecially for people who have time; and thoſe who were ſick, or old, or out of buſineſs, could not do better; but that for his part, he believed much of theſe ſort of things was not expected from men in active life.

Mr. Worthy. I ſhould think, Mr. Bragwell, that thoſe who are moſt expoſed to temptation ſtand moſt in need of prayer; now there are few, methinks, who are more expoſed to temptation, than men in buſineſs, for thoſe muſt be in moſt danger, at leaſt, from the world, who have moſt to do with it. And if this be true, ought we not to prepare ourſelves in the cloſet for the trials of the market, the field, and the ſhop? It is but putting on our armour before we go out to battle.

Bragwell. For my part, I think example is the whole of religion, and if the maſter of a family is orderly, and regular, and goes to church, he does every thing which can be required of him, and no one has a right to call him to account for any thing more.

Worthy. Give me leave to ſay, Mr. Bragwell, that highly as I rate a good example, ſtill I muſt ſet a good principle above it. I know I muſt keep good order indeed, for the ſake of others; but I muſt keep a good conſcience for my own ſake. To God I owe ſecret piety, I muſt therefore pray to him in private.—To my family I owe a chriſtian example, and for that, among other reaſons, I muſt not fail to go to church.

Bragwell. You are talking, Mr. Worthy, as if I were an enemy to Chriſtianity. Sir, I am no Heathen. Sir, I belong to the Church; I go to Church; I always drink proſperity to the Church. You yourſelf, as ſtrict as you are, in never miſſing it twice a day, are not a warmer friend to the Church than I am.

Worthy. That is to ſay, you know its value as an inſtitution, but you do not ſeem to know that a man may be very irreligious under the beſt religious inſtitutions; and that even the moſt excellent of them are but *means* of being religious, and are no more religion itſelf than brick and mortar are prayers and thankſgivings. I ſhall never think, however high their profeſſion, and even however regular their attendance, that thoſe men truly reſpect the Church, who bring home little of that religion which is taught in it into their own families, or their own hearts; or, who make the whole of Chriſtianity to conſiſt in their attendance there. Excuſe me, Mr. Bragwell.

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I am perſuaded that religion is quite a proper thing for the poor; and I don't think that the multitude can ever be kept in order without it; and I am a ſort of a politician, you know. We *muſt* have bits, and bridles, and reſtraints for the vulgar.

Worthy. Your opinion is very juſt as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, ſince it does not go to the root of the evil, for while you value yourſelf on the ſoundneſs of this principle as a politician, I wiſh you alſo to ſee the reaſon of it as a Chriſtian; depend upon it, if religion be

good for the community at large, it is equally good for every family; and what is right for a family is equally right for each individual in it. You have therefore yourself brought the most unanswerable argument why you ought to be religious yourself, by asking how we shall keep others in order without religion. For, believe me, Mr. Bragwell, there is no particular clause to except you in the Gospel. There are no exceptions there in favour of any one class of men. The same restraints which are necessary for the people at large, are equally necessary for men of every order, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, learned and ignorant. If Jesus Christ died for no particular rank, class, or community, there is no one rank, class, or communion exempt from the obedience to his laws enjoined by the Gospel. May I ask you, Mr. Bragwell; what is your reason for going to Church?

Bragwell. Sir, I am shocked at your question. How can I avoid doing a thing so customary and so creditable? Not go to Church, indeed! What do you take me for, Mr. Worthy? I am afraid you suspect me to be a Papist, or a Heathen, or of some religion or other, that is not what it should be?

Worthy. If a foreigner were to hear how violently one set of Christians in this country often speak against another, how earnest would he suppose us all to be in religious matters: and how astonished to discover, that many a man has, perhaps, little other proof to give of the sincerity of his own religion, except the violence with which he hates the religion of another party. It is not

irreligion which ſuch men hate; but the religion of the man, or the party, whom they are ſet againſt: now hatred is certainly no part of the religion of the Goſpel. Well, you have told me why you go to Church; now pray tell me, why do you confeſs there, on your bended knees, every Sunday, that "you have erred and ſtrayed from God's ways?" "that there is no health in you?" "that you have done what you ought not to do?" "and that you are a miſerable ſinner?"

Bragwell. Becauſe it is in the Common Prayer Book, to be ſure, a book which I have heard you yourſelf ſay was written by wiſe and good men, the pillars of the Proteſtant Church.

Worthy. But have you no other reaſon?

Bragwell. No, I can't ſay I have.

Worthy. When you repeat that excellent form of confeſſion, do you really feel that you *are* a miſerable ſinner?

Bragwell. No, I can't ſay I do. But that is no objection to my repeating it, becauſe it may ſuit the caſe of many who are ſo. I ſuppoſe the good Doctors who drew it up, intended that part for wicked people only, ſuch as drunkards, and thieves, and murderers; for I imagine they could not well contrive to make the ſame prayer quite ſuit an honeſt man and a rogue; and ſo I ſuppoſe they thought it ſafer to make a good man repeat a prayer which ſuited a rogue, than to make a rogue repeat a prayer which ſuited a good man; and you know it is ſo cuſtomary for every body to repeat the general confeſſion, that it can't hurt the credit of the moſt reſpectable perſons, though

every reſpectable perſon muſt know they have no particular concern in it.

Worthy. Depend upon it, Mr. Bragwell, thoſe good Doctors you ſpeak of, were not quite of your opinion; they really thought that what you call honeſt men, were grievous ſinners in a certain ſenſe, and that the beſt of us ſtand in need of making that humble confeſſion. Mr. Bragwell, do you believe in the fall of Adam?

Bragwell. To be ſure I do, and a ſad thing for Adam it was; why, it is in the Bible, is it not? It is one of the prettieſt chapters in Geneſis. Don't *you* believe it, Mr Worthy?

Worthy. Yes, truly I do. But I don't believe it *merely* becauſe I read it in Geneſis; though I know, indeed, that I am bound to believe every part of the word of God. But I have ſtill an additional reaſon for believing in the fall of the firſt man.

Bragwell. Have you indeed? Now, I can't gueſs what that can be.

Worthy. Why, my own obſervation of what is within myſelf teaches me to believe it. It is not only the third chapter of Geneſis which convinces me of the truth of the fall, but alſo the ſinful inclinations which I find in my own heart correſponding with it. This is one of thoſe leading truths of Chriſtianity of which I can never doubt a moment; firſt, becauſe it is abundantly expreſſed or implied in Scripture; and next, becauſe the conſciouſneſs of the evil nature I carry about with me, confirms the doctrine beyond all doubt. Beſides, is it not ſaid in Scripture, that by one man ſin entered into the world, and that

"all we, like ſheep, have gone aſtray; that by one man's diſobedience many were made ſinners;" and ſo again in twenty more places that I could tell you of!

Bragwell. Well; I never thought of this. But is not this a very melancholy ſort of doctrine, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. It is melancholy, indeed, if we ſtop here. But while we are deploring this ſad truth, let us take comfort from another, that "As in Adam all die, ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive."

Bragwell. Yes; I remember I thought thoſe very fine words, when I heard them ſaid over my poor father's grave. But as it was in the Burial of the Dead, I did not think of taking it to myſelf; for I was then young and hearty, and in little danger of dying, and I have been ſo buſy ever ſince, that I have hardly had time to think of it.

Worthy. And yet the ſervice pronounced at the burial of all who die, is a ſolemn admonition to all who live. It is there ſaid, as indeed the Scripture ſays alſo, "I am the reſurrection and the life; whoſoever *believeth in me* ſhall never die, but I will raiſe him up at the laſt day." Now do you think you *believe in Chriſt*, Mr. Bragwell?

Bragwell. To be ſure I do; why you are always fancying me an Atheiſt.

Worthy. In order to believe in Chriſt, we muſt believe firſt in our own guilt and our own unworthineſs; and when we do this we

ſhall ſee the uſe of a Saviour, and not till then.

Bragwell. Why, all this is a new way of talking. I can't ſay I ever meddled with ſuch ſubjects before in my life. But now, what do you adviſe a man to do upon your plan of Religion?

Worthy. Why, all this leads me back to the ground from which we ſet out, I mean the duty of prayer; for if we believe that we have an evil nature within us, and that we ſtand in need of God's grace to help us, and a Saviour to redeem us, we ſhall be led of courſe to pray for what we ſo much need; and without this conviction we ſhall not be led to pray.

Bragwell. Well; but don't you think, Mr. Worthy, that you good folks who make ſo much of prayer, have lower notions than we have of the wiſdom of the Almighty? You think he wants to be informed of the things you tell him; whereas, I take it for granted, that he knows them already, and that, being ſo good as he is, he will give me every thing he ſees fit to give me, without my aſking it.

Worthy. God, indeed, who knows all things, knows what we want before we aſk him; but ſtill has he not ſaid, "that with prayer and ſupplication we muſt make known our requeſts unto him?" Prayer is the way in which God hath ſaid that his favour muſt be ſought. It is the channel through which he hath declared it is his ſovereign will and pleaſure that his

bleſſings ſhould be conveyed to us. What aſcends up in prayer deſcends again to us in bleſſings. It is like the rain which juſt now fell, and which had been drawn up from the ground in vapours to the clouds before it deſcended from them to the earth in that refreſhing ſhower. Beſides, prayer has a good effect on our minds; it tends to excite a right diſpoſition towards God in us, and to keep up a conſtant ſenſe of our dependance. But above all, it is the way to get the good things we want. "Aſk," ſays the Scripture, "and ye ſhall receive."

Bragwell. Now that is the very thing which I was going to deny. For the truth is, men do not always get what they aſk; I believe if I could get a good crop for aſking it, I ſhould pray oftener than I do.

Worthy. Sometimes, Mr Bragwell, men "aſk and receive not, becauſe they aſk amiſs." They aſk worldly bleſſings, perhaps, when they ſhould aſk ſpiritual ones. Now the latter, which are the good things I ſpoke of, are always granted to thoſe who pray to God for them, though the former are not. I have obſerved in the caſe of ſome worldly things I have ſought for, that the grant of my prayer would have cauſed the miſery of my life; ſo that God equally conſults our good in what he withholds, and in what he beſtows.

Bragwell. And yet you continue to pray on, I ſuppoſe?

Worthy. Certainly; but then I try to mend as to the object of my prayers. I pray for

God's bleſſing and favour, which is better than riches.

Bragwell. You ſeem very earneſt on this ſubject.

Worthy. To cut the matter ſhort; I aſk then, whether prayer is not poſitively commanded in the Goſpel? When this is the caſe, we can never diſpute about the neceſſity or the duty of a thing, as we may when there is no ſuch command. Here, however, let me juſt add alſo, that a man's prayers may be turned to no ſmall uſe in the way of diſcovering to him whatever is amiſs in his life.

Bragwell. How ſo, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Why, ſuppoſe now, you were to try yourſelf by turning into the ſhape of a prayer every practice in which you allow yourſelf. For inſtance, let the prayer in the morning be a ſort of preparation for the deeds of the day, and the prayer at night a ſort of obſervation on thoſe deeds. You, Mr. Bragwell, I ſuſpect, are a little inclined to covetouſneſs; excuſe me, Sir. Now ſuppoſe after you have been during a whole day a little too eager to get rich, ſuppoſe, I ſay, you were to try how it would ſound to beg of God at night, on your knees, to give you ſtill more money, though you have already ſo much that you know not what to do with it. Suppoſe you were to pray in the morning, "O Lord, give me more riches, though thoſe I have are a ſnare and a temptation to me;" and aſk him in the ſame ſolemn manner to bleſs all the graſping means you intend to make uſe of in the day to add to your ſubſtance?

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I have no patience with you for thinking I could be ſo wicked.

Worthy. Hear me out, Mr. Bragwell; you turned your good nephew, Tom Broad, out of doors, you know; you owned to me it was an act of injuſtice. Now ſuppoſe on the morning of your doing ſo you had begged of God in a ſolemn act of prayer, to proſper the deed of cruelty and oppreſſion, which you intended to commit that day. I ſee you are ſhocked at the thought of ſuch a prayer. Well, then, would not hearty prayer have kept you from committing that wicked action? In ſhort, what a life muſt that be, no act of which you dare beg God to proſper and bleſs. If once you can bring yourſelf to believe that it is your bounden duty to pray for God's bleſſing on your day's work, you will certainly grow careful about paſſing ſuch a day as you may ſafely aſk his bleſſing upon. The remark may be carried to ſports, diverſions, company. A man, who once takes up the ſerious uſe of prayer, will ſoon find himſelf obliged to abſtain from ſuch diverſions, occupations, and ſocieties, as he cannot reaſonably deſire that God will bleſs to him; and thus he will ſee himſelf compelled to leave off either the practice or the prayer. Now, Mr. Bragwell, I need not aſk you which of the two he that is a real Chriſtian will give up, ſinning or praying.

Mr. Bragwell began to feel that he had not the beſt of the argument, and was afraid he was making no great figure in the eyes of his friend. Luckily, however, he was relieved from the difficulty into which the neceſſity of making ſome

anſwer muſt have brought him, by finding they were come to the end of their little journey: and he never beheld the Bunch of Grapes, which decorated the Sign of the Golden Lion, with more real ſatisfaction.

I refer my readers for the tranſactions at the Golden Lion, and for the ſad Adventures, which afterwards befel Mr. Bragwell's family, to the Fifth Part of the Hiſtory of the Two Wealthy Farmers.

Z.

PART V.

Bragwell in a Paſſion at hearing of his Daughter's Marriage.

MR. BRAGWELL and Mr. Worthy alighted at the Golden Lion. It was market-day: the inn, the yard, the town, was all alive. Mr. Bragwell was quite in his element. Money, company, and good cheer, always ſet his ſpirits afloat. He felt himſelf the principal man in the ſcene. He had three great objects in view, the ſale of his land, the letting Mr. Worthy ſee how much he was looked up to by ſo many ſubſtantial people, and the ſhewing theſe people what a wiſe

man his moſt intimate friend, Mr. Worthy, was. It was his way to try to borrow a little credit from every perſon, and every thing he was connected with, and by that credit to advance his intereſt and increaſe his wealth.

The Farmers met in a large room, and while they were tranſacting their various concerns, thoſe whoſe purſuits were the ſame, naturally herded together. The Tanners were drawn to one corner, by the common intereſt which they took in bark and hides. A uſeful debate was carrying on at another little table, whether the practice of *ſowing* wheat or of *planting* it were moſt profitable. Another ſet were diſputing whether horſes or oxen were beſt for ploughs. Thoſe who were concerned in Canals, ſought the company of other Canallers; while ſome, who were intereſted in the new bill for Incloſures, wiſely looked out for ſuch as knew moſt about waſte lands.

Mr. Worthy was pleaſed with all theſe ſubjects, and picked up ſomething uſeful on each. It was a ſaying of his, that moſt men underſtood ſome one thing, and that he who was wiſe would try to learn from every man ſomething on the ſubject he beſt knew; but Mr. Worthy made a further uſe of the whole. What a pity is it, ſaid he, that Chriſtians are not as deſirous to turn their time to good account as men of buſineſs are! When ſhall we ſee religious perſons as anxious to derive profit from the experience of others, as theſe Farmers? When ſhall we ſee them as eager to turn their time to good account? While I approve theſe men for not being *ſlothful*

in buſineſs, let me improve the hint, by being alſo *fervent in ſpirit*. Shewing how much *wiſer the children of this generation are than the children of light*.

When the hurry was a little over, Mr. Bragwell took a turn on the Bowling-green. Mr. Worthy followed him, to aſk why the ſale of the eſtate was not brought forward. Let the Auctioneer proceed to buſineſs, ſaid he; the company will be glad to get home by day-light. I ſpeak moſtly with a view to others, for I do not think of being a purchaſer myſelf.—I know it, ſaid Bragwell, or I would not be ſuch a fool as to let the cat out of the bag. But is it really poſſible, (proceeded he, with a ſmile of contempt) that you ſhould think I will ſell my eſtate before dinner? Mr. Worthy, you are a clever man at books, and ſuch things; and perhaps can make out an account on paper in a handſomer manner than I can; but I never found much was to be got by fine writing. As to figures I can carry enough of them in my head to add, divide, and multiply, more money than your learning will ever give you the fingering of. You may beat me at a book, but you are a very child at a bargain. Sell my land before dinner, indeed!

Mr. Worthy was puzzled to gueſs how a man was to ſhew more wiſdom by ſelling a piece of ground at one hour than at another, and deſired an explanation. Bragwell felt rather more contempt for his underſtanding than he had ever done before. Look'ee, Mr. Worthy, ſaid he, I do not know that knowledge is of any uſe to a man unleſs he has ſenſe enough to turn it to account.

Men are my Books, Mr. Worthy, and it is by reading, ſpelling, and putting them together to good purpoſe, that I have got up in the world. I ſhall give you a proof of this to-day. Theſe Farmers are moſt of them come to the Lion with a view of purchaſing this bit of land of mine, if they ſhould like the bargain. Now, as you know a thing can't be any great bargain both to the buyer and the ſeller too, to them and to me, it becomes me, as a man of ſenſe, who has the good of his family at heart, to ſecure the bargain to myſelf. I would not cheat any man, Sir, but I think it fair enough to turn his weakneſs to my own advantage; there is no law againſt that, you know; and this is the uſe of one man's having more ſenſe than another. So, whenever I have a bit of land to ſell, I always give a handſome dinner, with plenty of punch and ſtrong beer. We fill up the morning with other buſineſs, and I carefully keep back any talk about the purchaſe till we have dined. At dinner we have, of courſe, a bit of politics. This puts moſt of us into a paſſion, and you know anger is thirſty. Beſides, "Church and King," naturally bring on a good many other toaſts. Now, as I am Maſter of the Feaſt, you know, it would be ſhabby in me to ſave my liquor, ſo I puſh about the glaſs one way, and the tankard the other, till all my company are as merry as kings. Every man is delighted to ſee what a fine hearty fellow he has to deal with, and Mr. Bragwell receives a thouſand compliments. By this time they have gained as much in good humour as they have loſt in

ſober judgment, and this is the proper moment for ſetting the Auctioneer to work, and this I commonly do to ſuch good purpoſe, that I go home with my purſe a ſcore or two of pounds heavier than if they had not been warmed by their dinner. In the morning men are cool and ſuſpicious, and have all their wits about them; but a cheerful glaſs cures all diſtruſt. And what is lucky, I add to my credit as well as my pocket, and get more praiſe for my dinner, than blame for my bargain.

Mr. Worthy was ſtruck with the abſurd vanity which could tempt a man to own himſelf guilty of an unfair action for the ſake of ſhewing his wiſdom. He was beginning to expreſs his diſapprobation, when they were told dinner was on table. They went in, and were ſoon ſeated. All was mirth and good cheer. Every body agreed that no one gave ſuch hearty dinners as Mr. Bragwell. Nothing was pitiful where he was Maſter of the Feaſt. Bragwell, who looked with pleaſure on the excellent dinner before him, and enjoyed the good account to which he ſhould turn it, heard their praiſes with delight, and caſt an eye on Worthy, as much as to ſay, Who is the wiſe man now? Having a mind, for his own credit, to make his friend talk, he turned to him, ſaying, Mr. Worthy, I believe no people in the world enjoy life more than men of our claſs. We have money and power, we live on the fat of the land, and have as good a right to gentility as the beſt.

As to gentility, Mr. Bragwell, replied Worthy, I am not ſure that this is among the wiſeſt

of our pretenſions. But I will ſay, that ours is a creditable and reſpectable buſineſs. In ancient times, Farming was the employment of Princes and Patriarchs; and, now-a-days, an honeſt, humane, ſenſible, Engliſh yeoman, I will be bold to ſay, is not only a very uſeful but an honourable character. But then, he muſt not merely think of *enjoying life*, as you call it, but he muſt think of living up to the great ends for which he was ſent into the world. A Wealthy Farmer not only has it in his power to live well, but to do much good. He is not only the father of his own family, but of his workmen, his dependents, and the poor at large, eſpecially in theſe hard times. He has it in his power to raiſe into credit all the pariſh offices which have fallen into diſrepute, by getting into bad hands; and he can convert, what have been falſely thought mean offices, into very important ones, by his juſt and Chriſtian-like manner of filling them. An upright Juryman, a conſcientious Conſtable, a humane Overſeer, an independent Elector, an active Superintendant of a Work-houſe, a juſt Arbitrator in public diſputes, a kind Counſellor in private troubles; ſuch a one I ſay, fills up a ſtation in ſociety no leſs neceſſary, and, as far as it reaches, ſcarcely leſs important than that of a Magiſtrate, a Sheriff of a County, or even a Member of Parliament. That can never be a ſlight or a degrading office, on which the happineſs of a whole pariſh may depend.

Bragwell, who thought the good ſenſe of his friend reflected credit on himſelf, encouraged

Worthy to go on, but he did it in his own vain way. Aye, very true, Mr. Worthy, ſaid he, you are right; a leading man in our claſs ought to be looked up to as an example, as you ſay; in order to which, he ſhould do things handſomely and liberally, and not grudge himſelf, or his friends any thing, caſting an eye of complacency on the good dinner he had provided. True, replied Mr. Worthy, he ſhould be an example of ſimplicity, ſobriety, and plainneſs of manners. But he will do well, added he, not to affect a frothy gentility, which will ſet but clumſily upon him. If he has money let him ſpend prudently, lay up moderately for his children, and give liberally to the poor. But let him rather ſeek to dignify his own ſtation by his virtues, than to get above it by his vanity. If he acts thus, then, as long as this country laſts, a Farmer of England will be looked upon as one of its moſt valuable members; nay more, by this conduct he may contribute to make England laſt the longer. The riches of the Farmer, corn and cattle, are the true riches of a nation; but let him remember, that though corn and cattle *enrich* a country, nothing but juſtice, integrity, and religion, can *preſerve* it.

Young Wilſon, the worthy grazier, whom Miſs Bragwell had turned off becauſe he did not underſtand French dances, thanked Mr. Worthy for what he had ſaid, and hoped he ſhould be the better for it as long as he lived, and deſired his leave to be better acquainted. Moſt of the others declared they had never heard a finer ſpeech, and then, as is uſual, proceeded to ſhew

the good effect it had on them, by looſe converſation, hard drinking, and whatever could counteract all that Mr. Worthy had ſaid.

Mr. Worthy was much concerned to hear Mr. Bragwell, after dinner, whiſper to the waiter, to put leſs and leſs water into every freſh bowl of punch.—This was his way; if the time they had to ſit was long, then the punch was to be weaker, as he ſaw no good in waſting money to make it ſtronger than the time required. But if time preſſed, then the ſtrength was to be encreaſed in due proportion, as a ſmall quantity muſt then intoxicate them as much in a ſhort time as would be required of a greater quantity had the time been longer. This was one of Mr. Bragwell's nice calculations, and this was the ſort of ſkill on which he ſo much valued himſelf.

At length the gueſts were properly primed for buſineſs; juſt in that convenient ſtage of intoxication which makes men warm and raſh, yet keeps ſhort of that abſolute drunkenneſs, which diſqualifies for buſineſs. The Auctioneer ſet to work. All were bidders, and, if poſſible, all would have been purchaſers, ſo happily had the feaſt and the punch operated. They bid on with a ſtill increaſing ſpirit, till they had got ſo much above the value of the land, that Bragwell, with a wink and a whiſper, ſaid, Who would ſell his land faſting? Eh! Worthy? At length the eſtate was knocked down, at a price very far above its worth.

As ſoon as it was ſold, Bragwell again ſaid ſoftly to Worthy, Five from fifty, and there re-

main forty-five. The dinner and drink wont coſt me five pounds, and I have got fifty more than the land was worth. Spend a ſhilling to gain a pound, this is what I call practical Arithmetic, Mr. Worthy.

Mr. Worthy was glad to get out of this ſcene; and ſeeing that his friend was quite ſober, he reſolved, as they rode home, to deal plainly with him. Bragwell had found out, among his calculations, that there were ſome ſins which could only be committed, by a prudent man, one at a time. For inſtance, he knew that a man could not well get rich, and get drunk at the ſame moment, ſo that he uſed to practiſe one firſt, and the other after; but he had found out that ſome vices made very good company together; thus, while he had watched himſelf in drinking, leſt he ſhould become as unfit to ſell, as his gueſts were to buy, he had indulged, without meaſure, in the good dinner he had provided. Mr. Worthy, I ſay, ſeeing him able to bear reaſon, rebuked him for this day's proceedings, with ſome ſeverity. Bragwell bore his reproofs with that ſort of patience which ariſes from an opinion of one's own wiſdom, and a recent flush of proſperity. He behaved with that gay, good humour which grows out of vanity and good luck. You are too ſqueamiſh, Mr. Worthy, ſaid he, I have done nothing diſcreditable. Theſe men came with their eyes open. There is no compulſion uſed. They are free to bid, or to let it alone. I make them welcome, and I ſhall not be thought a bit the worſe of by them, to-morrow, when they are ſober. Others do it beſides me, and I

ſhall never be aſhamed of any thing, as long as I have cuſtom on my ſide.

Worthy. I am ſorry, Mr. Bragwell, to hear you ſupport ſuch practices by ſuch arguments. There is not, perhaps, a more dangerous ſnare to the ſouls of men than is to be found in that word CUSTOM. It is a word invented to reconcile corruption with credit, and ſin with ſafety. But no cuſtom, no faſhion, no combination of men, to ſet up a falſe ſtandard, can ever make a wrong action right. That a thing is often done, is ſo far from a proof of its being right, that it is the very reaſon which will ſet a thinking man to inquire if it be not really wrong, leſt he ſhould be following a "multitude to do evil." Right is right, though only one man in a thouſand purſues it, and wrong will be for ever wrong, though it be the allowed practice of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. If this ſhameful cuſtom is really common, which I can hardly believe, that is a freſh reaſon why a conſcientious man ſhould ſet his face againſt it. And I muſt go ſo far as to ſay, (you will excuſe me, Mr. Bragwell,) that I ſee no great difference in the eye of conſcience, whatever there may be in the eye of law, between your making a man firſt loſe his reaſon, and then getting fifty guineas out of his pocket, *becauſe* he has loſt it; and your picking the fifty guineas out of his pocket, if you had met him dead drunk in his way home to night. Nay, he who meets a man already drunk and robs him, commits but one ſin, while he who makes him

drunk firſt, that he may rob him afterwards, commits two.

Bragwell gravely replied, Mr. Worthy, while I have the practice of people of credit to ſupport me, and the law of the land to protect me I ſee no reaſon to be aſhamed of any thing, I do.—Mr. Bragwell, anſwered Worthy, a truly honeſt man is not always looking ſharp about him, to ſee how far cuſtom and the law will bear him out; if he be honeſt on principle, he will conſult the law of his conſcience, and if he be a Chriſtian, he will conſult the written law of God.

Notwithſtanding this rebuff, Mr. Bragwell got home in high ſpirits, for no arguments could hinder him from feeling that he had the fifty guineas in his purſe. As ſoon as he came in, he gaily threw the money he had received on the table, and deſired his wife to lock it up. Inſtead of receiving it with her uſual ſatisfaction, ſhe burſt into a violent fit of paſſion, and threw it back to him. You may keep your caſh yourſelf, ſaid ſhe. It is all over: we want no more money. You are a ruined man! A wicked creature, ſcraping and working as we have done for her! Bragwell trembled, but durſt not aſk what he dreaded to hear. His wife ſpared him the trouble, by crying out, as ſoon as her rage permitted, Polly is gone off! Poor Bragwell's heart ſunk within him; he grew ſick and giddy; and as his wife's rage ſwallowed up her grief, ſo, in his grief, he almoſt forgot his anger. The purſe fell from his hand, and he caſt a look of anguiſh upon it, finding, for the firſt time, that money could not relieve his miſery.

Mr. Worthy, who though much concerned, was leſs diſcompoſed, now called to mind, that the young lady had not returned with her mother and ſiſter the night before: he begged Mrs. Bragwell to explain this ſad ſtory. She, inſtead of ſoothing her huſband, fell to reproaching him. It is all your fault, ſaid ſhe, you were a fool for your pains. If I had had my way, the girls never would have kept company with any but men of ſubſtance, and then they could not have been ruined. Mrs. Bragwell, ſaid Mr. Worthy, if ſhe has choſen a bad man, it would be ſtill a misfortune, even though he had been rich. O, that would alter the caſe, ſaid ſhe; a *fat ſorrow is better than a lean one.* But to marry a beggar! there is no ſin like that. Here Miſs Betſy, who ſtood ſullenly by, put in a word, and ſaid, her ſiſter, however, had not diſgraced herſelf by having married a Farmer or a tradeſman, ſhe had, at leaſt, made choice of a Gentleman. What marriage! what Gentleman! cried the afflicted father. Tell me the worſt! He was now informed that his darling daughter was gone off with a ſtrolling-player, who had been acting in the neighbouring villages lately. Miſs Betſy again put in, ſaying, he was no ſtroller, but a Gentleman in diſguiſe, who only acted for his own diverſion. Does he ſo? ſaid the now furious Bragwell, then he ſhall be tranſported for mine. At this moment a letter was brought him from his new ſon-in-law, who deſired his leave to wait upon him, and implore his forgiveneſs. He owned he had been ſhopman to a haberdaſher, but thinking his perſon and talents ought

not to be thrown away upon trade, and being alſo a little behind hand, he had taken to the ſtage with a view of making his fortune. That he had married Miſs Bragwell entirely for love, and was ſorry to mention ſo paltry a thing as money, which he deſpiſed, but that his wants were preſſing; his landlord, to whom he was in debt, having been ſo vulgar as to threaten to ſend him to priſon. He ended with ſaying, I have been obliged to ſhock your daughter's delicacy, by confeſſing my unlucky real name; I believe I owe part of my ſucceſs with her to my having aſſumed that of Auguſtus Frederic Theodoſius. She is inconſolable at this confeſſion, which, as you are now my father, I muſt alſo make to you, and ſubſcribe myſelf, with many bluſhes, by the vulgar name of your dutiful ſon,

TIMOTHY INCLE.

O, cried the afflicted father, as he tore the letter in a rage, Miſs Bragwell married to a ſtrolling actor! How ſhall I bear it? Why, I would not bear it at all, cried the enraged mother, I would never ſee her, I would never forgive her. I would let her ſtarve at one corner of the barn, while that raſcal, with all thoſe Pagan, Popiſh names, was ranting away at the other. Nay, ſaid Miſs Betſy, if he is only a ſhopman, and if his name be really Timothy Incle, I would never forgive her neither. But who would have thought it by his looks, and by his monſtrous genteel behaviour? no, he never can have ſo vulgar a name.

Come, come, ſaid Mr. Worthy, were he really

an honeſt haberdaſher, I ſhould think there was no other harm done, except the diſobedience of the thing. Mr. Bragwell, this is no time to blame you, or hardly to reaſon with you, I feel for you ſincerely. I ought not, perhaps, juſt at preſent, to reproach you for the miſtaken manner in which you have bred up your daughters, as your error has brought its puniſhment along with it. You now ſee, becauſe you now feel the evil of a falſe education. It has ruined your daughter; your whole plan unavoidably led to ſome ſuch end. The large ſums you ſpent to qualify them, as you thought, for a high ſtation, could do them nothing but harm, while your habits of life properly confined them to company of a lower ſtation. While they were better dreſt than the daughters of the firſt gentry, they were worſe taught, as to real knowledge, than the daughters of your plowmen. Their vanity has been raiſed by exceſſive finery, and kept alive by exceſſive flattery. Every evil temper has been foſtered by indulgence. Their pride has never been controuled; their ſelf-will has never been ſubdued. Their idleneſs has laid them open to every temptation, and their abundance has enabled them to gratify every deſire. Their time, that precious talent, has been entirely waſted. Every thing they have been taught to do is of no uſe, while they are utterly unacquainted with all which they ought to have known. I deplore Miſs Polly's falſe ſtep. That ſhe ſhould have married a run-away ſhopman, turned ſtroller, I truly lament. But, for what huſband was ſhe qualified? For the wife of a

Farmer ſhe was too idle. For the wife of a Tradeſman ſhe was too expenſive. For the wife of a Gentleman ſhe was too ignorant. You yourſelf was moſt to blame. You expected her to act wiſely, though you never taught her that *fear of God which is the beginning of wiſdom.* I owe it to you, as a friend, and to myſelf as a Chriſtian, to declare, that your practices in the common tranſactions of life, as well as your preſent misfortune, are almoſt the natural conſequences of thoſe falſe principles, which I proteſted againſt when you were at my houſe *.

Mrs. Bragwell attempted ſeveral times to interrupt Mr. Worthy, but her huſband would not permit it. He felt the force of all his friend ſaid, and encouraged him to proceed. Mr. Worthy thus went on. It grieves me to ſay how much your own indiſcretion has contributed even to bring on your preſent misfortune. You gave your countenance to this very company of ſtrollers, though you knew they are acting in defiance to the laws of the land, to ſay no worſe. They go from town to town, and from barn to barn, ſtripping the poor of their money, the young of their innocence, and all of their time. Do you remember with how much pride you told me that you had beſpoke *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, for the benefit of this very Mr. Frederic Theodoſius? To this pernicious ribaldry you not only carried your own family, but waſted I

* See Second Part of Two Farmers.

know not how much money in treating your workmens' wives and children, in theſe hard times too, when they have ſcarcely bread to eat, or a ſhoe on their feet. And all this only that you might have the abſurd pleaſure of ſeeing thoſe flattering words, *By Deſire of Mr. Bragwell*, ſtuck up in Print at the Public-houſe, on the Blackſmith's ſhed, at the Turnpike-gate, and on the Barn-door.

Mr. Bragwell acknowledged that his friend's rebuke was but too juſt, and he looked ſo very contrite as to raiſe the pity of Mr. Worthy, who, in a mild voice, thus went on. What I have ſaid is not ſo much to reproach you with the ruin of one daughter, as from a deſire to ſave the other. Let Miſs Betſy go home with me. I do not undertake to be her gaoler, but I will be her friend. She will find in my daughters kind companions, and in my wife a prudent guide. I know ſhe will diſlike us at firſt, but I do not deſpair in time of convincing her that a ſober, humble, uſeful, pious life, is as neceſſary to make us happy on earth, as it is to fit us for heaven.

Poor Miſs Betſy, though ſhe declared it would be *frightful dull*, and *monſtrous vulgar*, and *diſmal melancholy*, yet was ſhe ſo terrified at the diſcontent and grumbling which ſhe would have to endure at home, that ſhe ſullenly conſented. She had none of that filial tenderneſs which led her to wiſh to ſtay and ſooth and comfort her afflicted father. All ſhe thought about was to get out of the way of her mother's ill humour,

and to carry so much finery with her as to fill the Miss Worthies with envy and respect. Poor girl! she did not know that envy was a feeling they never indulged; and that fine clothes was the last thing to draw their respect. Mr. Worthy took her home next day. When they reached his house, they found there young Wilson, Miss Betsy's old admirer. She was much pleased at this, and resolved to treat him well. But her good or ill treatment now signified but little. This young Grazier reverenced Mr. Worthy's character, and ever since he had met him at the Lion, had been thinking what a happiness it would be to marry a young woman bred up by such a father. He had heard much of the modesty and discretion of both the daughters, but his inclination now determined him in favour of the elder.

Mr. Worthy, who knew him to be a young man of good sense and sound principles, allowed him to become a visitor at his house, but deferred his consent to the marriage till he knew him more thoroughly. Mr. Wilson, from what he saw of the domestic piety of this family, improved daily, both in the knowledge and practice of religion, and Mr. Worthy soon formed him into a most valuable character. During this time Miss Bragwell's hopes had revived, but though she appeared in a new dress almost every day, she had the mortification of being beheld with great indifference by one whom she had always secretly liked. Mr. Wilson married before her face a girl who was

greatly her inferior in fortune, perſon, and appearance, but who was humble, frugal, meek, and pious. Miſs Bragwell now ſtrongly felt the truth of what Mr. Wilſon had once told her, that a woman may make an excellent partner for a dance, who would make a very bad one for life.

Hitherto Mr. Bragwell and his daughters had only learnt to regret their folly and vanity, as it had produced them mortification in this life; whether they were ever brought to a more ſerious ſenſe of their errors, may be ſeen in a future part of this hiſtory.

Z.

PART VI.

MR. BRAGWELL was so much afflicted at the disgraceful marriage of his daughter, who ran off with Timothy Incle, the strolling-player, that he never fully recovered his spirits. His cheerfulness, which had arisen from an high opinion of himself, had been confirmed by a constant flow of uninterrupted success; and that is a sort of cheerfulness which is very liable to be impaired, because it lies at the mercy of every accident and cross event in life. But though his pride was now disappointed, his misfortunes had not taught him any humility, because he had not discovered that they were caused by his own fault; nor had he acquired any patience or submission, because he had not learnt that all afflictions come from the hand of God to awaken us to a deep sense of our sins, and to draw off our hearts from the perishing vanities of this life. Besides, Mr. Bragwell was one of those people, who, even if they would be thought to bear with tolerable submission such trials as appear to be sent more immediately from Providence, yet think they have a sort of right to rebel at every misfortune which befals them through the fault of a fellow-creature; as if our fellow-creatures were not the agents and instruments by which Providence often sees fit to try or to punish us. This imprudent daughter, Bragwell would not be brought to see or forgive, nor was the de-

grading name of Mrs. Incle ever allowed to be pronounced in his hearing. He had loved her with an exceſſive and undue affection; and while ſhe gratified his vanity by her beauty and finery, he deemed her faults of little conſequence; but when ſhe diſappointed his ambition by a diſgraceful marriage, all his natural affection only ſerved to increaſe his reſentment. Yet, though he regretted her crime leſs than his own mortification, he never ceaſed in ſecret to lament her loſs. She ſoon found out ſhe was undone, and wrote in a ſtrain of bitter repentance to aſk his forgiveneſs. She owned that her huſband, whom ſhe had ſuppoſed to be a man of faſhion in diſguiſe, was a low perſon in diſtreſſed circumſtances. She implored that her father, though he refuſed to give her huſband that fortune for which alone it was now too plain he had married her, would at leaſt allow her ſome ſubſiſtence, for that Mr. Incle was much in debt, and ſhe feared in danger of a goal. The father's heart was half melted at this account, and his affection was for a time awakened. But Mrs. Bragwell oppoſed his ſending her any aſſiſtance. She always made it a point of duty never to forgive; "for ſhe ſaid it only encouraged thoſe who had done wrong once to do worſe next time. For her part ſhe had never yet been guilty of ſo mean and pitiful a weakneſs as to forgive any one; for to pardon an injury always ſhewed either want of ſpirit to feel it, or want of power to reſent it. She was reſolved ſhe would never ſquander the money for which ſhe had worked early and late, on a baggage who had thrown herſelf away on a beggar, while ſhe had a daughter ſingle who

might raiſe her family by a great match." I am ſorry to ſay that Mrs. Bragwell's anger was not owing to the undutifulneſs of the daughter, or the worthleſſneſs of the huſband; poverty was in her eyes the grand crime. The doctrine of forgiveneſs, as a religious principle, made no more a part of Mr. Bragwell's ſyſtem than of his wife's, but in natural feeling, particularly for this offending daughter, he much exceeded her.

In a few months, the youngeſt Miſs Bragwell deſired leave to return home from Mr. Worthy's. She had, indeed, only conſented to go thither as a leſs evil of the two than ſtaying in her father's houſe after her ſiſter's elopement. But the ſobriety and ſimplicity of Mr. Worthy's family were irkſome to her. Habits of vanity and idleneſs were become ſo rooted in her mind, that any degree of reſtraint was a burthen; and though ſhe was outwardly civil, it was eaſy to ſee that ſhe longed to get away. She reſolved, however, to profit by her ſiſter's faults; and made her parents eaſy by aſſuring them ſhe never would throw herſelf away on *a man who was worth nothing*. Encouraged by theſe promiſes, which were all that her parents thought they could in reaſon expect, her father allowed her to come home.

Mr. Worthy, who accompanied her, found Mr. Bragwell gloomy and dejected. As his houſe was no longer a ſcene of vanity and feſtivity, Mr. Bragwell tried to make himſelf and his friend believe that he was grown religious; whereas he was only become diſcontented. As he had always fancied that piety was a melancholy gloomy thing, and as he felt his own mind really gloomy, he was willing

to think that he was growing pious. He had, indeed, gone more conſtantly to church, and had taken leſs pleaſure in feaſting and cards, and now and then read a chapter in the Bible; but all this was becauſe his ſpirits were low, and not becauſe his heart was changed. The outward actions were more regular, but the inward man was the ſame. The forms of religion were reſorted to as a painful duty; but this only added to his miſery, while he was utterly ignorant of its ſpirit and its power. He ſtill, however, reſerved religion as a loathſome medicine, to which he feared he muſt have recourſe at laſt, and of which he even now conſidered every abſtinence from pleaſure, or every exerciſe of piety as a bitter doſe. His health alſo was impaired, ſo that his friend found him in a pitiable ſtate, neither able to receive pleaſure from the world, which he ſo dearly loved, nor from religion which he ſo greatly feared. He expected to have been much commended by Worthy for the change in his way of life; but Worthy, who ſaw that the alteration was only owing to the loſs of animal ſpirits, and to the caſual abſence of temptation, was cautious of flattering him too much. "I thought, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he, "to have received more comfort from you. I was told too, that religion was full of comfort, but I do not much find it." You were told the truth, replied Worthy, Religion is full of comfort, but you muſt firſt be brought into a ſtate fit to receive it before it can become ſo; you muſt be brought to a deep and humbling ſenſe of ſin. To give you comfort while you are puffed up with high thoughts of yourſelf, would be to give you a ſtrong

cordial in a high fever. Religion keeps back her cordials till the patient is lowered and emptied; emptied of ſelf, Mr. Bragwell. If you had a wound, it muſt be examined and cleanſed, aye, and probed too, before it would be ſafe to put on a healing plaiſter. Curing it to the outward eye, while it was corrupt at bottom, would only bring on a mortification, and you would be a dead man while you truſted that the plaiſter was curing you. You muſt be, indeed, a Chriſtian, before you can be entitled to the comforts of Chriſtianity.—I am a Chriſtian, ſaid Bragwell, many of my friends are Chriſtians, but I do not ſee it has done us much good.—Chriſtianity itſelf, anſwered Worthy, cannot make us good unleſs it be applied to our hearts. Chriſtian privileges will not make us Chriſtians unleſs we make uſe of them. On that ſhelf I ſee ſtands your medicine. The doctor orders you to take it. "*Have* you taken it?"—Yes, replied Bragwell. Are you the better for it? ſaid Worthy.—I think I am, he replied.—But, added Worthy, are you the better becauſe the doctor has ordered it merely, or becauſe you have alſo taken it?—What a fooliſh queſtion! cried Bragwell.—Why, to be ſure the doctor might be the beſt doctor, and his phyſic the beſt phyſic in the world; but if it ſtood for ever on the ſhelf, I could not expect to be cured by it. My doctor is not a mountebank. He does not pretend to cure by a charm. The phyſic is good, and as it ſuits my caſe, though it is bitter, I take it.—You have now, ſaid Worthy, explained undeſignedly the reaſon why religion does ſo little good in the world. It is not a mountebank; it does not work by a charm; but offers

to cure your worſt corruptions by wholeſome, though ſometimes bitter preſcriptions. But you will not take them; you will not apply to God with the ſame earneſt deſire to be healed with which you apply to your doctor; you will not confeſs your ſins to the one as honeſtly as you tell your ſymptoms to the other, nor read your Bible with the ſame faith and ſubmiſſion with which you take your medicine. In reading it, however, you muſt take care not to apply to yourſelf the comforts which are not ſuited to your caſe. You muſt, by the grace of God, be brought into a condition to be entitled to the promiſes, before you can expect the comfort of them. Conviction is not converſion; that worldly diſcontent which is the effect of worldly diſappointment, is not that *godly ſorrow which worketh repentance.* Beſides, while you have been purſuing all the gratifications of the world, do not complain that you have not all the comforts of Religion too. Could you live in the full enjoyment of both, *the Bible would not be true.*

Bragwell now ſeemed reſolved to ſet about the matter in earneſt, but he reſolved in his own ſtrength; and, unluckily, the very day Mr. Worthy took leave, there happened to be a grand ball at the next town, on account of the aſſizes. An aſſize-ball is a ſcene to which gentlemen and ladies periodically reſort to celebrate the crimes and calamities of their fellow-creatures by dancing and muſic, and to divert themſelves with feaſting and drinking, while unhappy wretches are receiving ſentence of death.

To this ball Miſs Bragwell went, dreſſed out with a double portion of finery, pouring out on

her own head the whole band-box of feathers and flowers her ſiſter had left behind her. While ſhe was at the ball her father formed many plans of religious reformation: he talked of leſſening his buſineſs, that he might have more leiſure for devotion; though not *juſt now*, while the markets were ſo high; and then he began to think of ſending a handſome ſubſcription to the Infirmary; though, on ſecond thoughts, he concluded he need not be *in a hurry*, but leave it in his will; but to give, and repent, and reform, were three things he was bent upon. But when his daughter came home at night, ſo happy and ſo fine, and telling how ſhe had danced with 'Squire Squeeze the great corn contractor, and how many fine things he had ſaid to her, Mr. Bragwell felt the old ſpirit of the world return in its full force. A marriage with Mr. Daſhall Squeeze, the contractor, was beyond his hopes, for Mr. Squeeze was ſuppoſed from a very low beginning to have got rich during the war. As for Mr. Squeeze he had picked up as much of the hiſtory of his partner between the dances as he deſired; he was convinced there would be no money wanting, for Miſs Bragwell, who was now looked on as an only child, muſt needs be a great fortune, and he was too much uſed to advantageous contracts to let this ſlip.—As he was gaudily dreſſed, and poſſeſſed all the arts of vulgar flattery, Miſs Bragwell eagerly caught at his propoſal to wait on her father next day. Squeeze was quite a man after Bragwell's own heart, a genius at getting money, a fine daſhing fellow at ſpending it. He told his wife that this was the very ſort of man for his daughter, for

he got money like a Jew, and ſpent it like a Prince; but whether it was fairly got, or wiſely ſpent, he was too much a man of the world to enquire. Mrs. Bragwell was not ſo run away with by appearances, but ſhe deſired her huſband to be careful and quite ſure that it was the right Mr. Squeeze, and no impoſtor. But being aſſured that Betſey would certainly keep her carriage, ſhe never gave herſelf one thought with what ſort of man ſhe was to ride in it. To have one of her daughters drive in her own coach, filled up all her ideas of human happineſs. The marriage was celebrated with great ſplendor, and Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze ſet off for London, where they had a houſe.

Mr. Bragwell now tried to forget that he had any other daughter, and if ſome thoughts of the reſolutions he had made of entering on a more religious courſe would ſometimes force themſelves upon him, they were put off, like the repentance of Felix, *to a more convenient ſeaſon*; and finding he was likely to have a grandchild, he became more worldly and ambitious than ever, thinking this a juſt pretence for adding houſe to houſe, and field to field; and there is no ſtratagem by which men more deceive themſelves than when they make even unborn children a pretence for that rapine, or that hoarding, of which their own covetouſneſs is the true motive. Whenever he ventured to write to Mr. Worthy about the wealth, the gaiety, and the grandeur of Mr. and Mrs. Squeeze, that faithful friend honeſtly reminded him of the vanity and uncertainty of worldly greatneſs, and the error he had been guilty of in

marrying his daughter before he had taken time to inquire into the real character of the man, ſaying, that he could not help foreboding, that the happineſs of a match made at a ball might have an end. Notwithſtanding, Mr. and Mrs. Bragwell had paid down a larger fortune than was prudent, for fear Mr. Squeeze ſhould fly off, yet he was ſurpriſed to receive very ſoon a preſſing letter from him, deſiring him to advance a conſiderable ſum, as he had the offer of an advantageous purchaſe, which he muſt loſe for want of money. Bragwell was ſtaggered, and refuſed to comply; but his wife told him he muſt not be ſhabby to ſuch a gentleman as 'Squire Squeeze, for that ſhe heard on all ſides ſuch accounts of their grandeur, their feaſts, their carriages, and their liveries, that ſhe and her huſband ought even to deny themſelves comforts to oblige ſuch a generous ſon, who did all this in honour of their daughter; beſides, if he did not ſend the money ſoon, they might be obliged to lay down their coach, and then ſhe ſhould never be able to ſhew her face again. At length Mr Bragwell lent him the money on his bond: he knew Squeeze's income was large, for he had carefully enquired into this particular, and for the reſt he took his word. Mrs. Squeeze alſo got great preſents from her mother, by repreſenting to her how expenſively they were forced to live to keep up their credit, and what honour ſhe was conferring on the family of the Bragwells by ſpending their money in ſuch grand company. Among many other letters ſhe wrote her the following:

"*To Mrs. Bragwell.*

"You can't imagine, dear mother, how charm

ingly we live—I lie a-bed almoſt all day, and am up all night: but it is never dark for all that, for we burn ſuch numbers of candles all at once, that the ſun would be of no uſe at all in London.—Then I am ſo happy! for we are never quiet a moment, Sundays or working-days, nay, I ſhould not know which was which, only that we have moſt pleaſure on a Sunday, becauſe it is the only day in which people have nothing to do but divert themſelves.—Then the great folks are all ſo kind, and ſo good, they have not a bit of pride, for they will come and eat and drink, and win my money juſt as if I was their equals; and if I have got but a cold they are ſo very unhappy that they ſend to know how I do; and though I ſuppoſe they can't reſt till the footman has told them, yet they are ſo polite, that if I have been dying they ſeem to have forgot it next time we meet, and not to know but they have ſeen me the day before. Oh! they are true friends; and for ever ſmiling, and ſo fond of one another, that they like to meet and enjoy one another's company by hundreds, and always think the more the merrier.

Your dutiful daughter,

BETSEY SQUEEZE."

The ſtyle of her letters, however, altered in a few months. She owned, that though things went on gayer and grander than ever, yet ſhe hardly ever ſaw her huſband, except her houſe was full of company, and cards, or dancing was going on; that he was often ſo buſy he could not come all

night; that he always borrowed the money her mother ſent her when he was going out on this nightly buſineſs; and that the laſt time ſhe had aſked *him* for money, he curſed, and ſwore, and bid her apply to the old farmer and his rib, who were made of money. This letter Mrs. Bragwell concealed from her huſband.

At length, on ſome change in public affairs, Mr. Squeeze, who had made an overcharge of ſome thouſand pounds in one article, loſt his contract; he was found to owe a large debt to government, and his accounts muſt be made up immediately. This was impoſſible; he had not only ſpent his large income without making any proviſion for his family, but had contracted heavy debts by gaming and other vices. His creditors poured in upon him. He wrote to Bragwell to borrow another ſum; but without hinting at the loſs of his contract. Theſe repeated demands made Bragwell ſo uneaſy, that inſtead of ſending him the money, he reſolved to go himſelf ſecretly to London, and judge by his own eyes how things were going on, as his mind ſtrangely miſgave him. He got to Mr. Squeeze's houſe about eleven at night, and knocked gently, concluding that they muſt needs be gone to bed. But what was his aſtoniſhment to find the hall was full of men! He puſhed through in ſpite of them, though to his great ſurpriſe they inſiſted on knowing his name. This affronted him: he refuſed, ſaying, I am not aſhamed of my name, it will paſs for thouſands in any market in the Weſt of England. Is this your London manners, not to let a man of my credit in without knowing his name indeed! What

was his amazement to ſee every room as full of card-tables, and of fine gentlemen and ladies, as it would hold; all was ſo light, and ſo gay, and ſo feſtive, and ſo grand, that he reproached himſelf for his ſuſpicions, thought nothing too good for them, and reſolved ſecretly to give Squeeze another five hundred pounds to help to keep up ſo much grandeur and happineſs. At length, ſeeing a footman he knew, he aſked him where were his maſter and miſtreſs, for he could not pick them out among the company; or rather his ideas were ſo confuſed with the ſplendor of the ſcene, that he did not know whether they were there or not. The man ſaid, that his maſter had juſt ſent for his lady up ſtairs, and he believed that he was not well. Mr. Bragwell ſaid he would go up himſelf, and look for his daughter, as he could not ſpeak ſo freely to her before all that company. He went up and knocked at the chamber door, and its not being opened, made him puſh it with ſome violence. He heard a buſtling noiſe within, and again made a fruitleſs attempt to open the door. At this the noiſe increaſed, and Mr. Bragwell was ſtruck to the heart at the ſound of a piſtol from within. He now kicked ſo violently againſt the door that it burſt open, when the firſt ſight he ſaw was his daughter falling to the ground in a fit, and Mr. Squeeze dying by a ſhot from a piſtol which was dropping out of his hand. Mr. Bragwell was not the only perſon whom the ſound of the piſtol had alarmed. The ſervants, the company, all heard it, and all ran up to this ſcene of horror. Thoſe who had the beſt of the game took care to bring up their tricks in their hands,

having had the prudence to leave the very few who could be truſted, to watch the ſtakes, while thoſe who had a proſpect of loſing, profited by the confuſion, and threw up their cards. All was diſmay and terror. Some ran for a ſurgeon, other examined the dying man, while ſome removed Mrs. Squeeze to her bed, while poor Bragwell could neither ſee, nor hear, nor do any thing. One of the company took up a letter which lay open upon the table, addreſſed to him; they read it, hoping it might explain the horrid myſtery. It was as follows:

"*To Mr. Bragwell.*

"SIR,

"Fetch home your daughter; I have ruined her, myſelf, and the child, to which ſhe every hour expects to be a mother. I have loſt my contract. My debts are immenſe. You refuſe me money: I muſt die then; but I will die like a man of ſpirit. They wait to take me to priſon; I have two executions in my houſe; but I have ten card tables in it. I would die as I have lived. I invited all this company, and have drank hard ſince dinner to get primed for the dreadful deed. My wife refuſes to write to you for another thouſand, and ſhe muſt take the conſequences. *Vanity* has been my ruin. It has cauſed all my crimes. Whoever is reſolved to live beyond his income is liable to every ſin. He can never ſay to himſelf, thus far ſhalt thou go and no farther. Vanity led me to commit acts of rapine, that I might live in ſplendor; vanity makes me commit ſelf-

murder, becauſe I will not live in poverty. The new philoſophy ſays, that death is an eternal ſleep; but the new philoſophy lies. Do you take heed: it is too late for me. The dreadful gulf yawns to ſwallow me—I plunge into perdition. There is no repentance in the grave, no hope in hell.

Yours,

DASHALL SQUEEZE."

The dead body was removed, and Mr. Bragwell remaining almoſt without ſpeech, or motion, the company began to think of retiring, much out of humour, at having their party ſo diſagreeably broken up; they comforted themſelves, however, that as it were *ſo early*, for it was now ſcarcely twelve, they could finiſh their evening at another party or two; ſo completely do habits of *pleaſure*, as it is called, harden the heart, and ſteel it not only againſt virtuous impreſſions, but againſt natural feelings. Now it was, that thoſe who had nightly rioted at the expence of thoſe wretched people were the firſt to abuſe them. Not an offer of aſſiſtance was made to this poor forlorn woman; not a word of kindneſs, or of pity; nothing but cenſure was now heard. Why muſt thoſe upſtarts ape people of quality? though as long as theſe upſtarts could feaſt them, their vulgarity, and their bad character had never been produced againſt them. "As long as thou doſt well unto thyſelf, men ſhall ſpeak good of thee." One gueſt who, unluckily, had no other houſe to go to, coolly ſaid, as he walked off,—Squeeze might as well have put off ſhooting himſelf till

the morning. It was monſtrous provoking that he could not wait an hour or two.

As every thing in the houſe was ſeized, Mr. Bragwell prevailed on his miſerable daughter, weak as ſhe was, next morning to ſet out with him for the country. His acquaintance with polite life was ſhort, but he had ſeen a great deal in a little time. They had a ſlow and a ſad journey. In about a week, Mrs. Squeeze lay-in of a dead child, ſhe herſelf languiſhed a few days and then died; and the afflicted parents ſaw the two darling objects of their ambition, for whoſe ſakes they had made *too much haſte to be rich*, carried to the land where all things are forgotten. Mrs. Bragwell's grief, like her other paſſions, was extravagant; and poor Bragwell's ſorrow was rendered ſo bitter by ſelf-reproach, that he would quite have ſunk under it, had he not thought of his old expedient in diſtreſs, that of ſending for Mr. Worthy to comfort him. It was Mr. Worthy's way, to warn people of thoſe misfortunes which he ſaw their faults muſt needs bring on them, but not to reproach, or deſert them when the misfortunes came. He had never been near Bragwell during the ſhort, but flouriſhing, reign of the Squeeze's; for he knew that proſperity made the ears deaf, and the heart hard, to good counſel; but as ſoon as he heard his friend was in trouble he ſet out to go to him. Bragwell burſt out into a violent fit of tears when he ſaw him, and when he could ſpeak, ſaid, This trial is more than I can bear. Mr. Worthy kindly took him by the hand, and when he was a little compoſed, ſaid, I will tell you a ſhort ſtory. There was in ancient

times a famous man who was a ſlave. His Maſter, who was very good to him, one day gave him a bitter melon, and bade him eat it; he eat it up without one word of complaint. How was it poſſible, ſaid the maſter, for you to eat ſo very nauſeous and diſagreeable a fruit? The ſlave replied, My good maſter, I have received ſo many favours from your bounty, that it is no wonder if I ſhould once in my life eat one bitter melon from your hands. This generous anſwer ſo ſtruck the maſter, that the hiſtory ſays, he gave him his liberty. With ſuch ſubmiſſive ſentiments, my friend, ſhould man receive his portion of ſufferings from God, from whom he receives ſo many bleſſings. You in particular have received much good at the hand of God, ſhall you not receive evil alſo?

O, Mr. Worthy, ſaid Bragwell, this blow is too heavy for me, I cannot ſurvive this ſhock. I do not deſire it, I only deſire to die. We are very apt to talk moſt of dying when we are leaſt fit for it, ſaid Wothy. This is not the language of that ſubmiſſion which makes us prepare for death, but of that deſpair which makes us out of humour with life. O, Mr. Bragwell, you are indeed diſappointed of the grand ends which made life ſo delightful to you; but till your heart is humbled, till you are brought to a ſerious conviction of ſin, till you are brought to ſee what is the true end of life, you can have no hope in death. You think you have no buſineſs on earth, becauſe thoſe for whoſe ſake you too eagerly heaped up riches are no more. But is there not under the canopy of heaven ſome afflicted being whom you

may yet relieve, ſome modeſt merit which you may bring forward, ſome helpleſs creature you may ſave by your advice, ſome periſhing chriſtian you may ſuſtain by your wealth? When you have no ſins of your own to repent of, no mercies of God to be thankful for, no miſeries of others to relieve, then, and not till then, I conſent you ſhould ſink down in deſpair, and call on death to relieve you.

Mr. Worthy attended his afflicted friend to the funeral of his unhappy daughter and her babe. The ſolemn ſervice, the committing his late gay and beautiful daughter to darkneſs, to worms, and to corruption, the ſight of the dead infant, for whoſe ſake he had reſumed all his ſchemes of vanity and covetouſneſs, when he thought he had got the better of them, the melancholy conviction that all human proſperity ends in *aſhes to aſhes and duſt to duſt*, had brought down Mr. Bragwell's ſelf-ſufficient and haughty ſoul into ſomething of that humble frame in which Mr. Worthy had wiſhed to ſee it. As ſoon as they returned home he was beginning to ſeize the favourable moment for fixing theſe ſerious impreſſions, when they were unſeaſonably interrupted by the pariſh officer, who came to aſk Mr. Bragwell what he was to do with a poor dying woman who was travelling the country with her child, and was taken in a fit under the church-yard wall? At firſt they thought ſhe was dead, ſaid the man, but finding ſhe ſtill breathed, they have carried her into the workhouſe till ſhe could give ſome account of herſelf. Mr. Bragwell was impatient at the interruption, which was indeed unſeaſonable,

and told the man he was at that time too much overcome by ſorrow to attend to buſineſs, but he would give him an anſwer to-morrow. But my friend, ſaid Mr. Worthy, the poor woman may die to-night; your mind is indeed not in a frame for worldly buſineſs, but there is no ſorrow too great to forbid our attending the calls of duty. An act of chriſtian charity will not diſturb but improve the ſerioufneſs of your ſpirit, and though you cannot dry your own tears, God may, in great mercy, permit you to dry thoſe of another. This may be one of thoſe occaſions for which I told you life was worth keeping. Do let us ſee this woman. Bragwell was not in a ſtate either to conſent or refuſe, and his friend drew him to the workhouſe, about the door of which ſtood a crowd of people. She is not dead, ſaid one, ſhe moves her head. But ſhe wants air, ſaid they all, while they all, according to cuſtom, puſhed ſo cloſe upon her that it was impoſſible ſhe could get any. A fine boy of two or three years old ſtood by her, crying, Mammy is dead, mammy is ſtarved. Mr. Worthy made up to the poor woman, holding his friend by the arm: in order to give her air he untied a large black bonnet which hid her face, when Mr. Bragwell, at that moment caſting his eyes on her, ſaw in this poor ſtranger the face of his own run-away daughter, Mrs. Incle. He groaned, but could not ſpeak, and as he was turning away to conceal his anguiſh, the little boy fondly caught hold of his hand, liſping out—O ſtay, and give mammy ſome bread. His heart yearned towards the child; he graſped his little hand in his, while he

ſorrowfully ſaid to Mr. Worthy, It is too much, ſend away the people. It is my dear, naughty child; *my puniſhment is greater than I can bear.* Mr. Worthy deſired the people to go and leave the ſtranger to them; but by this time ſhe was no ſtranger to any of them. Pale and meagre as was her face, and poor and ſhabby as was her dreſs, the proud and flaunting Miſs Polly Bragwell was eaſily known by every one preſent. They went away, but with the mean revenge of little minds, they paid themſelves by abuſe, for all the airs and inſolence they had once endured from her. Pride muſt have a fall, ſaid one. I remember when ſhe was too good to ſpeak to a poor body, ſaid another; where are her flounces and her furbelows now? It is come home to her at laſt. Her child looks as if he would be glad of the worſt bit ſhe formerly denied us.

In the mean time Mr. Bragwell had ſunk in an old wicker chair which ſtood behind, and groaned out, Lord forgive my hard heart! Lord ſubdue my proud heart, "create a clean heart, O God, and renew a right ſpirit within me." This was perhaps the firſt word of genuine prayer he had ever offered up in his whole life. Worthy overheard it, and his heart rejoiced, but this was not a time for talking, but doing. He aſked Bragwell what was to be done with the unfortunate woman, who now ſeemed to recover faſt, but ſhe did not ſee them, for they were behind. She embraced her boy, and faintly ſaid, My child, what ſhall we do? *I will ariſe and go to my father, and ſay unto him, father, I have ſinned againſt heaven aud before thee.* This was a joyful ſound to Mr. Worthy,

who began to hope that her heart might be as much changed for the better as her circumſtances were altered for the worſe, and he valued the goods of fortune ſo little, and contrition of ſoul ſo much, that he began to think the change on the whole might be a happy one. The boy then ſprung from his mother and ran to Bragwell, ſaying, Do be good to mammy. Mrs. Incle looking round, now perceived her father; ſhe fell at his feet, ſaying, O forgive your guilty child, and ſave your innocent one from ſtarving. Bragwell ſunk down by her, and prayed God to forgive both her and himſelf, in terms of genuine ſorrow. To hear words of real penitence and heart-felt prayer from this once high-minded father and vain daughter, was muſic to Worthy's ears, who thought this moment of outward miſery was the only joyful one he had ever ſpent in the Bragwell family. He was reſolved not to interfere, but to let the father's own feelings work out the way in which he was to act. Bragwell ſaid nothing, but ſlowly led to his own houſe, holding the little boy by the hand, and pointing to Worthy to aſſiſt the feeble ſteps of his daughter, who once more entered her father's doors; but the dread of ſeeing her mother quite overpowered her. Mrs. Bragwell's heart was not changed, but ſorrow had weakened her powers of reſiſtance, and ſhe rather ſuffered her daughter to come in, than gave her a kind reception. She was more aſtoniſhed than pleaſed; and, even in this trying moment, was more diſguſted with the little boy's mean cloaths, than delighted with his roſy face. As ſoon as ſhe was a little recovered, Mr. Bragwell deſired his

daughter to tell him how she happened to be at that place just at that time.

In a weak voice she began: My tale, Sir, is short, but mournful.—Now I am very sorry that my Readers must wait for this short but mournful tale, till next month.

PART VII.

I LEFT your house, my dear father, said Mrs. Incle, with a heart full of vain triumph. I had no doubt but my husband was a great man who had put on that disguise to obtain my hand. Judge then what I felt to find that he was a needy impostor, who wanted my money but did not care for me. This discovery, though it mortified, did not humble me. I had neither affection to bear with the man who had deceived me, nor religion to improve by the disappointment. I have found that change of circumstances does not change the heart, till God is pleased to do it. My misfortunes only taught me to rebel more against him. I thought God unjust; I accused my father; I was envious of my sister; I hated my husband; but never once did I blame myself. My husband picked up a wretched subsistence by joining himself to any low scheme of idle pleasure that was going on. He would follow a mountebank, carry a dice-box, or fiddle at a fair. He was always taunting me for that gentility on which I so much valued myself. If I had married a poor, working

girl, ſaid he, ſhe could now have got her bread; but a fine lady, without money, is a burthen to her huſband, and a plague to ſociety. Every trial which affection might have made lighter, we doubled by animoſity; at length my huſband was detected in uſing falſe dice; he fought with his accuſer, both were ſeized by a preſs-gang, and ſent to ſea. I was now left to the wide world, and miſerable as I had thought myſelf before, I ſoon found there were higher degrees of miſery. I was near my time, without bread for myſelf, or hope for my child. I ſet out on foot in ſearch of the village where I had heard my huſband ſay his friends lived. It was a ſevere trial to my proud heart to ſtoop to thoſe low people, but hunger is not delicate, and I was near periſhing. My huſband's parents received me kindly, ſaying, that though they had nothing but what they earned by their labour, yet I was welcome to ſhare their hard fare, for they truſted that God who ſent mouths would ſend meat alſo. They gave me a ſmall room in their cottage, and many neceſſaries, which they denied themſelves.

O, my child, interrupted Bragwell, every word cuts me to the heart. Theſe poor people gladly gave thee of their little, while thy rich parents left thee to ſtarve.

How ſhall I own, continued Mrs. Incle, that all this goodneſs could not ſoften my heart, for God had not yet touched it. I received all their kindneſs as a favour done to them. When my father brought me home any little dainty which he could pick up, and my mother kindly dreſſed it for me, I would not condeſcend to eat it with

them, but devoured it ſullenly in my little garret alone, ſuffering them to fetch and carry every thing I wanted. As my haughty behaviour was not likely to gain their affection, it was plain they did not love me; and as I had no notion that there were any other motives to good actions but fondneſs, or ſelf-intereſt, I was puzzled to know what could make them ſo kind to me, for of the powerful and conſtraining law of chriſtian charity I was quite ignorant. To cheat the weary hours, I looked about for ſome books, and found, among a few others of the ſame caſt, *Doddridge's Riſe and Progreſs of Religion in the Soul.* But all thoſe books were addreſſed to *ſinners*; now as I knew I was not a ſinner, I threw them away in diſguſt. Indeed they were ill ſuited to a taſte formed by novels, to which reading I chiefly trace my ruin, for, vain as I was, I ſhould never have been guilty of ſo wild a ſtep as to run away, had not my heart been tainted, and my imagination inflamed, by thoſe pernicious books.

At length my little George was born. This added to the burthen I had brought upon this poor family, but it did not diminiſh their kindneſs, and we continued to ſhare their ſcanty fare without any upbraiding on their part, or any gratitude on mine. Even this poor baby did not ſoften my heart; I wept over him indeed day and night, but they were tears of deſpair; I was always idle, and waſted thoſe hours in ſinful murmurs at his fate, which I ſhould have employed in trying to maintain him. Hardſhip, grief, and impatience, at length brought on a fever. Death ſeemed now at hand, and I felt a gloomy ſatisfaction in the

thought of being rid of my miſeries, to which I fear was added, a ſullen joy to think that you, Sir, and my mother, would be plagued to hear of my death when it would be too late; and in this your grief, I anticipated a gloomy ſort of revenge.—But it pleaſed my merciful God not to let me thus periſh in my ſins. My poor mother-in-law ſent for a good clergyman, who pointed out to me the danger of dying in that hard and unconverted ſtate ſo forcibly, that I ſhuddered to find on what a dreadful precipice I ſtood. He prayed with me, and for me, ſo earneſtly, that at length God, who is ſometimes pleaſed to magnify his own glory in awakening thoſe who are dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, was pleaſed, of his free grace, to open my blind eyes, and ſoften my ſtony heart. I ſaw myſelf a ſinner, and prayed to be delivered from the wrath of God, in compariſon of which the poverty and diſgrace I now ſuffered appeared as nothing. To a ſoul convinced of ſin, the news of a Redeemer was a joyful ſound. Inſtead of reproaching Providence, or blaming my parents, or abuſing my huſband, I now learnt to condemn myſelf, to adore that God who had not cut me off in my ignorance, to pray for pardon for the paſt, and grace for the time to come. I now deſired to ſubmit to penury and hunger in this world, ſo that I might but live in the fear of God here, and enjoy his favour in the world to come. I now learnt to compare my preſent light ſufferings, the conſequence of my own ſin, with thoſe bitter ſufferings of my Saviour which he endured for my ſake, and I was aſhamed of murmuring. But ſelf-ignorance, conceit, and vanity, were ſo rooted in me, that my progreſs

was very gradual, and I had the sorrow to feel how much the power of long bad habits keeps down the growth of religion in the heart, even after it has begun to take root. I was so ignorant of divine things, that I hardly knew words to frame a prayer; but when I got acquainted with the Psalms, I there learnt how to pour out the fulness of my heart, while in the Gospel I rejoiced to see what great things God had done for my soul.

I now took down once more from the shelf *Doddridge's Rise and Progress*, and, oh! with what new eyes did I read it! I now saw clearly, that not only the thief, and the drunkard, the murderer, and the adulterer, are sinners, for that I knew before; but I found that the unbeliever, the selfish, the proud, the worldly-minded, all, in short, who live without God in the world, are sinners. I did not now apply the reproofs I met with to my husband, or my father, or other people, as I used to do, but brought them home to myself. In this book I traced, with strong emotions, and close self-application, the sinner through all his course; his first awakening, his convictions, repentance, joys, sorrows, backsliding, and recovery, despondency, and delight, to a triumphant death-bed; and God was pleased to make it a chief instrument in bringing me to himself. Here it is, continued Mrs. Incle, untying her little bundle, and taking out a book, accept it, my dear father, and I will pray that God may bless it to you as He has done to me.

When I was able to come down, I passed my time with these good old people, and soon won their affection. I was surprised to find they had

very good ſenſe, which I never had thought poor people could have; but, indeed, worldly perſons do not know how much religion, while it mends the heart, enlightens the underſtanding alſo. I now regretted the evenings I had waſted in my ſolitary garret, when I might have paſſed them in reading the Bible with theſe good folks. This was their refreſhing cordial after a weary day, which ſweetened the pains of want and age. I one day expreſſed my ſurpriſe that my unfortunate huſband, the ſon of ſuch pious parents, ſhould have turned out ſo ill: the poor old man ſaid with tears, I fear we have been guilty of the ſin of Eli; our love was of the wrong ſort. Alas! like him, *we honoured our ſon more than God*, and God has ſmitten us for it. We ſhewed him what was right, but through a falſe indulgence, we did not correct him for what was wrong. We were blind to his faults. He was a handſome boy, with ſprightly parts; we took too much delight in thoſe outward things. He ſoon got above our management, and became vain, idle, and extravagant, and when we ſought to reſtrain him, it was then too late. We humbled ourſelves before God; but he was pleaſed to make our ſin become its own puniſhment. Timothy grew worſe and worſe, till he was forced to abſcond for a miſdemeanor; after which we never ſaw him, but have heard of him changing from one idle way of life to another, *unſtable as water:* he has been a footman, a ſoldier, a ſhopman, and a ſtrolling actor. With deep ſorrow we trace back his vices to our ungoverned fondneſs; that lively and ſharp wit, by which he has been able to carry on ſuch a variety of wild ſchemes,

might, if we had uſed him to reproof in his youth, have enabled him to have done great ſervice for God and his country. But our flattery made him wiſe in his own conceit; and there is more hope of a fool than of him. We indulged our own vanity, and have deſtroyed his ſoul.

Here Mr. Worthy ſtopped Mrs. Incle, ſaying, that whenever he heard it lamented that the children of pious parents often turned out ſo ill, he could not help thinking there muſt be frequently ſomething of this ſort of error in bringing them up: he knew, indeed, ſome inſtances to the contrary, in which the beſt means have failed; but he believed, that from Eli the prieſt to Incle the labourer, more than half the failures of this ſort might be traced to ſome miſtake, or vanity, or bad judgment, or ſinful indulgence in the parents.

I now looked about, continued Mrs. Incle, in order to ſee in what way I could aſſiſt my poor mother, regretting more heartily than ſhe did, that I knew no one thing that was of any uſe. I was ſo deſirous of humbling myſelf before God and her, that I offered even to try to waſh.—You waſh! exclaimed Bragwell, ſtarting up with great emotion, Heaven forbid that with ſuch a fortune and education, Miſs Bragwell ſhould be ſeen at a waſhing-tub. This vain father, who could bear to hear of her diſtreſſes and her ſins, could not bear to hear of her waſhing. Mr. Worthy ſtopped him, ſaying, As to her fortune, you know, you refuſed to give her any; and, as to her education, you ſee it had not taught her how to do any thing better. I am ſorry you do not ſee, in this inſtance, the beauty of Chriſtian humility. For my own

part, I ſet a greater value on ſuch an active proof of it, than on a whole volume of profeſſions. Mr. Bragwell did not quite underſtand this, and Mrs. Incle went on. What to do to get a penny I knew not. Making of fillagree, or fringe, or card-purſes, or cutting out paper, or dancing and ſinging, was of no uſe in our village. The ſhop-keeper indeed would have taken me, if I had known any thing of accounts; and the clergyman could have got me a nurſery-maid's place, if I could have done good plain-work. I made ſome aukward attempts to learn to ſpin and knit, when my mother's wheel or knitting lay by, but I ſpoilt both through my ignorance. At laſt I luckily thought upon the fine netting I uſed to make for my trimmings, and it ſtruck me that I might turn this to ſome little account. I procured ſome twine, and worked early and late to make nets for fiſhermen, and cabbage-nets. I was ſo pleaſed that I had at laſt found an opportunity to ſhew my good-will by this mean work, that I regretted my little George was not big enough to contribute his ſhare to our ſupport by travelling about to ſell my nets.

Cabbage-nets! exclaimed Bragwell; there is no bearing this.—Cabbage-nets! My grandſon hawk cabbage-nets! How could you think of ſuch a ſcandalous thing?—Sir, ſaid Mrs. Incle, mildly, I am now convinced that nothing is ſcandalous which is not wicked. Beſides, we were in want; and neceſſity, as well as piety, would have reconciled me to this mean trade. Mr. Bragwell groaned, and bade her go on.

In the mean time, my little George grew a fine

boy; and I adored the goodneſs of God, who, in the ſweetneſs of maternal love, had given me a reward for many ſufferings. Inſtead of indulging a gloomy diſtruſt about the fate of this child, I now reſigned him to the will of God. Inſtead of lamenting, becauſe he was not likely to be rich, I was reſolved to bring him up with ſuch notions as might make him contented to be poor. I thought, if I could ſubdue all vanity and ſelfiſhneſs in him, I ſhould make him a happier man than if I had thouſands to beſtow on him; and I truſted, that I ſhould be rewarded for every painful act of preſent ſelf denial, by the future virtue and happineſs of my child. Can you believe it, my dear father, my days now paſt not unhappily? I worked hard all day, and that alone is a ſource of happineſs beyond what the idle can gueſs. After my child was aſleep at night, I read a chapter in the Bible to my parents, whoſe eyes now began to fail them. We then thanked God over our frugal ſupper of potatoes, and talked over the holy men of old, the ſaints, and the martyrs, who would have thought our homely fare a luxury. We compared our peace, and liberty, and ſafety, with their bonds, and impriſonment, and tortures; and ſhould have been aſhamed of a murmur. We then joined in prayer, in which my abſent parents and my huſband were never forgotten, and went to reſt in charity with the whole world, and at peace in our own ſouls.

Oh! my forgiving child! interrupted Mr. Brawell, ſobbing, and didſt thou really pray for thy unnatural father, and lie down in reſt and peace? Then let me tell thee, thou waſt better

off than thy mother and I were.—But no more of this; go on.

Whether my father-in-law had worked beyond his ſtrength, in order to ſupport me and my child, I know not, but he was taken dangerouſly ill.—While he lay in this ſtate, we received an account that my huſband was dead in the Weſt Indies, of the yellow fever, which has carried off ſuch numbers of our countrymen; we all wept together, and prayed that his awful death might quicken us in preparing for our own. This ſhock, joined to the fatigue of nurſing her ſick huſband, ſoon brought my poor mother to death's door. I nurſed them both, and felt a ſatisfaction in giving them all I had to beſtow, my attendance, my tears, and my prayers. I, who was once ſo nice and ſo proud, ſo diſdainful in the midſt of plenty, and ſo impatient under the ſmalleſt inconvenience, was now enabled to glorify God by my activity and my ſubmiſſion. Though the ſorrows of my heart were enlarged, I caſt my burthen on him who cares for the weary and heavy laden. After having watched by theſe poor people the whole night, I ſat down to breakfaſt on my dry cruſt and coarſe diſh of tea, without a murmur; my greateſt grief was, leſt I ſhould bring away the infection to my dear boy. I prayed to know what it was my duty to do between my dying parents, and my helpleſs child. To take care of the ſick and aged, ſeemed to be my duty. So I offered up my child to him who is the father of the fatherleſs, and he ſpared him to me.

The chearful piety with which theſe good people breathed their laſt, proved to me, that the temper

of mind with which the pious poor commonly meet death, is the grand compenſation made them by Providence for all the hardſhips of their inferior condition. If they have had few joys and comforts in life already, and have ſtill fewer hopes in ſtore, is not all fully made up to them by their being enabled to leave this world with ſtronger deſires of heaven, and without thoſe bitter regrets after the good things of this life, which add to the dying tortures of the worldly rich? To the forlorn and deſtitute death is not terrible, as it is to him who *ſits at eaſe in his poſſeſſions*, and who fears that this night his ſoul ſhall be required of him.

Mr. Bragwell felt this remark more deeply than his daughter meant he ſhould. He wept and bade her proceed.

I followed my departed parents to the ſame grave, and wept over them, but not as one who had no hope. They had neither houſes nor lands to leave me, but they left me their Bible, their bleſſing, and their example, of which I humbly truſt I ſhall feel the benefits when all the riches of this world ſhall have an end. Their few effects, conſiſting of ſome poor houſehold goods, and ſome working-tools, hardly ſufficed to pay their funeral expences. I was ſoon attacked with the ſame fever, and ſaw myſelf, as I thought, dying the ſecond time; my danger was the ſame, but my views were changed. I now ſaw eternity in a more awful light than I had done before, when I wickedly thought death might be gloomily called upon as a refuge from every common trouble.—Though I had ſtill reaſon to be humbled on account of my ſin, yet, through the grace of God,

I saw death stripped of his sting, and robbed of his terrors, *through him who loved me, and had given himself for me*; and in the extremity of pain, *my soul rejoiced in God my Saviour.*

I recovered, however, and was chiefly supported by the kind clergyman's charity. When I felt myself nourished and cheered by a little tea or broth, which he daily sent me from his own slender provision, my heart smote me, to think how I had daily sat down at home to a plentiful dinner, without any sense of thankfulness for my own abundance, or without enquiring whether my poor sick neighbours were starving; and I sorrowfully remembered, that what my poor sister and I used to waste through daintiness, would now have comfortably fed myself and child. Believe me, my dear mother, a labouring man, who has been brought low by a fever, might often be restored to his work some weeks sooner, if on his recovery he was nourished and strengthened by a good bit from a farmer's table. Less than is often thrown to a favourite spaniel would suffice, so that the expence would be almost nothing to the giver, while to the receiver it would bring health, and strength, and comfort.

By the time I was tolerably recovered, I was forced to leave the house. I had no human prospect of subsistence. I humbly asked God to direct my steps, and to give me entire obedience to his will. I then cast my eyes mournfully on my child, and though prayer had relieved my heart of a load which without it would have been intolerable; my tears flowed fast, while I cried

out in the bitterneſs of my ſoul, *How many hired ſervants of my father have bread enough, and to ſpare, and I periſh with hunger?* This text appeared a kind of anſwer to my prayer, and gave me courage to make one more attempt to ſoften you in my favour. I reſolved to ſet out directly to find you, to confeſs my diſobedience, and to beg a ſcanty pittance, with which I and my child might be meanly ſupported in ſome diſtant country, where we ſhould not diſgrace our more happy relations. We ſet out and travelled as faſt as my weak health and poor George's little feet and ragged ſhoes would permit. I brought a little bundle of ſuch work and neceſſaries as I had left, by ſelling which we ſubſiſted on the road.—I hope, interrupted Bragwell, there were no cabbage-nets in it.—At leaſt, ſaid her mother, I hope you did not ſell them near home.—No; I had none left, ſaid Mrs. Incle, or I ſhould have done it. I got many a lift in a waggon for my child and my bundle, which was a great relief to me. And here I cannot help ſaying, I wiſh drivers would not be too hard in their demands, if they help a poor ſick traveller on a mile or two; it proves a great relief to weary bodies and naked feet; and ſuch little cheap charities may be conſidered as *the cup of cold water*, which, if given on right grounds, *ſhall not loſe its reward.*—Here Bragwell ſighed, to think that when mounted on his fine bay mare, or driving his neat chaiſe, it had never once croſſed his mind that the poor way-worn foot traveller was not equally at his eaſe, or that ſhoes were a neceſſary accommodation. Thoſe who want nothing are

apt to forget how many there are who want every thing.—Mrs. Incle went on: I got to this village about ſeven this evening, and while I ſat on the church-yard wall to reſt and meditate how I ſhould make myſelf known at home, I ſaw a funeral; I enquired whoſe it was, and learnt it was my ſiſter's. This was too much for me. I ſunk down in a fit, and knew nothing that happened to me from that moment, till I found myſelf in the Workhouſe with my father and Mr. Worthy.

Here Mrs. Incle ſtopped. Grief, ſhame, pride, and remorſe, had quite overcome Mr. Bragwell. He wept like a child; and ſaid, he hoped his daughter would pray for him, for that he was not in a condition to pray for himſelf, though he found nothing elſe could give him any comfort. His deep dejection brought on a fit of ſickneſs: O! ſaid he, I now begin to feel an expreſſion in the ſacrament which I uſed to repeat without thinking it had any meaning, the *remembrance of my ſins is grievous, the burthen of them is intolerable.* O, it is awful to think what a ſinner a man may be, and yet retain a decent character! How many thouſands are in my condition, taking to themſelves all the credit of their proſperity, inſtead of giving God the glory! Heaping up riches to their hurt, inſtead of dealing their bread to the hungry! O, let thoſe who hear of the Bragwell family, never ſay that *vanity is a little ſin.* In *me* it has been the fruitful parent of a thouſand ſins, ſelfiſhneſs, hardneſs of heart, forgetfulneſs of God. In one of my ſons vanity was the cauſe of rapine, injuſtice,

extravagance, ruin, ſelf-murder. Both my daughters were undone by vanity, though it only wore the more harmleſs ſhape of dreſs, idleneſs, and diſſipation. The huſband of my daughter Incle it deſtroyed, by leading him to live above his ſtation, and to deſpiſe labour. Vanity enſnared the ſouls even of his pious parents; for while it led them to wiſh to ſee their ſon in a better condition, it led them to allow him ſuch indulgences as were unfit for his own. O, you who hear of us, humble yourſelves under the mighty hand of God; reſiſt high thoughts; let every imagination be brought into obedience to the Son of God. If you ſet a value on finery, look into that grave; behold the mouldering body of my Betſy, who now ſays to *Corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter.* Look at the bloody and brainleſs head of her huſband. O, Mr. Worthy, how does Providence mock at human foreſight! I have been greedy of gain, that the ſon of Mr. Squeeze might be a great man; he is dead; while the child of Timothy Incle, whom I had doomed to beggary, will be my heir. Mr. Worthy, to you I commit this boy's education; teach him to value his immortal ſoul more, and the good things of this life leſs, than I have done. Bring him up in the fear of God, and in the government of his paſſions. Teach him that unbelief and pride are at the root of all ſin. I have found this to my coſt. I truſted in my riches; I ſaid, to-morrow ſhall be as this day, and more abundant. I did not remember that *for all theſe things God would bring*

me to judgment. I am not ſure that I believed in a judgment.

Bragwell at length grew better, but he never recovered his ſpirits. The conduct of Mrs. Incle through life was that of an humble Chriſtian. She ſold all her ſiſter's finery, which her father had given her, and gave the money to the poor, ſaying, it did not become one who profeſſed penitence, to return to the gaieties of life. Mr. Bragwell did not oppoſe this; not that he had fully acquired a juſt notion of the ſelf denying ſpirit of religion, but having a head not very clear at making diſtinctions, he was never able, after the ſight of Squeeze's mangled body, to think of gaiety and grandeur, without thinking at the ſame time, of a piſtol and bloody brains; for, as his firſt introduction into gay life had preſented him with all theſe objects at one view, he never afterwards could ſeparate them in his mind. He even kept his fine beaufet of plate always ſhut, becauſe it brought to his mind the grand unpaid-for ſideboard that he had ſeen laid out for Mr. Squeeze's ſupper, to the remembrance of which he could not help tacking debts, priſons, executions, and ſelf-murder.

Mr. Bragwell's heart had been ſo buried in the love of the world, and evil habits were become ſo rooted in him, that the progreſs he made in religion was very ſlow; yet he earneſtly prayed and ſtruggled againſt vanity: and when his unfeeling wife declared ſhe could not love the boy unleſs he was called by their name inſtead of Incle, Mr. Bragwell would never conſent, ſaying, he ſtood

in need of every help againſt pride. He alſo got the letter which Squeeze wrote juſt before he ſhot himſelf, framed and glazed; this he hung up in his chamber, and made it a rule to go and read it as often as he found his heart diſpoſed to VANITY. Z.

THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM WHITE,

THE POSTILION.

TOM WHITE was one of the beſt drivers of a poſt-chaiſe on the Bath road. Tom was the ſon of an honeſt labourer at a little village in Wiltſhire: he was an active induſtrious boy, and as ſoon as he was big enough he left his father, who was burthened with a numerous family, and went to live with farmer Hodges, a ſober worthy man in the ſame village. He drove the waggon all

the week; and on Sundays, though he was now grown up, the farmer required him to attend the Sunday-ſchool, carried on under the inſpection of Dr. Shepherd, the worthy Vicar, and always made him read his Bible in the evening after he had ſerved his beaſts; and would have turned him out of his ſervice if he had ever gone to the ale-houſe for his own pleaſure.

Tom, by carrying ſome waggon loads of faggots to the Bear-inn, at Devizes, ſoon made many acquaintances in the ſtable-yard. He ſoon learnt to compare his own carter's frock, and ſhoes thick ſet with nails, with the ſmart red jacket, and tight boots of the poſt-boys, and grew aſhamed of his own homely dreſs; he was reſolved to drive a chaiſe, to get money, and to ſee the world. Fooliſh fellow! he never conſidered, that, though it is true, a waggoner works hard all day, yet he gets a quiet evening and undiſturbed reſt at night. However, as there muſt be chaiſe-boys as well as plow-boys, there was no great harm in the change. The evil company to which it expoſed him, was the chief miſchief. He left farmer Hodges, though not without ſorrow at quitting ſo kind a maſter, and got himſelf hired at the Black Bear.

Notwithſtanding the temptations to which he was now expoſed, Tom's good education ſtood by him for ſome time. At firſt he was frightened to hear the oaths and wicked words which are too often uttered in a ſtable-yard. However, though he thought it very wrong, he had not the courage to reprove it, and the next ſtep to being eaſy at ſeeing others ſin, is to ſin ourſelves. By degrees

he began to think it manly, and a mark of ſpirit in others to ſwear; though the force of good habits was ſo ſtrong, that at firſt when he ventured to ſwear himſelf it was with fear, and in a low voice. But he was ſoon laughed out of his ſheepiſhneſs, as they called it; and though he never became ſo profane and blaſphemous as ſome of his companions, (for he never ſwore in cool blood, or in mirth, as ſo many do,) yet he would too often uſe a dreadful bad word when he was in a paſſion with his horſes. And here I cannot but drop a hint on the great folly, as well as wickedneſs, of being in a great rage with poor beaſts, who, not having the gift of reaſon, cannot be moved like human creatures, with all the wicked words that are ſaid to them; though theſe dumb creatures, unhappily, having the gift of feeling, ſuffer as much as human creatures can do, at the cruel and unneceſſary beatings given them. He had been bred up to think that drunkenneſs was a great ſin, for he never ſaw farmer Hodges drunk in his life, and where a farmer is ſober himſelf his men are leſs likely to drink, or if they do, the maſter can reprove them with the better grace.

Tom was not naturally fond of drink, yet for the ſake of being thought merry company, and a hearty fellow, he often drank more than he ought. As he had been uſed to go to church twice on a Sunday, while he lived with the farmer, who ſeldom uſed his horſes on that day, except to carry his wife to church behind him, Tom felt a little uneaſy when he was ſent the very firſt Sunday a long journey with a great family; for I cannot conceal the truth, that too many gentle-

folks will travel when there is no neceſſity for it on a Sunday, and when Monday would anſwer the end juſt as well. This is a great grief to all good and ſober people, both rich and poor; and it is ſtill more inexcuſable in the great, who have every day at their command. However, he kept his thoughts to himſelf, though he could not now and then help thinking how quietly things were going on at the farmer's, whoſe waggoner on a Sunday led as eaſy a life as if he had been a gentleman. But he ſoon loſt all thoughts of this kind, and did not know a Sunday from a Monday. Tom went on proſperouſly, as it is called, for three or four years, got plenty of money, but ſaved not a ſhilling. As ſoon as his horſes were once in the ſtable, whoever would might ſee them fed for Tom.—He had other fiſh to fry.—Fives, cards, cudgel-playing, laying wagers, and keeping looſe company, each of which he at firſt diſliked, and then practiſed, ran away with all his money, and all his ſpare time; and though he was generally in the way as ſoon as the horſes were ready, (becauſe if there was no driving there was no pay,) yet he did not care whether the carriage was clean, or the horſes looked well, if the harneſs was whole, or the horſes were ſhod. The certainty that the gains of to-morrow would make up for the extravagance of to-day, made him quite thoughtleſs and happy, for he was young, active, and healthy, and never foreſaw that a rainy day might come, when he would want what he now ſquandered.

One day being a little fluſtered with liquor as he was driving his return chaiſe through Brent-

ford, he ſaw juſt before him another empty carriage, driven by one of his acquaintance: he whipped up his horſes, reſolving to outſtrip the other, and ſwearing dreadfully that he would be at the Red Lion firſt—for a pint,—done, cried the other—a wager.—Both cut and ſpurred the poor beaſts with the uſual fury, as if their credit had been really at ſtake, or their lives had depended on this fooliſh conteſt. Tom's chaiſe had now got up to that of his rival, and they drove along-ſide of each other with great fury and many imprecations. But in a narrow part, Tom's chaiſe being in the middle, with his antagoniſt on one ſide, and a cart driving againſt him on the other, the horſes reared, the carriages got entangled; Tom roared out a great oath to the other to ſtop, which he either could not, or would not, but returned an horrid imprecation that he would win the wager if he was alive. Tom's horſes took fright, and he was thrown to the ground with great violence. As ſoon as he could be got from under the wheels, he was taken up ſenſeleſs; his leg was broke in two places, and his body much bruiſed. Some people whom the noiſe had brought together, put him in the poſt-chaiſe, in which the waggoner kindly aſſiſted, but the other driver ſeemed careleſs and indifferent, and drove off, obſerving with a brutal coolneſs, I am ſorry I have loſt my pint; I ſhould have beat him hollow, had it not been for this *little accident*. Some gentlemen who came out of the inn, after reprimanding this ſavage, inquired who he was, wrote to inform his maſter, and got him diſcharged; reſolving that neither they nor any of

their friends would ever employ him, and he was long out of place, and nobody ever cared to be driven by him.

Tom was taken to one of thoſe excellent hoſpitals with which London abounds. His agonies were dreadful, his leg was ſet, and a high fever came on. As ſoon as he was left alone to reflect on his condition, his firſt thought was that he ſhould die, and his horror was inconceivable.—Alas! ſaid he, what will become of my poor ſoul? I am cut off in the very commiſſion of three great ſins:—I was drunk, I was in a horrible paſſion, and I had oaths and blaſphemies in my mouth.—He tried to pray, but he could not. His mind was all diſtraction, and he thought he was ſo very wicked that God would not forgive him; becauſe, ſays he, I have ſinned againſt light and knowledge, and a ſober education, and good examples; I was bred in the fear of God, and the knowledge of Chriſt, and I deſerve nothing but puniſhment.—At length, he grew light-headed, and there was little hopes of his life. Whenever he came to his ſenſes for a few minutes, he cried out, O! that my old companions could now ſee me, ſurely they would take warning by my ſad fate, and repent before it is too late.

By the bleſſing of God on the ſkill of the ſurgeon, and the care of the nurſes, he, however, grew better in a few days. And here let me ſtop to remark, what a mercy it is that we live in a chriſtian country, where the poor, when ſick or lame, or wounded, are taken as much care of as any gentry; nay, in ſome reſpects more, becauſe in hoſpitals, and infirmaries, there are more doc-

tors and ſurgeons to attend, than moſt private gentlefolks can afford to have at their own houſes, whereas *there never was an hoſpital in the whole heathen world.* Bleſſed be God for this, among the thouſand other excellent fruits of the Chriſtian Religion!

It was eight weeks before Tom could be taken out of bed. This was a happy affliction; for by the grace of God this long ſickneſs and ſolitude gave him time to reflect on his paſt life. He began ſeriouſly to hate thoſe darling ſins which had brought him to the brink of ruin. He could now pray heartily; he confeſſed and lamented his iniquities with many tears, and began to hope, that the mercies of God, through the merits of a Redeemer, might yet be extended to him on his ſincere repentance. He reſolved never more to return to the ſame evil courſes, but he did not truſt in his own ſtrength, but prayed that God would give him grace for the future, as well as pardon for the paſt. He remembered, and he was humbled at the thought, that he uſed to have ſhort fits of repentance, and to form reſolutions of amendment, in his wild and thoughtleſs days, and often when he had a bad head-ach after a drinking bout, or had loſt his money at all-fours, he vowed never to drink or play again. But as ſoon as his head was well, and his pockets recruited, he forgot all his reſolutions. And how ſhould it be otherwiſe? for he truſted in his own ſtrength, he never prayed to God to ſtrengthen him, nor ever avoided the next temptation. He did not know that it is the grace of God which bringeth us to repentance.

The caſe was now different. Tom began to find that *his ſtrength was perfect weakneſs*, and that he could do nothing without the Divine aſſiſtance, for which he prayed heartily and conſtantly. He ſent home for his Bible, and Prayer-book, which he had not opened for two years, and which had been given him when he left the Sunday School. He ſpent the chief part of his time in reading them, and derived great comfort, as well as great knowledge from them. The ſtudy of the Bible filled his heart with gratitude to God, who had not cut him off in the midſt of his ſins, but had given him ſpace for repentance; and the agonies he had lately ſuffered with his broken leg increaſed his thankfulneſs, that he had eſcaped the more dreadful pain of eternal miſery. And here let me remark what encouragement this is for rich people to give away Bibles and good books, and not to loſe all hope, though, for a time, they ſee little, or no good effect from it. According to all appearance, Tom's were never likely to do him any good, and yet his generous benefactor who had caſt his bread upon the waters, found it after many days, for this Bible, which had laid untouched for years, was at laſt made the means of his reformation. God will work in his own good time, and in his own way.

As ſoon as he got well, and was diſcharged from the hoſpital, Tom began to think he muſt return to get his bread. At firſt he had ſome ſcruples about going back to his old employ: but, ſays he, ſenſibly enough, gentlefolks muſt travel, travellers muſt have chaiſes, and chaiſes

muſt have drivers: 'tis a very honeſt calling, and I don't know that goodneſs belongs to one ſort of buſineſs more than another; and he who can be good in a ſtate of great temptation, provided the calling be lawful, and the temptations are not of his own ſeeking, and he be diligent in prayer, may be better than another man for ought I know: and *all that belongs to us is, to do our duty in that ſtate of life in which it ſhall pleaſe God to call us.* Tom had rubbed up his catechiſm at the hoſpital, and 'tis a pity that people don't look at their catechiſm ſometimes when they are grown up; for it is full as good for men and women as it is for children; nay, better; for though the anſwers contained in it are intended for children to *repeat*, yet the duties enjoined in it are intended for men and women to put in *practice.*

Tom now felt grieved that he was obliged to drive on Sundays. But people who are in earneſt, and have their hearts in a thing, can find helps in all caſes. As ſoon as he had ſet down his company at their ſtage, and had ſeen his horſes fed, ſays Tom, A man who takes care of his horſes, will generally think it right to let them reſt an hour or two at leaſt. In every town it is a chance but there may be a church open during part of that time. If the prayers ſhould be over, I'll try hard for the ſermon; and if I dare not ſtay to the ſermon, it is a chance but I may catch the prayers; it is worth trying for, however; and as I uſed to think nothing of making a puſh, for the ſake of getting an hour to gamble, I need not to grudge to take a little pains extraordinary to ſerve God. By this

watchfulneſs he ſoon got to know the hours of ſervice at all the towns on the road he travelled, and while the horſes fed, Tom went to church; and it became a favourite proverb with him, that *prayers and provender hinder no man's journey*; and I beg leave to recommend Tom's maxim to all travellers, whether maſter or ſervant, carrier or coachman.

At firſt his companions wanted to laugh and make ſport of this—but when they ſaw that no lad on the road was up ſo early or worked ſo hard as Tom: when they ſaw no chaiſe ſo neat, no glaſſes ſo bright, no harneſs ſo tight, no driver ſo diligent, ſo clean or ſo civil, they found he was no ſubject to make ſport at. Tom indeed was very careful in looking after the linch pins; in never giving his horſes too much water when they were hot; nor, whatever was his haſte, would he ever gallop them up hill, ſtrike them acroſs the head, or when tired, cut and flaſh them, or gallop over the ſtones, as ſoon as he got into a town, as ſome fooliſh fellows do. What helped to cure Tom of theſe bad practices, was, that remark he met with in the Bible, that *a good man is merciful to his beaſt*. He was much moved one day on reading the Prophet Jonah, to obſerve what compaſſion the great God of heaven and earth had for poor beaſts: for one of the reaſons there given, why the Almighty was unwilling to deſtroy the great city of Nineveh was, *becauſe there was much cattle in it*. After this, Tom never could bear to ſee a wanton ſtroke inflicted. Doth God care for horſes, ſaid he, and ſhall man be cruel to them?

Tom ſoon grew rich for one in his ſtation; for every gentleman on the road would be driven by no other lad if *careful Tom* was to be had. Being diligent, he *got* a great deal of money; being frugal, he *ſpent* but little; and having no vices, he *waſted* none. He ſoon found out that there was ſome meaning in that text which ſays, that *Godlineſs hath the promiſe of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come:* for the ſame principles which make a man ſober and honeſt, have alſo a natural tendency to make him healthy and rich; while a drunkard and a ſpendthrift can hardly eſcape being ſick, and a beggar in the end. Vice is the parent of miſery here as well as hereafter.

After a few years Tom begged a holiday, and made a viſit to his native village; his good character had got thither before him. He found his father was dead, but during his long illneſs Tom had ſupplied him with money, and by allowing him a trifle every week, had had the honeſt ſatisfaction of keeping him from the pariſh. Farmer Hodges was ſtill living, but being grown old and infirm, he was deſirous to retire from buſineſs. He retained a great regard for his old ſervant, Tom; and finding he was worth money, and knowing he knew ſomething of country buſineſs, he offered to let him a ſmall farm at an eaſy rate, and promiſed his aſſiſtance in the management for the firſt year, with the loan of a ſmall ſum of money, that he might ſet out with a pretty ſtock. Tom thanked him with tears in his eyes, went back and took a handſome leave of his maſter, who made him a

preſent of a horſe and cart, in acknowledgement of his long and faithful ſervices: for, ſays he, I have ſaved many horſes by Tom's care and attention, and I could well afford to do the ſame by every ſervant who did the ſame by me; and ſhould be a richer man at the end of every year by the ſame generoſity, provided I could meet with juſt and faithful ſervants who deſerved the ſame rewards.

Tom was ſoon ſettled in his new farm, and in leſs than a year had got every thing neat and decent about him. Farmer Hodges's long experience and friendly advice, joined to his own induſtry and hard labour, ſoon brought the farm to great perfection. The regularity, ſobriety, peaceableneſs, and piety of his daily life, his conſtant attendance at Church twice every Sunday, and his decent and devout behaviour when there, ſoon recommended him to the notice of Dr. Shepherd, who was ſtill living, a pattern of zeal, activity, and benevolence, to all pariſh Prieſts. The doctor ſoon began to hold up Tom, or, as we muſt now more properly term him, Mr. Thomas White, to the imitation of the whole pariſh, and the frequent and condeſcending converſation of this worthy Clergyman, contributed, no leſs than his preaching, to the improvement of his new pariſhioner in piety.

Farmer White ſoon found out that a dairy could not well be carried on without a miſtreſs, and began to think ſeriouſly of marrying; he prayed to God to direct him in ſo important a buſineſs. He knew that a tawdry, vain, dreſſy girl, was not likely to make good cheeſe and

butter, and that a worldly and ungodly woman would make a ſad wife and miſtreſs of a family. He ſoon heard of a young woman of excellent character, who had been bred up by the vicar's lady, and ſtill lived in the family as upper maid. She was prudent, ſober, induſtrious and religious. Her neat, modeſt, and plain appearance at church, (for ſhe was ſeldom ſeen any where elſe out of her maſter's family) was an example to all perſons in her ſtation, and never failed to recommend her to ſtrangers, even before they had an opportunity of knowing the goodneſs of her character. It was her character, however, which recommended her to farmer White. He knew that *favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, ſhe ſhall be praiſed*:—aye, and not only praiſed, but choſen too, ſays Farmer White, as he took down his hat from the nail on which it hung, in order to go and wait on Dr. Shepherd, to break his mind and aſk his conſent; for he thought it would be a very unhandſome return for all the favours he was receiving from his Miniſter, to decoy away his faithful ſervant from her place without his conſent.

This worthy gentleman, though ſorry to loſe ſo valuable a member of his little family, did not ſcruple a moment about parting with her, when he found it would be ſo greatly to her advantage. Tom was agreeably ſurpriſed to hear ſhe had ſaved fifty pounds by her frugality. The doctor married them himſelf, Farmer Hodges being preſent.

In the afternoon of the wedding day, Dr. Shepherd condeſcended to call on Farmer and Mrs. White, to give a few words of advice on the new

duties they had entered into; a common cuſtom with him on thoſe occaſions. He often took an opportunity to drop, in the moſt kind and tender way, a hint on the great indecency of making marriages, chriſtenings, and, above all, funerals, days of riot and exceſs, as is too often the caſe in country villages. The expectation that the vicar might poſſibly drop in, in his walks, on theſe feſtivities, ſometimes reſtrained exceſſive drinking, and improper converſation, even among thoſe who were not reſtrained by higher motives, as farmer and Mrs. White were.

What the doctor ſaid was always in ſuch a cheerful good-humoured way, that it was ſure to increaſe the pleaſure of the day, inſtead of damping it. Well, farmer, ſaid he, and you, my faithful Sarah, any other friend might recommend peace and agreement to you and your marriage: but I, on the contrary, recommend cares and ſtrifes *. The company ſtared—but Sarah, who knew that her old maſter was a facetious gentleman, and always had ſome good meaning behind, looked ſerious. Cares and ſtrifes, Sir, ſaid the farmer, what do you mean! I mean, ſaid he, for the firſt, that your cares ſhall be who ſhall pleaſe God moſt, and your ſtrifes, who ſhall ſerve him beſt, and do your duty moſt faithfully. Thus, all your cares and ſtrifes being employed to the higheſt purpoſes, all petty cares and worldly ſtrifes ſhall be at an end.

Always remember, both of you, that you have, both of you, a better friend than each other.—

* See Dodd's Sayings.

The company ſtared again, and thought no woman could have ſo good a friend as her huſband. As you have choſen each other from the beſt motives, continued the doctor, you have every reaſonable ground to hope for happineſs; but as this world is a ſoil, in which troubles and misfortunes will ſpring up; troubles from which you cannot ſave one another: then remember, 'tis the beſt wiſdom to go to that friend who is always near, always willing, and always able, to help you, and that friend is God.

Sir, ſaid Farmer White, I humbly thank you for all your kind inſtructions, of which I ſhall now ſtand more in need than ever, as I ſhall have more duties to fulfil. I hope the remembrance of my paſt offences will keep me humble, and the ſenſe of my remaining ſin will keep me watchful. I ſet out in the world, Sir, with what is called a good natural diſpoſition, but I ſoon found, to my coſt, that without God's grace, that will carry a man but a little way. A good temper is a good thing, but nothing but the fear of God can enable one to bear up againſt temptation, evil company, and evil paſſions. The misfortune of breaking my leg, as I then thought it, has proved the greateſt bleſſing of my life. It ſhewed me my own weakneſs, the value of the Bible, and the goodneſs of God. How many of my brother drivers have I ſeen ſince that time, cut off in the prime of life by drinking, or by ſome ſudden accident, while I have not only been ſpared, but bleſſed and proſpered. O, Sir! it would be the joy of my heart, if ſome of my old comrades, good-natured, civil fellows, (whom I can't help

loving) could ſee, as I have done, the danger of evil courſes before it is too late. Though they may not hearken to you, Sir, or any other *Miniſter*, they may believe *me*, becauſe I have been one of them: and I can ſpeak from experience, of the great difference there is, even as to worldly comfort, between a life of ſobriety and a life of ſin. I could tell them, Sir, not as a thing I have read in a book, but as a truth I feel in my own heart, that to fear God and keep his commandments, will not only bring a man peace at the laſt, but will make him happy *now*. And I will venture to ſay, Sir, that all the ſtocks, pillories, priſons, and gibbets in the land, though ſo very needful to keep bad men in order, yet will never reſtrain a good man from committing evil, half ſo much as that ſingle text, "how ſhall I do this great wickedneſs, and ſin againſt God?" Dr. Shepherd condeſcended to approve of what the farmer had ſaid, kindly ſhook him by the hand, and took leave.

Thomas White had always been fond of ſinging, but he had for many years deſpiſed that vile traſh which is too often ſung in a ſtable-yard.—One Sunday evening he heard his miſtreſs at the Bear read ſome verſes out of a fine book called the Spectator. He was ſo ſtruck with the picture it contains of the great mercies of God, of which he had himſelf partaken ſo largely, that he took the liberty to aſk her for theſe verſes, and ſhe being a very good-natured woman, made her daughter write out for the Poſtilion the following

HYMN ON DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy PROVIDENCE my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery path of YOUTH
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to MAN.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with ſickneſs, oft haſt Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

THY bounteous hand with worldly bliſs
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my ſtore.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the leaſt a thankful heart
That taſtes thoſe gifts with joy.

Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue,
And after death, in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O LORD!
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

Thro' all ETERNITY to Thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe,
For O! ETERNITY's too ſhort
To utter all Thy Praiſe.

PART II.

THE WAY TO PLENTY.

Written in 1795, *the Year of Scarcity.*

TOM WHITE, as we have ſhewn in the firſt part of this hiſtory, from an idle poſt-boy was become a reſpectable farmer. GOD had bleſſed his induſtry, and he had proſpered in the world. He was ſober and temperate, and, as was the natural conſequence, he was active and healthy.—He was induſtrious and frugal, and he became proſperous in his circumſtances. This is in the ordinary courſe of Providence. But it is not a certain and neceſſary rule. GOD *maketh his ſun to ſhine on the juſt and the unjuſt.* A man who uſes every honeſt means of thrift and induſtry, will, in moſt caſes, find ſucceſs attend his labours. But ſtill *the race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong.* GOD is ſometimes pleaſed, for wiſe ends, to diſappoint all the worldly hopes of the moſt upright man. His corn may be ſmitten by a blight; his barns may be conſumed by fire; his cattle may be carried off by diſtemper. And to theſe, and other misfortunes, he is as liable as the ſpendthrift or the knave.—Succeſs is the *common* reward of induſtry, but if it were its *conſtant* reward, the induſtrious would be tempted to look no further than the preſent

ſtate. They would loſe one ſtrong ground of their faith. It would ſet aſide the Scripture ſcheme. This world would then be looked on as a ſtate of reward, inſtead of a ſtate of trial, and we ſhould forget to look to a day of final retribution.

Farmer *White* never took it into his head, that becauſe he paid his debts, worked early and late, and ate the bread of carefulneſs, he was therefore to come into no *misfortune like other folk*, but was to be free from the common trials and troubles of life. He knew that proſperity was far from being a ſure mark of God's favour, and had read in good books, and eſpecially in the Bible, of the great poverty and afflictions of the beſt of men. Though he was no great ſcholar, he had ſenſe enough to obſerve, that a time of public proſperity was not always a time of public virtue; and he thought that what was true of a whole nation might be true of one man. So the more he proſpered the more he prayed that proſperity might not corrupt his heart. And when he ſaw lately ſigns of public diſtreſs coming on, he was not half ſo much frightened as ſome others were, becauſe he thought it might do us good in the long run; and he was in hopes that a little poverty might bring on a little penitence. The great grace he laboured after was that of a cheerful ſubmiſſion. He uſed to ſay, that if the Lord's Prayer had only contained thoſe four little words THY WILL BE DONE, it would be worth more than the biggeſt book in the world without them.

Dr. Shepherd, the worthy vicar, (with whom the farmer's wife had formerly lived as houſekeeper) was very fond of taking a walk with him

about his grounds, and he uſed to ſay, that he learnt as much from the farmer as the farmer did from him. If the doctor happened to obſerve, I am afraid theſe long rains will ſpoil this fine piece of oats, the farmer would anſwer, But then, ſir, think how good it is for the graſs. If the doctor feared the wheat would be but indifferent, the farmer was ſure the rye would turn out well.—When graſs failed, he did not doubt but turnips would be plenty. Even for floods and inundations he would find out ſome way to juſtify Providence. 'Tis better, ſaid he, to have our lands a little overflowed, than that the ſprings ſhould be dried up, and our cattle faint for lack of water. When the drought came, he thanked GOD that the ſeaſon would be healthy; and high winds, which frightened others, he ſaid ſerved to clear the air. Whoever, or whatever was wrong, he was always ſure that PROVIDENCE was in the right. And he uſed to ſay that a man, with ever ſo ſmall an income, if he had but frugality and temperance, and cut off all vain deſires, and caſt his care upon God, was richer than a lord who was tormented by vanity and covetouſneſs. When he ſaw others in the wrong, he did not, however, abuſe them for it, but took care to avoid the ſame fault. He had ſenſe and ſpirit enough to break through many old, but very bad cuſtoms of his neighbours. If a thing is wrong in itſelf, (ſaid he one day to farmer Hodges) a whole pariſh doing it can't make it right. And as to it's being an old cuſtom, why, if it be a good one I like it the better for being old, becauſe it has had the ſtamp of ages,

and the ſanction of experience on it's worth. But if it be old as well as bad, that is another reaſon for my trying to put an end to it, that we may not miſlead our children as our fathers have miſled us.

THE ROOF-RAISING.

Some years after he was ſettled, he built a large new barn. All the workmen were looking forward to the uſual holiday of roof-raiſing. On this occaſion it is a cuſtom to give a dinner to the workmen, with ſo much liquor after it that they got ſo drunk, that they not only loſt the remaining half-day's work, but they were not always able to work the following day.

Mrs. White provided a plentiful dinner for roof-raiſing, and gave each man his mug of beer.—After a hearty meal they began to grow clamorous for more drink. The farmer ſaid, My lads, I don't grudge you a few gallons of ale merely for the ſake of ſaving my liquor, though that is ſome conſideration, eſpecially in theſe dear times, but I never will, knowingly, help any man to make a beaſt of himſelf. I am reſolved to break through a bad cuſtom. You are now well refreſhed. If you will go cheerfully to your work, you will have half a day's pay to take on Saturday night more than you would if this afternoon were waſted in drunkenneſs. For this your families will be the better: whereas, were I to give you more liquor, when you have already had enough, I ſhould help to rob them of their bread. But I wiſh to ſhew you, that I have your good at heart full as much

as my own own profit. If you will now go to work, I will give you all another mug at night when you leave off. Thus your time will be ſaved, your families helped, and my ale will not go to make reaſonable creatures worſe than brute beaſts.

Here he ſtopped. You are in the right on't, Maſter, ſaid Tom the Thatcher; you are a hearty man, Farmer, ſaid John Plane, the carpenter; come along boys, ſaid Tim Brick the maſon; ſo they all went merrily to work, fortified with a good dinner. There was only one drunken ſurly fellow that refuſed, who was Dick Guzzle the ſmith.—Dick never works above two or three days in a week, and ſpends the others at the Red Lion.—He ſwore, that if the farmer did not leave him as much liquor as he liked at roof-raiſing, he would not ſtrike another ſtroke, but would leave the job unfiniſh'd, and he might get hands where he could. Farmer White took him at his word, and paid him off directly: glad enough to get rid of ſuch a ſot, whom he had only employed from pity to a large and almoſt ſtarving family. When the men came for their mug in the evening, the farmer brought out the remains of the cold gammon; they made a hearty ſupper, and thanked him for having broke through a fooliſh cuſtom, which was afterwards much left off in that pariſh, though Dick would not come into it, and loſt moſt of his work in conſequence.

Farmer White's labourers were often complaining, that things were ſo dear that they could not buy a bit of meat. He knew it was partly true, but not intirely, for it was before theſe very

hard times that their complaints began. One morning he ſtept out to ſee how an outhouſe which he was thatching went on. He was ſurprized to find the work at a ſtand. He walked over to the thatcher's houſe. Tom, ſaid he, I deſire that piece of work may be finiſhed directly. If a ſhower comes my grain will be ſpoiled. Indeed, maſter, I ſhan't work to-day, nor to-morrow neither, ſaid Tom. You forget that 'tis Eaſter Monday, and to-morrow is Eaſter Tueſday. And ſo on Wedneſday I ſhall thatch away, maſter. But 'tis hard if a poor man, who works all the year, may not enjoy theſe few holidays, which come but once a year.

Tom, ſaid the farmer, when theſe days were firſt put into our prayer-book, the good men who ordained them to be kept, little thought that the time would come when *holy-day* ſhould mean *drunken-day*. How much doſt think now I ſhall pay thee for this piece of thatch? Why you know, maſter, you have let it to me by the great. I think between this and to-morrow night, as the weather is ſo fine, I could clear about four ſhillings, after I have paid my boy; but thatching does not come often, and other work is not ſo profitable. Very well, Tom; and how much now do you think you may ſpend in theſe two holidays? Why, maſter, if the ale is pleaſant and the company merry, I do not expect to get off for leſs than three ſhillings. Tom, can you do pounds, ſhillings, and pence? I can make a little ſcore, maſter, behind the kitchen door, with a bit of chalk, which is as much as I want. Well, Tom, add the four ſhillings you would have

earned to the three you intend to ſpend, what does that make? Let me ſee! three and four make ſeven. Seven ſhillings, maſter. Tom, you often tell me the times are ſo bad, that you can never buy a bit of meat. Now here is the coſt of two joints at once; to ſay nothing of the ſin of waſting time and getting drunk. I never once thought of that, ſaid Tom. Now Tom, ſaid the farmer, if I were you, I would ſtep over to butcher Jobbins's, buy a ſhoulder of mutton, which being left from Saturday's market you will get a little cheaper. This I would make my wife bake in a deep diſh full of potatoes. I would then go to work, and when the dinner was ready I would go and enjoy it with my wife and children; you need not give the mutton to the brats; the potatoes will have all the gravy, and be very ſavory for them. Aye, but I've got no beer, maſter; the times are ſo hard that a poor man can't afford to brew a drop of drink now as we uſed to do.

Times are bad, and malt is very dear, Tom, and yet both don't prevent you from ſpending ſeven ſhillings in keeping holiday. Now ſend for a quart of ale as it is to be a feaſt; and you will even then be four ſhillings richer than if you had gone to the publick houſe. I would have you put by theſe four ſhillings, till I could add a couple to them; with this I would get a buſhel of malt, and my wife ſhould brew it, and you may take a pint of your own beer at home of a night, which will do you more good than a gallon at the Red Lion. I have a great mind to take your advice, maſter, but I ſhall be made ſuch fun of at

the Lion! they will ſo laugh at me if I don't go! Let thoſe laugh that win, Tom. But, maſter, I have got a friend to meet me there. Then aſk your friend to come and eat a bit of your cold mutton at night, and here is ſix-pence for another pot, if you will promiſe to brew a ſmall caſk of your own. Thank you, maſter, and ſo I will; and I won't go to the Lion. Come, boy, bring the helm, and fetch the ladder. And ſo Tom was upon the roof in a twinkling.

THE SHEEP SHEARING.

Dr. Shepherd happened to ſay to Farmer White one day, that there was nothing he diſliked more than the manner in which ſheep-ſhearing and harveſt-home were kept by ſome in his pariſh.—What, ſaid the good Doctor, juſt when we are bleſt with a proſperous gathering in of theſe natural riches of our land, the fleece of our flocks; when our barns are crowned with plenty, and we have, through the divine bleſſing on our honeſt labour, reaped the fruits of the earth in due ſeaſon; is that very time to be ſet apart for ribaldry, and riot, and drunkenneſs? Do we thank God for his mercies, by making ourſelves unworthy and unfit to enjoy them? When he crowns the year with his goodneſs, ſhall we affront him by our impiety?

I thank you for the hint, ſir, ſaid the farmer. I am reſolved to rejoice though, and others ſhall rejoice with me: and we will have a merry night on't.

So Mrs. White dreſſed a very plentiful ſupper

of meat and pudding; and ſpread out two tables. The farmer ſat at the head of one, conſiſting of ſome of his neighbours, and all his work-people. At the other ſat his wife, with two long benches on each ſide of her. On theſe ſat all the old and infirm poor, eſpecially thoſe who lived in the workhouſe, and had no day of feſtivity to look forward to in the whole year but this. On the graſs, in the little court, ſat the children of his labourers, and of the other poor, whoſe employment it had been to gather flowers, and dreſs and adorn the horns of the ram; for the farmer did not wiſh to put an end to any old cuſtom, if it was innocent. His own children ſtood by the table, and he gave them plenty of pudding, which they carried to the children of the poor, with a little draught of cider to every one. The farmer, who never ſat down without begging a bleſſing on his meal, did it with ſuitable ſolemnity on the preſent joyful occaſion.

This feaſt, though orderly and decent, was yet hearty and chearful. Dr. Shepherd dropped in with a good deal of company he had at his houſe, and they were much pleaſed. When the doctor ſaw how the aged and the infirm poor were enjoying themſelves, he was much moved; he ſhook the farmer by the hand, and ſaid, "But thou, when thou makeſt a feaſt, call the blind, and the lame, and the halt; they cannot recompenſe thee, but thou ſhalt be recompenſed at the reſurrection of the juſt."

Sir, ſaid the farmer, 'tis no great matter of expence; I kill a ſheep of my own; potatoes are as

plenty as blackberries, with people who have a little forethought. I ſave much more cider in the courſe of a year by never allowing any carouſing in my kitchen, or drunkenneſs in my fields, than would ſupply many ſuch feaſts as theſe, ſo that I ſhall be never the poorer at Chriſtmas. It is cheaper to make people happy, ſir, than to make them drunk. The doctor and the ladies condeſcended to walk from one table to the other, and heard many merry ſtories, but not one profane word, or one indecent ſong; ſo that he was not forced to the painful neceſſity either of reproving them, or leaving them in anger. When all was over, they ſung the ſixty-fifth Pſalm, and the ladies all joined in it; and when they got home to the vicarage to tea, they declared they liked it better than any concert.

THE HARD WINTER.

In the famous cold winter of the preſent year 1795, it was edifying to ſee how patiently farmer White bore that long and ſevere froſt. Many of his ſheep were frozen to death, but he thanked God that he had ſtill many left. He continued to find in-door work that his men might not be out of employ. The ſeaſon being ſo bad, which ſome others pleaded as an excuſe for turning off their workmen, he thought a freſh reaſon for keeping them. Mrs. White was ſo conſiderate, that juſt at that time ſhe leſſened the number of her hogs, that ſhe might have more whey and ſkim-milk to aſſiſt poor families. Nay, I have known her live on boiled meat for a long while together, in a

ſickly ſeaſon, becauſe the pot-liquor made ſuch a ſupply of broth for the ſick poor. As the ſpring came on, and things grew worſe, ſhe never had a cake, a pye, or a pudding in her houſe; notwithſtanding ſhe uſed to have plenty of theſe good things, and will again, I hope, when the preſent ſcarcity is over; though ſhe ſays ſhe never will uſe ſuch white flour again, even if it ſhould come down to five ſhillings a buſhel.

All the pariſh now began to murmur. Farmer Jones was ſure the froſt had killed the wheat. Farmer Wilſon ſaid the rye would never come up. Brown, the maltſter, inſiſted the barley was dead at the root. Butcher Jobbins ſaid beef would be a ſhilling a pound. All declared there would not be a hop to brew with. The orchards were all blighted; there would not be apples enough to make a pye; and as to hay there would be none to be had for love nor money.—I'll tell you what, ſaid farmer White, the ſeaſon is dreadful; the crops are unpromiſing juſt now; but 'tis too early to judge. Don't let us make things worſe than they are. We ought to comfort the poor, and you are driving them to deſpair. Don't you know how much God was diſpleaſed with the murmurs of his choſen people? And yet, when they were tired of manna he ſent them quails; but all did not do. Nothing ſatisfies grumblers. We have a promiſe on our ſide, that "there ſhall be ſeed-time and harveſt-time to the end." Let us then hope for a good day, but provide againſt an evil one. Let us rather prevent the evil before

it is come upon us, than ſink under it when it comes. Grumbling cannot help us; activity can. Let us ſet about planting potatoes in every nook and corner, in caſe the corn *ſhould* fail, which, however, I don't believe will be the caſe. Let us mend our management before we are driven to it by actual want. And if we allow our honeſt labourers to plant a few potatoes for their families in the head-lands of our ploughed fields, or other waſte bits of ground, it will do us no harm, and be a great help to them. The way to lighten the load of any public calamity is not to murmur at it, but put a hand to leſſen it.

The farmer had many temptations to ſend his corn at an extravagant price to *a certain ſeaport town*, but as he knew that it was intended to export it againſt law, he would not be tempted to encourage unlawful gain; ſo he threſhed out a ſmall mow at a time, and ſold it to the neighbouring poor far below the market price. He ſerved his own workmen firſt. This was the ſame to them as if he had raiſed their wages, and even better, as it was a benefit of which their families were ſure to partake. If the poor in the next pariſh were more diſtreſſed than his own, he ſold to them at the ſame rate. For, ſaid he, there is no diſtinction of pariſhes in heaven, and though charity begins at home, yet it ought not to end there.

He had been uſed in good times now and then to catch a hare or a partridge, as he was qualified; but he now reſolved to give up that pleaſure. So he parted from a couple of ſpaniels he had; for

he ſaid he could not bear that his dogs ſhould be eating the meat, or the milk, which ſo many men, women, and children wanted.

THE WHITE LOAF.

One day, it was about the middle of laſt July, when things ſeemed to be at the deareſt, and the Rulers of the land had agreed to ſet the example of eating nothing but coarſe bread, Dr. Shepherd read, before ſermon in the church, their public declaration, which the magiſtrates of the county ſent him, and which they had alſo ſigned themſelves. Mrs. White, of courſe, was at church, and commended it mightily. Next morning the Doctor took a walk over to the farmer's, in order to ſettle further plans for the relief of the pariſh. He was much ſurprized to meet Mrs. White's little maid Sally with a very ſmall white loaf, which ſhe had been buying at a ſhop. He ſaid nothing to the girl, as he never thought it right to expoſe the faults of a miſtreſs to her ſervant; but walked on, reſolving to give Mrs. White a ſevere lecture for the firſt time in his life. He ſoon changed his mind, for on going into the kitchen, the firſt perſon he ſaw was Tom the thatcher, who had had a ſad fall from a ladder; his arm, which was ſlipped out of his ſleeve, was ſwelled in a frightful manner. Mrs. White was ſtanding at the dreſſer making the little white loaf into a poultice, which ſhe laid upon the ſwelling in a large clean old linen cloth.

I aſk your pardon, my good Sarah, ſaid the

Doctor; I ought not, however appearances were againſt you, to have ſuſpected that ſo humble and prudent a woman as you are, would be led either to indulge any daintineſs of your own, or to fly in the face of your betters, by eating white bread while they are eating brown. Whenever I come here, I ſee it is not needful to be rich in order to be charitable. A bountiful rich man would have ſent Tom to a ſurgeon, who would have done no more for him than you have done; for in thoſe inflammations the moſt ſkilful ſurgeon could only apply a poultice. Your kindneſs in dreſſing the wound yourſelf, will, I doubt not, perform the cure at the expence of that three-penny loaf and a little hog's lard. And I will take care that Tom ſhall have a good ſupply of rice from the ſubſcription.—And he ſhan't want for ſkim-milk, ſaid Mrs. White; and was he the beſt lord in the land, in the ſtate he is in, a diſh of good rice milk would be better for him than the richeſt meat.

THE PARISH MEETING.

On the tenth of Auguſt, the veſtry held another meeting, to conſult on the beſt method of further aſſiſting the poor. The proſpect of abundant crops now cheared every heart. Farmer White, who had a mind to be a little jocular with his deſponding neighbours, ſaid, Well, neighbour Jones, all the wheat was killed, I ſuppoſe; the barley is all dead at the root.—Farmer Jones looked ſheepiſh, and ſaid, to be ſure the crops had turned out better than he thought.—Then,

ſaid Dr. Shepherd, let us learn to truſt Providence another time; let our experience of his paſt goodneſs ſtrengthen our faith.

Among other things they agreed to ſubſcribe for a large quantity of rice, which was to be ſold out to the poor at a very low price, and Mrs. White was ſo kind as to undertake the trouble of ſelling it. After their day's work was over, all who wiſhed to buy at theſe reduced rates, were ordered to come to the farm on the Tueſday evening. Dr. Shepherd dropped in at the ſame time, and when Mrs. White had done weighing her rice, the doctor ſpoke as follows:

My honeſt friends, it has pleaſed God for ſome wiſe end, to viſit this land with a ſcarcity, to which we have been but little accuſtomed. There are ſome idle evil-minded people, who are on the watch for public diſtreſſes; not that they may humble themſelves under the mighty hand of God (which is the true uſe to be made of all troubles), but that they may benefit themſelves by diſturbing the public peace. Theſe people, by riot and drunkenneſs, double the evil which they pretend to cure. Riot will complete our misfortunes, while peace, induſtry, and good management, will go near to cure them. Bread, to be ſure, is uncommonly dear. Among the various ways of making it cheaper, one is to reduce the quality of it, another to leſſen the quantity we conſume. If we cannot get enough of coarſe wheaten bread, let us make it of other grain. Or let us mix one half of potatoes, and one half of wheat. This laſt is what I eat in my own family; it is pleaſant and wholeſome. Our bleſſed

Saviour ate barley bread, you know, as we are told in the last month's Sunday Reading of the Cheap Repository *, which I hope you have all heard; as I desired the master of the Sunday-school to read it just after evening-service, when I know many of the parents are apt to call in at the school. This is a good custom, and one of those little books shall be often read at that time.

My good women, I truly feel for you at this time of scarcity; and I am going to shew my good-will, as much by my advice as my subscription. It is my duty, as your friend and minister, to tell you, that one half of your present hardships is owing to BAD MANAGEMENT. I often meet your children without shoes and stockings, with great luncheons of the very whitest bread, and that three times a day. Half that quantity, and still less if it were coarse, put into a dish of good onion or leek porridge, would make them an excellent breakfast. Many too, of the very poorest of you, eat your bread hot from the oven; this makes the difference of one loaf in five; I assure you 'tis what I cannot afford to do. Come, Mrs. White, you must assist me a little. I am not very knowing in these matters myself; but I know that the rich would be twice as charitable as they are, if the poor made a better use of their bounty. Mrs. White, do give these poor women a little advice how to make their pittance go further than it now does. When you lived with me, you were famous for making us nice cheap dishes,

* See Cheap Repository, Tract on the Scarcity, printed for T. Evans, Long-Lane, West Smithfield, London.

and I dare ſay you are not leſs notable now you manage for yourſelf.

Indeed, neighbours, ſaid Mrs. White, what the good doctor ſays is very true. A halfpenny worth of oatmeal, or groats, with a leek or onion, out of your own garden, which coſts nothing, a bit of ſalt, and a little coarſe bread, will breakfaſt your whole family. It is a great miſtake at any time to think a bit of meat is ſo ruinous, and a great load of bread ſo cheap. A poor man gets ſeven or eight ſhillings a week; if he is careful he brings it home. I dare not ſay how much of this goes for tea in the afternoon, now ſugar and butter are ſo dear, becauſe I ſhould have you all upon me; but I will ſay, that too much of this little goes even for bread, from a miſtaken notion that it is the hardeſt fare. This, at all times, but particularly juſt now, is bad management. Dry peas, to be ſure, have been very dear lately; but now they are plenty enough. I am certain then, that if a ſhilling or two of the ſeven or eight was laid out for a bit of coarſe beef, a ſheep's head, or any ſuch thing, it would be well beſtowed. I would throw a couple of pound of this into the pot, with two or three handfuls of grey peas, an onion, and a little pepper. Then I would throw in cabbage or turnip, and carrot; or any garden ſtuff that was moſt plenty; let it ſtew two or three hours, and it will make a diſh fit for his Majeſty. The working men ſhould have the meat; the children don't want it; the ſoup will be thick and ſubſtantial, and requires no bread.

RICE MILK.

You who can get ſkim-milk, as all our workmen can, have a great advantage. A quart of this, and a quarter of a pound of the rice you have juſt bought, a little bit of all-ſpice, and brown ſugar, will make a dainty and cheap diſh.

Bleſs your heart! muttered Amy Grumble, who looked as dirty as a cinder-wench, with her face and fingers all daubed with ſnuff; rice milk, indeed! it is very nice to be ſure for thoſe who can dreſs it, but we have not bit of coal; rice is of no uſe to us without firing; and yet, ſaid the Doctor, I ſee your tea-kettle boiling twice every day, as I paſs by the poor-houſe, and freſh butter at eleven-pence a pound on your ſhelf. O dear, ſir, cried Amy, a few ſticks ſerve to boil the tea-kettle. And a few more, ſaid the Doctor, will boil the rice milk, and give twice the nouriſhment at a quarter of the expence.

RICE PUDDING.

Pray, *Sarah*, ſaid the Doctor, how did you uſe to make that pudding my children were ſo fond of? And I remember, when it was cold, we uſed to have it in the parlour for ſupper. Nothing more eaſy, ſaid Mrs. White. I put half a pound of rice, two quarts of ſkim milk, and two ounces of brown ſugar. Well, ſaid the Doctor, and how many will this dine? Seven or eight, ſir. Very well, and what will it coſt? Why, ſir, it did not coſt you ſo much, becauſe we baked it at

home; and I uſed our own milk: but it will not coſt above ſeven-pence to thoſe who pay for both. Here, too, bread is ſaved.

Pray, Sarah, let me put in a word, ſaid farmer White. I adviſe my men to raiſe each a large bed of parſnips. They are very nouriſhing, and very profitable. Six-penny worth of ſeed, well ſowed, and trod in, will produce more meals than four ſacks of potatoes; and what is material to you who have ſo little ground, it will not require more than an eighth part of the ground which the four ſacks will take. Parſnips are very good the ſecond day warmed in the frying-pan, and a little raſher of pork, or bacon, will give them a nice flavour.

Dr. Shepherd now ſaid, As a proof of the nouriſhing quality of parſnips, I was reading in a hiſtory book this very day, that the American Indians make a great part of their bread of parſnips, though Indian corn is ſo famous: it will make a little variety too.

A CHEAP STEW.

I remember, ſaid Mrs. White, a cheap diſh, ſo nice that it makes my mouth water. I peel ſome raw potatoes, ſlice them thin, put the ſlices into a deep frying-pan, or pot, with a little water, an onion, and a bit of pepper. Then I get a bone or two of a breaſt of mutton, or a little ſtrip of ſalt pork, and put it into it. Cover it down cloſe, keep in the ſteam, and let it ſtew for an hour.

You really get me an appetite, Mrs. White, by

your dainty receipts, ſaid the Doctor. I am reſolved to have this diſh at my own table. I could tell you another very good diſh, and ſtill cheaper, anſwered ſhe. Come, let us have it, cried the Doctor. I ſhall write all down as ſoon as I get home, and I will favour any body with a copy of theſe receipts who will call at my houſe. And I will do more, Sir, ſaid Mrs. White, for I will put any of theſe women in the way how to dreſs it the firſt time, if they are at a loſs. But this is my diſh.

Take two or three pickled herrings, put them into a ſtone jar, fill it up with potatoes, and a little water, and let it bake in the oven till it is done. I would give one hint more, added ſhe; I have taken to uſe nothing but potatoe ſtarch; and though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, nobody's linen in a common way looks better than ours.

The Doctor now ſaid, I am ſorry for one hardſhip which many poor people labour under, I mean the difficulty of getting a little milk. I wiſh all farmers' wives were as conſiderate as you are, Mrs. White. A little milk is a great comfort to the poor, eſpecially when their children are ſick; and I have known it anſwer to the ſeller as well as to the buyer, to keep a cow or two on purpoſe to ſell it out by the quart, inſtead of making butter and cheeſe.

Sir, ſaid farmer White, I beg leave to ſay a word to the men, if you pleaſe, for all your advice goes to the women. If you will drink leſs gin, you may get more meat. If you abſtain from the ale-houſe, you may many of you, get a

little one-way beer at home. Aye, that we can, farmer, ſaid poor Tom, the Thatcher, who was now got well. Eaſter Monday for that—I ſay no more. A word to the wiſe. The farmer ſmiled, and went on. The number of public houſes in many a pariſh brings on more hunger and rags than all the taxes in it, heavy as they are. All the other evils put together hardly make up the ſum of that one. We are now raiſing a freſh ſubſcription for you. This will be our rule of giving. We will not give to ſots, gamblers, and ſabbath-breakers. Thoſe who do not ſet their young children to work on week-days, and ſend them to ſchool on Sundays, deſerve little favour. No man ſhould keep a dog till he has more food than his family wants. If he feeds them at home, they rob his children; if he ſtarves them, they rob his neighbours. We have heard in a neighbouring city, that ſome people carried back the ſubſcription loaves, becauſe they were too coarſe; but we hope better things of you. Here Betty Plane begged, with all humility, to put in a word. Certainly, ſaid the Doctor, we will liſten to all modeſt complaints, and try to redreſs them. You are pleaſed to ſay, ſir, ſaid ſhe, that we might find much comfort from buying coarſe bits of beef. And ſo we might; but do you not know, ſir, that we could ſeldom get them, even when we had the money, and times were not ſo bad. How ſo, Betty? Sir, when we go to butcher Jobbins, for a bit of ſhin, or any other lean piece, his anſwer is, You can't have it to day. The cook at the great houſe has beſpoke it for gravy, or the Doctor's maid,

(begging your pardon, ſir,) has juſt ordered it for ſoup. Now, ſir, if ſuch kind gentlefolks were aware, that this gravy and ſoup not only conſume a great deal of meat, (which, to be ſure, thoſe have a right to do who can pay for it,) but that it takes away thoſe coarſe pieces which the poor would buy, if they bought at all, I am ſure they would not do it. For, indeed, the rich have been very kind, and I don't know what we ſhould have done without them.

I thank you for the hint, Betty, ſaid the Doctor, and I aſſure you I will have no more gravy ſoup. My garden will ſupply me with ſoups, that are both wholeſomer and better; and I will anſwer for my lady at the great houſe, that ſhe will do the ſame. I hope this will become a general rule, and then we ſhall expect that butchers will favour you in the prices of the coarſe pieces, if *we* who are rich buy nothing but the prime. In our gifts we ſhall prefer, as the farmer has told you, thoſe who keep ſteadily to their work: ſuch as come to the veſtry for a loaf, and do not come to church for the ſermon, we ſhall mark; and prefer thoſe who come conſtantly whether there are any gifts or not. But there is one rule from which we never will depart. Thoſe who have been ſeen aiding, or abetting any riot, any attack on butchers, bakers, wheat-mows, mills, or millers, we will not relieve; but with the quiet, contented, hard-working man, I will ſhare my laſt morſel of bread. I ſhall only add, though it has pleaſed God to ſend us this viſitation as a puniſhment, yet we may convert this ſhort trial into a laſting bleſſing, if we all turn over a new

leaf. Proſperity had made moſt of us careleſs. The thoughtleſs profuſion of ſome of the rich could only be exceeded by the idleneſs, and bad management of ſome of the poor. Let us now, at laſt, adopt that good old maxim, *every one mend one.* And may God add his bleſſing!

The people now chearfully departed with their rice, reſolving, as many of them as could get milk, to put one of Mrs. White's receipts in practice that very night; and a rare ſupper they had.

I hope ſoon to give a good account how this pariſh improved in eaſe and comfort, by their improvement in frugality and good management.

Z.

THE

COTTAGE COOK,

OR

MRS. JONES'S CHEAP DISHES.

SHEWING THE WAY TO DO MUCH GOOD

WITH LITTLE MONEY.

MRS. JONES was a great merchant's lady. She was liberal to the poor, in giving them money; but as she was too much taken up with the world, she did not spare so much of her time and thoughts about doing good as she ought, so that her money was often ill-bestowed. In the late troubles, Mr. Jones, who had lived in a grand manner, failed; and he took his misfortunes so much to heart, that he fell sick and died. Mrs. Jones retired, on a very narrow income, to the small village of Weston, where she seldom went out except to church. Though a pious woman, she was too apt to indulge her sorrow; and though she did not neglect to read and pray, yet she gave up a great part of her time to melancholy thoughts, and grew quite inactive. She well knew how sinful it would be for her to seek a cure for her grief in worldly pleasures, which is a way many people take under afflictions; but

she was not aware how wrong it was to weep away that time which might have been better spent in drying the tears of others.

It was happy for her, that Mr. Simpson, the vicar of Weston, was a pious man. One Sunday he happened to preach on the Good Samaritan. It was a charity sermon, and there was a collection at the door. He called on Mrs. Jones after church, and found her in tears. She told him she had been much moved by his discourse, and she wept because she had so little to give to the plate; for though she felt very keenly for the poor in these dear times, yet she could not assist them. Indeed, sir, added she, I never so much regretted the loss of my fortune, as this afternoon, when you bade us *go and do likewise.*—You do not, replied Mr. Simpson, enter into the spirit of our Saviour's parable, if you think you cannot *go and do likewise* without being rich. In the case of the Samaritan, you may observe, that charity was afforded more by kindness, and care, and medicine, than by money. You, madam, were as much concerned in my sermon as Sir John with his great estate; and, to speak plainly, I have been sometimes surprised that you should not put yourself in the way of being more useful.

Sir, said Mrs. Jones, I am grown shy of the poor since I have nothing to give them. Nothing! madam, replied the clergyman, do you call your time, your talents, your kind offices, nothing? I will venture to say that you might do more good than the richest man in the parish could do by merely giving his money. Instead of sitting here,

brooding over your misfortunes, which are paſt remedy, beſtir yourſelf to find out ways of doing much good with little money; or even without any money at all. You have lately ſtudied œconomy for yourſelf; inſtruct your poor neighbours in that important art. They want it almoſt as much as they want money. You have influence with the few rich perſons in the pariſh; exert that influence. Betty, my houſekeeper, ſhall aſſiſt you in any thing in which ſhe can be uſeful. Try this for one year, and if you then tell me that you ſhould have better ſhewn your love to God and man, and been a happier woman had you continued gloomy and inactive, I ſhall be much ſurpriſed, and ſhall conſent to your reſuming your preſent way of life.

The ſermon and this diſcourſe made ſo deep an impreſſion on Mrs. Jones, that ſhe formed a new plan of life, and ſet about it at once, as every body does who is in earneſt. Her chief aim was the happineſs of her poor neighbours in the next world; but ſhe was alſo very deſirous to promote their preſent comfort. The plans ſhe purſued with a view to the latter object, ſhall be explained in this little book. Mrs. Jones was much reſpected by all the rich perſons in Weſton, who had known her in her proſperity. Sir John was thoughtleſs, laviſh, and indolent. The Squire was over-frugal, but active, ſober, and not ill-natured. Sir John loved pleaſure, the Squire loved money. Sir John was one of thoſe popular ſort of people who get much praiſe and yet do little good; who ſubſcribe with equal readineſs to a cricket match, or a charity ſchool; who take

it for granted that the poor are to be indulged with bell-ringing and bonfires, and to be made drunk at Chriſtmas; this Sir John called being kind to them; but he thought it was folly to teach them, and madneſs to think of reforming them. He was, however, always ready to give his guinea; but I queſtion whether he would have given up his hunting and his gaming to have cured every grievance in the land. On the other hand, the Squire would aſſiſt Mrs. Jones in any of her plans if it coſt him nothing; ſo ſhe ſhewed her good ſenſe by never aſking Sir John for advice, or the Squire for ſubſcriptions, and by this prudence gained the full ſupport of both.

Mrs. Jones reſolved to ſpend two or three days in a week in getting acquainted with the ſtate of the pariſh, and ſhe took care never to walk out without a few little good books in her pocket to give away. This, though a cheap, is a moſt important act of charity; it has various uſes; it furniſhes the poor with knowledge, which they have no other way of obtaining; and it is the beſt introduction for any uſeful converſation which the giver of the book may wiſh to introduce.

She found that among the numerous wants ſhe met with, no ſmall ſhare was owing to bad management, or to impoſition: ſhe was ſtruck with the ſmall ſize of the loaves. Wheat was not now very dear, and ſhe was ſure a good deal of blame reſted with the baker. She ſent for a ſhilling loaf to the next great town where the mayor often ſent to the bakers' ſhops to ſee that the bread was proper weight. She weighed her town loaf againſt

her country loaf, and found the latter two pounds lighter than it ought to be. This was not the ſort of grievance to carry to Sir John; but luckily the Squire was alſo a magiſtrate, and it was quite in his way. He told her he could remedy the evil if ſome one would lodge an information againſt the baker.

THE INFORMER.

She dropt in on the blackſmith. He was at dinner. She enquired if his bread was good.—Aye, good enough, miſtreſs, for you ſee it is as white as your cap, if we had but more of it.—Here's a ſixpenny loaf, you might take it for a penny role! He then heartily curſed Crib, the baker, and ſaid, he ought to be hanged. Mrs. Jones now told him what ſhe had done, how ſhe had detected the fraud, and aſſured him the evil ſhould be redreſſed on the morrow, provided he would appear and inform. I inform! ſaid he, with a ſhocking oath, hang an informer! I ſcorn the office. You are nice in the wrong place, friend, replied Mrs. Jones, for you don't ſcorn to abuſe the baker, nor to be in a paſſion, nor to ſwear, though you ſcorn to redreſs a public injury, and to increaſe your childrens' bread. Let me tell you, there is nothing in which you ignorant people miſtake more than in your notions about *informers*. Informing is a lawful way of obtaining redreſs; and though it is a miſchievous and a hateful thing to go to a juſtice about every trifling matter, yet laying an information on important occaſions, without malice, or bitterneſs of any

kind, is what no honeſt man ought to be aſhamed of. The ſhame is to commit the offence, not to inform againſt it. I, for my part, ſhould perhaps do right if I not only informed againſt Crib, for making light bread, but againſt you for ſwearing at him. Well, but madam, ſaid the ſmith, a little ſoftened, don't you think it a ſin and a ſhame to turn informer? So far from it, when a man's motives are good, ſaid Mrs. Jones, that in ſuch clear caſes as the preſent, I think it a duty and a virtue. If it is right that there ſhould be laws, it muſt be right that they ſhould be put in execution; but how can this be, if people will not inform the magiſtrates when they ſee the laws broken? *An informer by trade* is commonly a knave; a raſh, malicious, or paſſionate informer is a firebrand; but honeſt and prudent informers are almoſt as uſeful members of ſociety as the judges of the land. If you continue in your preſent mind on this ſubject, do not you think that you will be anſwerable for the crimes you might have prevented by informing, and be a ſort of accomplice of the villains who commit them?

Well, madam, ſaid the ſmith, I now ſee plainly enough that there is no ſhame in turning informer when my cauſe is good. And your motive right, always mind that, ſaid Mrs. Jones. Next day the ſmith attended, Crib was fined in the uſual penalty, his light bread was taken from him and given to the poor. The juſtices reſolved henceforward to inſpect the bakers in their diſtrict; and all of them, except Crib, and ſuch as Crib, were glad of it, for honeſty never dreads a trial. Thus

had Mrs. Jones the comfort of ſeeing how uſeful people may be without expence; for if ſhe could have given the poor fifty pounds, ſhe would not have done them ſo great, or ſo laſting a benefit; and the true light in which ſhe had put the buſineſs of *informing* was of no ſmall uſe.

There were two ſhops in the pariſh, but Mrs. Sparks at the Croſs, had not half ſo much cuſtom as Wills, at the Sugar Loaf, though ſhe ſold her goods a penny in a ſhilling cheaper, and all agreed that they were much better. Mrs. Jones aſked Mrs. Sparks the reaſon. Madam, ſaid the ſhopkeeper, Mr. Wills will give longer truſt. Beſides this, his wife keeps ſhop on a Sunday Morning while I am at church. Mrs. Jones now reminded Mr. Simpſon to read the King's Proclamation againſt vice and immorality next Sunday, at church, and prevailed on the Squire to fine any one who ſhould keep open ſhop on a Sunday.—She alſo put the people in mind that a ſhopkeeper, who would ſell on a Sunday, would be more likely to cheat them all the week, than one who went to church.

She alſo laboured hard to convince them how much they would leſſen their diſtreſs, if they would contrive to deal with Mrs. Sparks for ready money, rather than with Wills on long credit; thoſe who liſtened to her found their circumſtances far more comfortable at the year's end, while the reſt, tempted, like ſome of their betters, by the pleaſure of putting off the evil day of payment, like them at laſt found themſelves plunged in debt and diſtreſs. She took care to make a good uſe of ſuch inſtances in her converſation with the poor,

and, by perſeverance, ſhe at length brought them ſo much to her way of thinking, that Wills found it to be his intereſt to alter his plan, and ſell his goods on as good terms and as ſhort credit as Mrs. Sparks ſold her's. This compleated Mrs. Jones's ſucceſs, and ſhe had the ſatisfaction of having put a ſtop to three or four great evils in the pariſh of Weſton, without ſpending a ſhilling in doing it.

Patty Smart and Jenny Roſe were thought to be the two beſt managers in the pariſh. They both told Mrs. Jones, that the poor would get the coarſe pieces of meat cheaper, if the gentle-folks did not buy them for ſoups and gravy. Mrs. Jones thought there was reaſon in this; ſo away ſhe went to Sir John, the Squire, the Surgeon, the Attorney, and the Steward, the only perſons in the pariſh who could afford to buy coſtly things. She told them, that if they would all be ſo good as to buy only prime pieces, which they could very well afford, the coarſe and cheap joints would come more within the reach of the poor. Moſt of the gentry readily conſented. Sir John cared not what his meat coſt him, but told Mrs. Jones in his gay way, that he would eat any thing, or give any thing, ſo that ſhe would not teaſe him with long ſtories about the poor. The Squire ſaid, he ſhould prefer vegetable ſoups, becauſe they were cheaper, and the Doctor preferred them becauſe they were wholeſomer. The Steward choſe to imitate the Squire; and the Attorney found it would be quite ungenteel to ſtand out.—So gravy ſoups became very unfaſhionable in the pariſh of Weſton; and I am ſure if rich

people did but think a little on this ſubject, they would become as unfaſhionable in many other places.

When wheat grew cheaper, Mrs. Jones was earneſt with the poor woman to bake large brown loaves at home, inſtead of buying ſmall white ones at the ſhop. Mrs. Betty had told her, that baking at home would be one ſtep towards reſtoring the good old management. Only Patty Smart and Jenny Roſe baked at home in the whole pariſh, and who lived ſo well as they did? Yet the general objection ſeemed reaſonable. They could not bake without yeaſt, which often could not be had, as no one brewed except the great folks and the public houſes. Mrs. Jones found however, that Patty and Jenny contrived to brew as well as to bake. She ſent for theſe women, knowing that from them ſhe could get truth and reaſon. How comes it, ſaid ſhe to them, that you two are the only poor women in the pariſh who can afford to brew a ſmall caſk of beer?—Your huſbands have no better wages than other men. True, madam, ſaid Patty, but they never ſet foot in a public houſe. I will tell you the truth. When I firſt married, our John went to the Checquers every night, and I had my tea and freſh butter twice a day at home. This ſlop, which conſumed a deal of ſugar, began to *rake* my ſtomach ſadly, as I had neither meat nor milk; at laſt, (I am aſhamed to own it) I began to take a drop of gin to quiet the pain, till in time I looked for my gin as regularly as for my tea.—At laſt the gin, the alehouſe, and the tea, began to make us both ſick and poor, and I had liked

to have died with my firſt child. Parſon Simpſon then talked ſo finely to us on the ſubject of improper indulgences, that we reſolved, by the grace of God, to turn over a new leaf, and I promiſed John, if he would give up the Checquers, I would break the gin bottle, and never drink tea in the afternoon, except on Sundays, when he was at home with me. We have kept our word, and both our eating and drinking, our health, and our conſciences are better for it. Though meat is ſadly dear, we can buy two pounds of freſh meat for leſs than one pound of freſh butter, and it gives five times the nouriſhment. And dear as malt is, I contrive to keep a drop of drink in the houſe for John, and John will make me drink half a pint with him every evening, and a pint a day when I am a nurſe.

As one good deed as well as one bad one brings on another, this converſation ſet Mrs. Jones on enquiring why ſo many ale-houſes were allowed. She did not chuſe to talk to Sir John on this ſubject, who would only have ſaid, let them enjoy themſelves, poor fellows; if they get drunk now and then, they work hard. But thoſe who have this falſe good nature forget, that while the man is *enjoying himſelf*, as it is called, his wife and children are ragged and ſtarving. True chriſtian good nature never indulges one at the coſt of many, but is kind to all. The Squire, who was a friend to order, took up the matter. He conſulted Mr. Simpſon. The Lion, ſaid he, is neceſſary. It ſtands by the roadſide: travellers muſt have a reſting-place. As to the Checquers

and the Bell they do no good, but much harm.—Mr. Simpſon had before made many attempts to get the Checquers put down; but, unluckily, it was Sir John's own houſe, and kept by his late butler. Not that Sir John valued the rent, but he had a falſe kindneſs which made him ſupport the cauſe of an old ſervant, though he knew he kept a diſorderly houſe. The Squire, however, now took away the licence from the Bell. And a fray happening ſoon after at the Checquers, (which was near the church) in time of divine ſervice, Sir John was obliged to ſuffer the houſe to be put down as a nuiſance. You would not believe how many poor families were able to brew a little caſk when the temptations of thoſe ale-houſes were taken out of their way. Mrs. Jones, in her evening walks, had the pleaſure to ſee many an honeſt man drinking his wholeſome cup of beer by his own fire-ſide, his roſy children playing about his knees, his clean chearful wife ſinging her youngeſt baby to ſleep, rocking the cradle with her foot, while with her hands ſhe was making a dumpling for her kind huſband's ſupper. Some few, I am ſorry to ſay, though I don't chuſe to name names, ſtill preferred getting drunk once a week at the Lion, and drinking water at other times.

The good women, being now ſupplied with yeaſt from each other's brewings, would have baked, but two difficulties ſtill remained. Many of them had no ovens, for ſince the new bad management had crept in, many cottages have been built without this convenience. Fuel alſo was ſcarce at Weſton. Mrs. Jones adviſed the build-

ing a large parish oven. Sir John subscribed to be rid of her importunity, and the Squire because he thought every improvement in œconomy would reduce the poor rate. It was soon accomplished, and to this oven, at a certain hour, three times a week, the elder children carried their loaves which their mothers had made at home, and paid a halfpenny, or a penny, according to their size, for the baking.

Mrs. Jones found that no poor women in Weston could buy a little milk, as the farmers' wives did not care to rob their dairies. This was a great distress, especially when the children were sick.—So Mrs Jones advised Mrs. Sparks, at the Cross, to keep a couple of cows and sell out the milk by halfpennyworths. She did so, and found, that though this plan gave her some additional trouble, she got full as much by it as if she had made cheese and butter. She also sold rice at a cheap rate, so that with the help of the milk, and the public oven, a fine rice pudding was to be had for a trifle.

The girls' school, in the parish, was fallen into neglect, for though many would be subscribers, yet no one would look after it. I wish this was the case at Weston only; many schools have come to nothing, and many parishes are quite destitute of schools, because too many gentry neglect to make it a part of the duty of their grown-up daughters to inspect the instruction of the poor. It was not in Mr. Simpson's way to see if girls were taught to work. This is ladies' business. Mrs. Jones consulted her counsellor, Mrs.

Betty, and they went every Friday to the ſchool, where they invited mothers as well as daughters to come, and learn to cut out to the beſt advantage. Mrs. Jones had not been bred to theſe things, but by means of Mrs. Cowper's excellent cutting-out book, ſhe ſoon became miſtreſs of the whole art. She not only had the girls taught to make and mend, but to waſh and iron too*. She alſo allowed the mother, or eldeſt daughter of every family, to come once a week, and learn how to dreſs *one cheap diſh*. One Friday, which was cooking day, who ſhould paſs by but the Squire, with his gun and dogs. He looked into the ſchool for the firſt time. Well, madam, ſaid he, what good are you doing here? What are your girls learning and earning? Where are your manufactures? Where is your ſpinning and your carding? Sir, ſaid ſhe, this is a ſmall pariſh, and you know ours is not a manufacturing county; ſo that when theſe girls are women, they will not be much employed in ſpinning. However, we teach them a little of it, and ſtill more of knitting, that they may be able to get up a ſmall piece of houſehold linen once a year, and provide the family with ſtockings, by employing the odds and ends of their time in theſe ways. But there is a manufacture which I am carrying on, and I know of none within my own reach which is ſo valuable. What can that be? ſaid the Squire. *To make good wives for working men*, ſaid ſhe. Is not mine an

* How Mrs. Jones managed her Sunday Schools, and alſo her method of religious inſtruction on week days, may be ſhewn hereafter.

excellent ſtaple commodity? I am teaching theſe girls the art of induſtry and good management.—It is little encouragement to an honeſt man to work hard all the week, if his wages are waſted by a ſlattern at home. Moſt of theſe girls will probably become wives to the poor, or ſervants to the rich; to ſuch the common arts of life are of great value; now as there is little opportunity for learning theſe at the ſchool houſe, I intend to propoſe that ſuch gentry as have ſober ſervants, ſhall allow one of theſe girls to come and work in their families one day in a week, when the houſekeeper, the cook, the houſemaid, or the laundry-maid, ſhall be required to inſtruct them in their ſeveral departments. This I conceive to be the beſt way of training good ſervants. What have you got on the fire, madam? ſaid the Squire, for your pot really ſmells as ſavory as if Sir John's French cook had filled it. Sir, replied Mrs. Jones, I have lately got acquainted with Mrs. White, who has given us an account of her cheap diſhes, and nice cookery, in one of the Cheap Repoſitory little books*. Mrs. Betty and I have made all her diſhes, and very good they are, and we have got ſeveral others of our own. Every Friday we come here and dreſs one. Theſe good women ſee how it is done, and learn to dreſs it at their own houſes. I take home part of my own dinner, and what is left I give to each in turn. I hope I have opened their eyes on a ſad miſtake they had got into, *that we think any thing is good*

* See "The Way to Plenty," ſold by T. Evans, Long Lane, Weſt Smithfield. Price 1½d.

enough for the poor. Now I do *not* think any thing good enough for the poor which is not clean, wholeſome, and palatable, and what I myſelf would not chearfully eat if my circumſtances required it.

Pray, Mrs. Betty, ſaid the 'Squire, oblige me with a baſon of your ſoup. The Squire found it ſo good after his walk, that he was almoſt ſorry he had promiſed to buy no more legs of beef, and declared, that not one ſheep's head ſhould ever go to his kennel again. He begged his cook might have the receipt, and Mrs. Jones wrote it out for her. She has alſo been ſo obliging as to favour me with a copy of all her receipts. And as I hate all monopoly, and ſee no reaſon why ſuch cheap, nouriſhing, and ſavory diſhes ſhould be confined to the pariſh of Weſton, I print them, that all other pariſhes may have the ſame advantage. Not only the poor, but all perſons with ſmall incomes may be glad of them. Well, Madam, ſaid Mr. Simpſon, who came in ſoon after, which is beſt, to ſit down and cry over our misfortunes, or to beſtir ourſelves to do our duty to the world?—Sir, replied Mrs. Jones, I thank you for the uſeful leſſon you have given me. You have taught me, that our time and talents are to be employed with zeal in God's ſervice, if we wiſh for his favour here or hereafter; and that one great employment of them, which he requires, is the promotion of the preſent, and much more the future happineſs of all around us. You have taught me that much good may be done with little money; and that the heart, the head, and the hands are of ſome uſe as well as the purſe.

May all who read this account of Mrs. Jones, *go and do likewiſe!*

RECEIPT I.

Two pounds of beef, four onions, ten turnips, half a pound of rice, a large handful of parſley, thyme, and ſavory; ſome pepper and ſalt; eight quarts of water. Cut the beef in ſlices, and after it has boiled ſome time, cut it ſtill ſmaller. The whole ſhould boil gently about two hours, on a ſlow fire. If fuel be ſcarce, it may be ſtewed all night in an oven, and warmed up next day.—You may add oatmeal and potatoes.

RECEIPT II.

Take half a pound of beef, mutton, or pork, cut it into ſmall pieces; half a pint of peaſe, four ſliced turnips, ſix potatoes cut very ſmall, two onions; put to them ſeven pints of water. Let the whole boil gently over a very ſlow fire two hours and a half. Then thicken it with a quarter of a pound of oatmeal. After the thickening is put in, boil it a quarter of an hour, ſtirring it all the time; then ſeaſon it with ſalt and pepper.

RECEIPT III.

Take two pounds of ſalt beef, or pork, cut it into very ſmall bits, and put it into a pot with ſix quarts of water, letting it boil on a ſlow fire for three quarters of an hour; then put a few carrots, parſnips, or turnips, all cut ſmall; or a few potatoes ſliced; a cabbage, and a couple of creſſes.

Thicken the whole with a pint of oatmeal. All theſe to be well ſeaſoned with ſalt and pepper.

SOUPS.

The following ſoups Mrs. Sparks ſold every Saturday in ſmall quantities, a pint of the ſoup, with a bit of the meat warmed up on a Sunday, made a dinner for a grown perſon.

An ox cheek, two pecks of potatoes, a quarter of a peck of onions, one ounce of pepper, half a pound of ſalt, boiled all together in ninety pints of water till reduced to ſixty; any garden-ſtuff may be thrown in.

FRIENDLY HINTS.

The difference between eating bread new and ſtale, is one loaf in five.

If you turn your meat into broth it will go much farther than if you roaſt or bake it.

If you have a garden make the moſt of it. A bit of leek, or an onion, makes all diſhes ſavoury at ſmall expence.

If the money ſpent on freſh butter were ſpent on meat, poor families would be much better fed than they are.

If the money ſpent on tea were ſpent on home-brewed beer, the wife would be better fed, the huſband better pleaſed, and both would be healthier.

Keep a little Scotch barley, rice, dry peaſe, and oatmeal in the houſe. They are all cheap, and don't ſpoil. Keep alſo pepper and ginger.

Pay your debts, ſerve God, and love your neighbour.

THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

I Promiſed, in the Cottage Cook, to give ſome account of the manner in which Mrs. Jones ſet up her ſchool. She did not much fear being able to raiſe the money, but money is of little uſe, unleſs ſome perſons of ſenſe and piety can be found to direct theſe inſtitutions. Not that I would diſcourage thoſe who ſet them up, even in the moſt ordinary manner, and from mere views of worldly policy. It is ſomething gained to reſcue children from idling away their Sabbath in the fields or the ſtreets. It is no ſmall thing to keep them from thoſe tricks to which a day of leiſure tempts the idle and the ignorant. It is

ſomething for them to be taught to read; it is much to be taught to read the Bible, and much, indeed, to be carried regularly to church. But all this is not enough. To bring theſe inſtitutions to anſwer their higheſt end, can only be effected by God's bleſſing on the beſt directed means, the choice of able teachers, and a diligent attention in ſome pious gentry to viſit and inſpect the ſchools.

ON RECOMMENDATIONS.

Mrs. Jones had one talent that eminently qualified her to do good, namely, judgment; this, even in the gay part of her life, had kept her from many miſtakes; but though ſhe had ſometimes been deceived herſelf, ſhe was very careful not to deceive others, in recommending people to fill any office for which they were unfit, either through ſelfiſhneſs or falſe kindneſs. She uſed to ſay, there is always ſome one appropriate quality which every perſon muſt poſſeſs, in order to fit them for any particular employment. Even in this quality, ſaid ſhe to Mr. Simpſon, the clergyman, I do not expect perfection; but if they are diſtitute of this, whatever good qualities they may poſſeſs beſides, though they may do for ſome other employment, they will not do for this. If I want a pair of ſhoes, I go to a ſhoemaker; I do not go to a man of another trade, however ingenious he may be, to aſk him if he cannot *contrive* to make me a pair of ſhoes. When I lived in London, I learned to be much on my guard as

to recommendations. I found people often wanted to impoſe on me ſome one who was a burthen to themſelves. Once I remember, when I undertook to get a matron for an hoſpital, half my acquaintance had ſome one to offer me. Mrs. Gibſon ſent me an old cook, whom ſhe herſelf had diſcharged for waſting her own proviſions, yet ſhe had the conſcience to recommend this woman to take care of the proviſions of a large community. Mrs. Grey ſent me a diſcarded houſekeeper, whoſe conſtitution had been ruined by ſitting up with Mrs. Grey's gouty huſband, but who ſhe yet thought might do well enough to undergo the fatigue of taking care of an hundred poor ſick people. A third friend ſent me a woman who had no merit but that of being very poor, and it would be charity to provide for her. The truth is, the lady was obliged to allow her a ſmall penſion till ſhe could get her off her own hands, by turning her on thoſe of others.

It is very true, madam, ſaid Mr. Simpſon, the right way is always to prefer the good of the many to the good of one; if, indeed, it can be called doing good to any one to place them in a ſtation in which they muſt feel unhappy, by not knowing how to diſcharge the duties of it. I will tell you how I manage. If the perſons recommended are objects of charity, I privately ſubſcribe to their wants; I pity and help them, but I never promote them to a ſtation for which they are unfit, as I ſhould by ſo doing hurt a whole community to help a diſtreſſed individual.

Thus Mrs. Jones reſolved, that the firſt ſtep towards ſetting up her ſchool ſhould be to pro-

vide a ſuitable miſtreſs. The veſtry were ſo earneſt in recommending one woman, that ſhe thought it worth looking into. On enquiry, ſhe found it was a ſcheme to take a large family off the pariſh; they never conſidered that a very ignorant woman, with a family of young children, was not fit for a ſchool; all they conſidered was, that the profits of the ſchool might enable her to live without pariſh pay. Mrs. Jones refuſed another, though ſhe could read well, and was decent in her conduct, becauſe ſhe uſed to ſend her children to the ſhop on Sundays. And ſhe objected to a third, a very ſenſible woman, becauſe ſhe was ſuſpected of making an outward profeſſion of religion a cloak for immoral conduct. Mrs. Jones knew ſhe muſt not be too nice neither; ſhe knew ſhe muſt put up with many faults at laſt. I know, ſaid ſhe to Mr. Simpſon, the imperfection of every thing that is human. As the miſtreſs will have much to bear with from the children, ſo I expect to have ſomething to bear with in the miſtreſs; and ſhe and I muſt ſubmit to our reſpective trials, by thinking how much God has to bear with in us all. But there are three things which a miſtreſs muſt not be without; *good ſenſe*, *activity*, and *piety*. Without the firſt ſhe will miſlead others; without the ſecond ſhe will neglect them; and without the third, though ſhe may civilize, yet ſhe will never chriſtianize them.

Mr. Simpſon ſaid, he really knew but of one perſon in the pariſh who was fully likely to anſwer her purpoſe: this, continued he, is no other than my houſekeeper, Mrs. Betty Crew. It will indeed be a great loſs to me to part from her;

and to her it will be a far more fatiguing life than that which she at present leads. But ought I to put my own personal comfort, or ought Betty to put her own ease and quiet, in competition with the good of above an hundred children? This will appear still more important, if we consider the good done, not as a *fruit* but *seed*; if we take into the account how many yet unborn may become Christians, in consequence of our making these children Christians. For how can we calculate the number which may be hereafter trained for heaven, by those very children we are going to teach, when they themselves shall become parents, and you and I are dead and forgotten? To be sure, by my parting from Betty, my peas-soup will not be quite so well flavoured, nor my linen so neatly got up; but the day is fast approaching when all this will signify but little; but it will not signify a little whether one hundred immortal souls were the better from my making this petty sacrifice. Betty Crew is a real Christian, has excellent sense, and had a good education from my mother. She has also had a little sort of training for the business; for when the poor children come to the parsonage for the broth on a Saturday evening, Betty is used to appoint them all to come at the same time, and after she has filled their pitchers, she ranges them round her in the garden, and examines them in their catechism. She is just and fair in dealing out the broth and beef, not making my favour to the parents depend on the skill of their children. But her own old caps, and ribbons, and cast off cloaths, are bestowed as little rewards on the best scholars. So

that taking the time ſhe ſpends in working for them, and the things ſhe gives them, there is many a lady who does not exceed Betty in acts of charity: this I mention to confirm your notion, that it is not neceſſary to be rich in order to do good; a religious upper ſervant has great opportunities of this ſort, if the maſter is diſpoſed to encourage her.

My readers, I truſt, need not be informed, that this is that very Mrs. Betty Crew who aſſiſted Mrs. Jones in teaching poor women to cut out linen and dreſs cheap diſhes, as related in the Cottage Cook. Mrs. Jones, in the following week, got together as many of the mothers as ſhe could, and ſpoke to them as follows:

MRS. JONES'S EXHORTATION.

My good women, on Sunday next I propoſe to open a ſchool for the inſtruction of your children. Thoſe among you, who know what it is to be able to read your Bible, will, I doubt not, rejoice that the ſame bleſſing is held out to your children. You who are *not* able yourſelves to read what your Saviour has done and ſuffered for you, ought to be doubly anxious that your children ſhould reap a bleſſing which you have loſt. Would not that mother be thought an unnatural monſter, who ſhould ſtand by and ſnatch out of her child's mouth the bread which a kind friend had juſt put into it? But ſuch a mother would be merciful, compared with her who ſhould rob her children of the opportunity of learning to read the word of God when it is held out to them. Re-

member, that if you ſlight the preſent offer, or if, after having ſent your children a few times, you ſhould afterwards keep them at home under vain pretences, you will have to anſwer for it at the day of judgment. Let not your poor children, *then*, have cauſe to ſay, My fond mother was my worſt enemy. I might have been bred up in the fear of the Lord, and ſhe oppoſed it, for the ſake of giving me a little paltry pleaſure.—For an idle holiday, I am now brought to the gates of hell! My dear women, which of you could bear to ſee your darling child condemned to everlaſting deſtruction? Which of you could bear to hear him accuſe you as the cauſe of it? Is there any mother here preſent, who will venture to ſay,—I will doom the child I bore to ſin and hell, rather than put them or myſelf to a little preſent pain, by curtailing their evil inclinations! I will let them ſpend the Sabbath in ignorance and idleneſs, inſtead of reſcuing them from vanity and ſin, by ſending them to ſchool! Let that mother, who values her child's pleaſure more than his ſoul, now walk away, while I ſet down in my liſt the names of all thoſe who wiſh to bring their young ones up in the way that leads to eternal life, inſtead of indulging them in the pleaſures of ſin, which are but for a moment.

When Mrs. Jones had done ſpeaking, moſt of the women thanked her for her good advice, and hoped that God would give them grace to follow it; promiſing to ſend their children conſtantly. Others, who were not ſo well diſpoſed, were yet afraid to refuſe, after the ſin of ſo doing had been ſo plainly ſet before them. The worſt of the

women had kept away from this meeting, reſolving to ſet their faces againſt the ſchool. Moſt of them who were preſent, as ſoon as they got home, ſet about providing their children with what little decent apparel they could raiſe. Many a willing mother lent her tall daughter her hat, beſt cap, and white handkerchief; and many a grateful father ſpared his linen waiſtcoat and bettermoſt hat, to induce his grown up ſon to attend; for it was a rule with which Mrs. Jones began, that ſhe would not receive the younger children out of any family who did not ſend their elder ones. Too many made excuſes that their ſhoes were old, or their hat worn out. But Mrs. Jones told them not to bring any excuſes to her which they could not bring to the day of judgment; and among thoſe excuſes ſhe would hardly admit any except accidents, ſickneſs, or attendance on ſick parents, or young children.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. Jones was very deſirous of getting the help and countenance of the farmers and tradeſpeople, whoſe duty and intereſt ſhe thought it was to ſupport a plan calculated to improve the virtue and happineſs of the pariſh. Moſt of them ſubſcribed, and promiſed to ſee that their workmen ſent their children. She met with little oppoſition till ſhe called on farmer Hoſkins. She told him, as he was the richeſt farmer in the pariſh, ſhe came to him for a handſome ſubſcription. Subſcription! ſaid he; it is nothing but ſubſcriptions, I think; a man had need be made of mo-

ney.—Farmer, ſaid Mrs. Jones, God has bleſſed you with abundant proſperity, and he expects you ſhould be liberal in proportion to your great ability.—I do not know what you mean by bleſſing, ſaid he; I have been up early and late; lived hard while I had little; and now when I thought I had got forward in the world, what with tythes and ſubſcriptions it all goes, I think.—Mr. Hoſkins, ſaid Mrs. Jones, this is but an ungrateful return for all your bleſſings.—You are again at your bleſſings, ſaid the farmer, but let every one work as hard as I have done, and I dare ſay he will do as well. It is to my own induſtry I owe what I have. My crops have been good, becauſe I minded my ploughing and ſowing.—O, farmer! cried Mrs. Jones, you forget whoſe ſuns and ſhowers made your crops to grow; but I do not come to preach, but to beg.—Well, madam, what is it now? Flannel or French? or weavers, or a new church, or large bread, or cheap rice? or what other new whim-wham for getting the money out of one's pocket?—I am going to eſtabliſh a Sunday School, farmer; and I am come to you as one of the principal inhabitants of the pariſh, hoping your example will ſpur on the reſt to give.—Why, then, ſaid the farmer, as one of the principal inhabitants of the pariſh, I will give nothing; hoping it will ſpur on the reſt to refuſe. Of all the fooliſh inventions, and new-fangled devices to ruin the country, that of teaching the poor to read is the very worſt.—And I, farmer, think that to teach good principles to the lower claſſes, is the moſt likely way to ſave the country.

Now, in order to this, we muſt teach them to read.—Not with my conſent, nor my money, ſaid the farmer; for I know it always does more harm than good.—So it may, ſaid Mrs. Jones, if you only teach them to read, and then turn them adrift to find out books for themſelves *. There is a proneneſs in the heart to evil, which it is our duty to oppoſe, and which I ſee you are promoting. Only look round your own kitchen; I am aſhamed to ſee it hung round with looſe ſongs and ballads. I grant, indeed, it would be better for your men and maids, and even your daughters, not to be able to read at all than to read ſuch ſtuff as this. But if, when they aſk for bread, you will give them a ſtone, nay worſe, a ſerpent, your's is the blame. Then taking up a penny book which had a very looſe title, ſhe went on—I do not wonder, if you who read ſuch books as theſe, think it ſafer that people ſhould not read at all. The farmer grinned, and ſaid, It is hard if a man of my ſubſtance may not divert myſelf; when a bit of fun coſts only a penny, and a man can ſpare that penny, there is no harm done. When it is very hot, or very wet, and I come in to reſt, and have drank my mug of cider, I like to take up a bit of a jeſt book, or a comical ſtory, to make me

* It was this conſideration chiefly, which ſtimulated the conductors of the Cheap Repoſitory to ſend forth that variety of little books ſo peculiarly ſuitable to the young. They conſidered, that by means of Sunday Schools, multitudes were now taught to read who would be expoſed to be corrupted by all the ribaldry and profaneneſs of looſe ſongs, and vicious ſtories; and that it was a bounden duty to counteract ſuch temptations.

laugh!—O, Mr. Hoſkins, replied Mrs. Jones, when you come in to reſt from a burning ſun or ſhower, do you never think of him whoſe ſun it is that is ripening your corn? or whoſe ſhower is filling the ear, or cauſing the graſs to grow? I could tell you of ſome books which would ſtrengthen ſuch thoughts, whereas ſuch as you read only ſerve to put them out of your head. Mrs. Jones having taken pains to let Mr. Hoſkins know that all the genteel and wealthy people had ſubſcribed, he at laſt ſaid, Why, as to the matter of that, I do not value a crown; only I think it might be better beſtowed, and I am afraid my own workmen will fly in my face if once they are made ſcholars; and that they will think themſelves too good to work.—Now you talk ſoberly, and give your reaſons, ſaid Mrs. Jones, weak as they are, they deſerve an anſwer. Do you think that either man, woman, or child, ever did his duty the worſe, only becauſe he knew it the better?—No, perhaps not.—Now, the whole extent of learning which we intend to give the poor, is only to enable them to read the Bible; a book which brings to us the glad tidings of ſalvation, in which every duty is explained, every doctrine brought into practice, and the higheſt truths made level to the meaneſt underſtanding. The knowledge of that book, and its practical influence on the heart, is the beſt ſecurity you can have, both for the induſtry and obedience of your ſervants. Now can you think any man will be the worſe ſervant for being a good Chriſtian?—Perhaps not.—Are not the duties of children, of ſervants,

and the poor, expreſsly ſet forth in the Bible?—Yes.—Do you think any duties are likely to be ſo well performed from any human motives, ſuch as fear or prudence, as from theſe religious motives, which are backed with the ſanction of rewards and puniſhments, of heaven or hell? Even upon your own principles of worldly policy, do you think a poor man is not leſs likely to ſteal a ſheep or a horſe, who was taught, when a boy, that it was a ſin to rob a hen-rooſt or an orchard, than one who has been bred in ignorance? Will your property be ſecured ſo effectually by the ſtocks on the green, as by teaching the boys in the ſchool, that *for all theſe things God will bring them into judgment?* Is a poor fellow who can read his Bible, ſo likely to ſleep or to drink away his few hours of leiſure, as one who *cannot* read? He may, and he often does, make a bad uſe of his reading, but I doubt he would have been as bad without it. And the hours ſpent in learning to read will always have been among the moſt harmleſs ones of his life.

Well, madam, ſaid the farmer, if you do not think that religion will ſpoil my young ſervants, I do not care if you do put me down for half a guinea. What has farmer Dobſon given?—Half a guinea, ſaid Mrs. Jones. Well, cried the farmer, it ſhall never be ſaid I do not give more than he, who is only a renter. Dobſon give half a guinea? Why he wears his coat as thread-bare as a labourer.—Perhaps, replied Mrs. Jones, that is one reaſon why he gives ſo much. Well, put me down a guinea, cried the farmer; as ſcarce as guineas are juſt now, I'll never be put upon the

ſame footing with Dobſon neither. Yes, and you muſt exert yourſelf beſides, in inſiſting that your workmen ſend their children, and often look into the ſchool yourſelf to ſee if they are there, and reward or diſcourage them accordingly, added Mrs. Jones. The moſt zealous teachers will flag in their exertions, if they are not animated and ſupported by the wealthy; and your poor youth will ſoon deſpiſe religious inſtruction as a thing forced upon them, if it be not made pleaſant by the encouraging preſence, kind words, and little gratuities from their betters.

Here Mrs. Jones took her leave; the farmer inſiſted on waiting on her to the door. When they got into the yard, they ſpied Mr. Simpſon, who was ſtanding near a little group of females, conſiſting of the farmer's two young danghters, and a couple of roſy dairy-maids, an old blind fiddler, and a woman who led him. The woman had laid a baſket on the ground, out of which ſhe was dealing ſome ſongs to the girls, who were kneeling round it, and eagerly picking out ſuch whoſe titles ſuited their taſtes. On ſeeing the clergyman come up, the fiddler's companion (for I am ſorry to ſay ſhe was not his wife) puſhed ſome of the ſongs to the bottom of the baſket, turned round to the company, and in a whining tone aſked if they would pleaſe to buy a godly book. Mr. Simpſon ſaw through the hypocriſy at once, and inſtead of making any anſwer, took out of one of the girl's hands a ſong which the woman had not been able to ſnatch away. He was ſhocked and grieved to ſee that

theſe young girls were about to read, to ſing, and to learn by heart ſuch ribaldry as he was aſhamed even to caſt his eyes on. He turned about to the girl, and gravely, but mildly ſaid, Young woman, what do you think ſhould be done to a perſon who ſhould be found carrying a box of poiſon round the country, and leaving a little at every houſe? The girls all agreed, that ſuch a perſon ought to be hanged. That he ſhould, ſaid the farmer, if I was upon the jury, and quartered too. The fiddler and his woman were of the ſame opinion; declaring *they* would not do ſuch a wicked thing for the world, for if they were poor they were honeſt. Mr. Simpſon, turning to the other girl, ſaid, Which is of moſt value, the ſoul or the body?—The ſoul, ſir, ſaid the girl.—Why ſo? ſaid he.—Becauſe, ſir, I have heard you ſay in the pulpit, the ſoul is to laſt for ever.—Then, cried Mr. Simpſon, in a ſtern voice, turning to the fiddler's woman, are you not aſhamed to ſell poiſon for that part which is to laſt for ever? poiſon for the ſoul? Poiſon! ſaid the terrified girl, throwing down the book, and ſhuddering as people do who are afraid they have touched ſomething infectious.—Poiſon! echoed the farmer's daughters, recollecting with horror the ratſbane which Lion, the old houſe dog, had got at the day before, and after eating which ſhe had ſeen him drop down dead in convulſions. Yes, ſaid Mr. Simpſon to the woman, I do again repeat, the ſouls of theſe innocent girls will be poiſoned, and may be eternally ruined, by this vile traſh which you carry about.

I now ſee, ſaid Mrs. Jones to the farmer, the

reaſon why you think learning to read does more harm than good. It is indeed far better that they ſhould never know how to tell a letter, unleſs you keep ſuch traſh as this out of their way, and provide them with what is good, or at leaſt what is harmleſs. Still this is not the fault of reading, but the abuſe of it. Wine is ſtill a good cordial, though it is too often abuſed to the purpoſe of drunkenneſs.

The farmer ſaid that neither of his maids could read their horn-book, though he owned he often heard them ſinging that ſong which the parſon had thought ſo bad, but for his part it made him as merry as a nightingale.

Yes, ſaid Mrs. Jones, as a proof that it is not merely being able to read which does the miſchief, I have often heard as I have been croſſing a hay-field, young girls ſinging ſuch indecent ribaldry as has driven me out of the field; though I well knew they could not read a line of what they were ſinging, but had caught it from others. So you ſee you may as well ſay the memory is a wicked talent becauſe ſome people miſapply it, as to ſay that reading is dangerous becauſe ſome folks abuſe it.

While they were talking, the fiddler and his woman were trying to ſteal away unobſerved, but Mr. Simpſon ſtopped them, and ſternly ſaid, Woman, I ſhall have ſome farther talk with you. I am a magiſtrate as well as a miniſter, and if I know it, I will no more allow a wicked book to be ſold in my pariſh than a doſe of poiſon. The girls threw away all their ſongs, thanked Mr.

Simpſon, begged Mrs. Jones would take them into her ſchool after they had done milking in the evenings, that they might learn to read only what was proper. They promiſed they would never more deal with any but ſober, honeſt hawkers, ſuch as ſell good little books, Chriſtmas carols, and harmleſs ſongs, and deſired the fiddler's woman never to call there again.

This little incident afterwards confirmed Mrs. Jones in a plan ſhe had before ſome thoughts of putting in practice. This was, after her ſchool had been eſtabliſhed a few months, to invite all the well-diſpoſed grown up youth of the pariſh to meet her at the ſchool an hour or two on a Sunday evening, after the neceſſary buſineſs of the dairy, and of ſerving the cattle was over. Both Mrs. Jones and her agent had the talent of making this time paſs ſo agreeably by their manner of explaining ſcripture, and of impreſſing the heart by ſerious and affectionate diſcourſe, that in a ſhort time the evening ſchool was nearly filled with a ſecond company, after the younger ones were diſmiſſed. In time, not only the ſervants, but the ſons and daughters of the moſt ſubſtantial people in the pariſh attended. At length many of the parents, pleaſed with the improvement ſo viſible in the young people, got a habit of dropping in, that they might learn how to inſtruct their own families. And it was obſerved that as the ſchool filled, not only the fives-court, and public houſe were thinned, but even Sunday goſſiping and tea viſiting declined. Even Farmer Hoſkins, who was at firſt angry with his maids for leaving off thoſe *merry* ſongs, (as he called

them), was so pleased by the manner in which the psalms were sung at the school, that he promised Mrs. Jones to make her a present of half a sheep towards her first May-day feast. Of this feast some account shall be given hereafter; and the reader may expect some further account of the Sunday School next month in the history of Hester Wilmot.

Z.

THE HISTORY OF

HESTER WILMOT;

OR, THE

SECOND PART OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HESTER WILMOT was born in the parish of Weston, of parents who maintained themselves by their labour; they were both of them ungodly, it is no wonder therefore they were unhappy. They lived badly together, and how could they do otherwise, for their tempers were very different, and they had no religion to smooth down this difference, or to teach them that they ought to bear with each other's faults. Rebecca Wilmot was a proof that people may have some right qualities, and yet be but bad characters, and utterly destitute of religion. She was clean, notable, and industrious. Now I know some folks fancy that the poor who have these qualities need have no other, but this is a sad mistake, as I am sure every page in the Bible would shew; and it is a pity people do not consult it oftener. They direct their plowing and sowing by the Almanack, why will they not consult the Bible for the direction of their hearts and lives? Rebecca was of a violent, ungovernable temper; and that very neatness which

is in itſelf ſo pleaſing, in her became a ſin, for her affection to her huſband and children was quite loſt in an over-anxious deſire to have her houſe reckoned the niceſt in the pariſh. Rebecca was alſo a proof that a poor woman may be as vain as a rich one, for it was not ſo much the comfort of neatneſs, as the praiſe of neatneſs, which ſhe coveted. A ſpot on her hearth, or a bit of ruſt on a braſs candleſtick, would throw her into a violent paſſion. Now it is very right to keep the hearth clean and the candleſtick bright, but it is very wrong ſo to ſet one's affections on a hearth, or a candleſtick, as to make one's ſelf unhappy if any trifling accident happens to them: and if Rebecca had been as careful to keep her heart without ſpot, or her life without blemiſh, as ſhe was to keep her fire-irons free from either, ſhe would have been held up in this hiſtory, not as a warning, but a pattern, and in that caſe her nicety would have come in for a part of the praiſe. It was no fault in Rebecca, but a merit, that her oak table was ſo bright you could almoſt ſee to put your cap on in it; but it was no merit but a fault, that when John, her huſband, laid down his cup of beer upon it ſo as to leave a mark, ſhe would fly out into ſo terrible a paſſion that all the children were forced to run to corners; now poor John having no corner to run to, ran to the alehouſe, till that which was at firſt a refuge, too ſoon became a pleaſure.

Rebecca never wiſhed her children to learn to read, becauſe ſhe ſaid it only ſerved to make them lazy, and ſhe herſelf had done very well

without it. She would keep poor Hester from church to stone the space under the chairs in fine patterns and whim-whams. I don't pretend to say there was any harm in this little decoration; it looks pretty enough, and it is better to let the children do that than do nothing. But still these are not things to set one's heart upon, and besides Rebecca only did it as a trap for praise; for she was sulky and disappointed if any ladies happened to call in and did not seem delighted with the flowers which she used to draw with a burnt stick on the white wash of the chimney corners. Besides, all this finery was often done on a Sunday, and there is a great deal of harm in doing right things at a wrong time, or in wasting much time on things which are of no real use, or in doing any thing at all out of vanity. Now I beg that no lazy slattern of a wife will go and take any comfort in her dirt from what is here said against Rebecca's nicety; for I believe, that for one who makes her husband unhappy through neatness, twenty do so by dirt and laziness. All excesses are wrong, but the excess of a good quality is not so common as the excess of a bad one.

John Wilmot was not an ill-natured man, but he had no fixed principle. Instead of setting himself to cure his wife's faults by mild reproof and a good example, he was driven by them into still greater faults himself. It is a common case with people who have no religion when any cross accident befals them, instead of trying to make the best of a bad matter, instead of considering their trouble as a trial sent from God to purify them, or instead of considering the faults of others as a

puniſhment for their own ſins, what do they do but either ſink down at once into deſpair, or elſe run for comfort into evil courſes. Drinking is the common remedy for ſorrow, if that can be called a remedy, the end of which is to deſtroy ſoul and body. John now began to ſpend all his leiſure hours at the Bell. He uſed to be fond of his children, but when he could not come home in quiet, and play with the little ones, while his wife dreſſed him a bit of hot ſupper, he grew in time not to come at all. He who has once taken to drink, can ſeldom be ſaid to be guilty of one ſin only. John's heart became hardened; his affection for his family was loſt in ſelf-indulgence. Patience and ſubmiſſion, on the part of his wife, might have won much upon a man of John's temper; but inſtead of trying to reclaim him, his wife ſeemed rather to delight in putting him as much in the wrong as ſhe could, that ſhe might be juſtified in her conſtant abuſe of him. I doubt whether ſhe would have been as much pleaſed with his reformation as ſhe was with always talking of his faults, though I know it was the opinion of the neighbours, that if ſhe had taken as much pains to reform her huſband by reforming her own temper, as ſhe did to abuſe him and expoſe him, her endeavours might have been bleſſed with ſucceſs. Good chriſtians, who are trying to ſubdue their own faults, can hardly believe that the ungodly have a ſort of ſavage ſatisfaction in trying, by indulgence of their own evil tempers, to leſſen the happineſs of thoſe with whom they have to do. Need we look any farther for a proof of our own corrupt nature, when we ſee mankind delight in

sins which have neither the temptation of profit or pleasure, such as plaguing, vexing, or abusing each other.

Hester was the eldest of their five children, she was a sharp, sensible girl; but at fourteen years old, she could not tell a letter, nor had she ever been taught to bow her knee to him who made her, for John's, or rather Rebecca's house, had seldom the name of God pronounced in it, except to be blasphemed.

It was just about this time, if I mistake not, that Mrs. Jones set up her Sunday School, of which Mrs. Betty Crew was appointed mistress, as was related last month. Mrs. Jones finding that none of the Wilmots were sent to school, took a walk to Rebecca's house, and civilly told her she called to let her know that a school was opened, to which she desired her to send her children on the Sunday following, especially her eldest daughter Hester. Well, said Rebecca, and what will you give her if I do? Give her! replied Mrs. Jones, that is rather a rude question, and asked in a rude manner: however, as a soft answer turneth away wrath, I assure you that I will give her the best of learning; I will teach her to *fear God and keep his commandments.* I would rather you would teach her to fear me, and to keep my house clean, said this wicked woman.—She shan't come, however, unless you will pay her for it. Pay her for it! said the lady, will it not be reward enough that she will be taught to read the word of God without any expence to you? For though many gifts both of books and cloath-

ing will be given the children, yet you are not to conſider theſe gifts in the light of payment as an expreſſion of goodwill in your benefactors. I ſay, interrupted Rebecca, that Heſter ſhan't go to ſchool. Religion is of no uſe that I know of but to make people hate their own fleſh and blood; and I ſee no good in learning but to make folks proud, and lazy, and dirty. I cannot tell a letter myſelf, and, though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, there is not a notabler woman in the pariſh.—Pray, ſaid Mrs. Jones, mildly, do you think that young people will diſobey their parents the more for being taught to fear God! I don't think any thing about it, ſaid Rebecca; I ſhan't let her come, and there's the long and ſhort of the matter. Heſter has other fiſh to fry; but you may have ſome of theſe little ones if you will. No, ſaid Mrs. Jones, I will not; I have not ſet up a nurſery but a ſchool. I am not at all this expence to take crying babes out of the mother's way, but to inſtruct reaſonable beings in the way to eternal life; and it ought to be a rule in all ſchools, not to take the troubleſome *young* children unleſs the mother will try to ſpare the *elder* ones, who are capable of learning. But, ſaid Rebecca, I have a young child which Heſter muſt nurſe while I dreſs dinner. And ſhe muſt iron the rags, and ſcour the irons, and dig the potatoes, and fetch the water to boil them. As to nurſing the child, that is indeed a neceſſary duty, and Heſter ought to ſtay at home part of the day to enable you to go to church; and families ſhould relieve each other in this way, but as to all the reſt they are no reaſons at all, for the irons need not be ſcoured ſo

often, and the rags should be ironed, and the potatoes dug, and the water fetched on the Saturday, and I can tell you that neither your minister here, nor your judge hereafter, will accept of any such excuses.

All this while Hester staid behind, pale and trembling, lest her unkind mother should carry her point. She looked up at Mrs. Jones with so much love and gratitude as to win her affection, and this good lady went on trying to soften this harsh mother. At last Rebecca condescended to say, Well, I don't know but I may let her come now and then when I can spare her, provided I find you make it worth her while. All this time she had never asked Mrs. Jones to sit down, nor had once bid her young children be quiet, though they were crying and squalling the whole time. Rebecca fancied this rudeness was the only way she had of shewing she thought herself as good as her guest, but Mrs. Jones never lost her temper. The moment she went out of the house, Rebecca called out loud enough for her to hear, and ordered Hester to get the stone and a bit of sand to scrub out the prints of that dirty woman's shoes. Hester in high spirits chearfully obeyed, and rubbed out the stains so neatly, that her mother could not help lamenting that so handy a girl was going to be spoiled by being taught godliness, and learning, and such nonsense.

Mrs. Jones, who knew the world, told her agent, Mrs. Crew, that her grand difficulty would arise not so much from the children as the parents. These, said she, are apt to fall into that sad mistake, that because their children are poor and

have little of this world's goods, the mothers muſt make it up to them in falſe indulgence.—The children of the gentry are much more reproved and corrected for their faults, and bred up in far ſtricter diſcipline. He was a king who ſaid, *chaſten thy ſon, and let not thy rod ſpare for his crying.* But do not loſe your patience; the more vicious the children are, you muſt remember the more they ſtand in need of your inſtruction. When they are bad, comfort yourſelf with thinking, how much worſe they would have been but for you; and what a burthen they would become to ſociety if theſe evil tempers were to receive no check. The great thing which enabled Mrs. Crew to teach well, was the deep inſight ſhe had got into the corruption of human nature.—And I doubt if any one can make a thoroughly good teacher of religion and morals who wants this maſter-key to the heart. Others indeed may teach knowledge, decency, and good manners; but thoſe, however valuable, are not Chriſtianity. Mrs. Crew, who knew that out of the heart proceed lying, theft, and all that train of evils which begin to break out even in young children, applied her labours to correct this root of evil. But though a diligent, ſhe was an humble teacher, well knowing that unleſs the grace of God bleſſed her labours, ſhe ſhould but labour in vain.

Heſter Wilmot never failed to attend the ſchool, whenever her perverſe mother would give her leave, and her delight in learning was ſo great, that ſhe would work early and late to gain a little time for her book. As ſhe had a quick capacity, ſhe learned ſoon to ſpell and read, and Mrs. Crew

obſerving her diligence, uſed to lend her a book to carry home, that ſhe might pick up a little at odd times. It would be well if teachers would make this diſtinction. To give, or lend books to thoſe who take no delight in them is an uſeleſs expence; while it is kind and right to aſſiſt well-diſpoſed young people with every help of this ſort. Thoſe who love books ſeldom hurt them, while the ſlothful, who hate learning, will wear out a book more in a week than the diligent will do in a year. Heſter's way was to read over one queſtion in her catechiſm, or one verſe in her hymn book, by fire-light before ſhe went to bed; this ſhe thought over in the night; and when ſhe was dreſſing herſelf in the morning ſhe was glad to find ſhe always knew a little more than ſhe had done the morning before. It is not to be believed how much thoſe people will be found to have gained at the end of the year, who are accuſtomed to work up all the little odd ends and remnants of leiſure; who value time even more than money; and who are convinced that minutes are no more to be waſted than pence. Nay, he who finds he has waſted a ſhilling may by diligence hope to fetch it up again; but no repentance, or induſtry, can ever bring back one waſted hour. My good young reader, if ever *you* are tempted to waſte an hour, go and aſk a dying man what he would give for that hour which you are throwing away, and according as he anſwers, ſo do you act.

As her mother hated the ſight of a book, Heſter was forced to learn out of ſight: it was no diſobedience to do this, as long as ſhe waſted no part of that time which it was her duty to ſpend

in useful labour. She would have thought it a sin to have left her work for her book; but she did not think it wrong to steal time from her sleep, and to be learning an hour before the rest of the family were awake. Hester would not neglect the washing-tub, or the spinning-wheel, even to get on with her catechism; but she thought it fair to think over her questions, while she was washing and spinning. In a few months she was able to read fluently in St. John's gospel, which is the easiest. But Mrs. Crew did not think it enough that her children could read a chapter, she would make them understand it also. It is in a good degree owing to the want of religious knowledge in teachers, that there is so little religion in the world. Unless the Bible is laid open to the understanding, children may read from Genesis to the Revelation, without any other improvement than barely learning how to pronounce the words. Mrs. Crew found there was but one way to compel their attention; this was by obliging them to return back again to her the sense of what she had read to them, and this they might do in their own words, if they could not remember the words of scripture. Those who had weak capacities would, to be sure, do this but very imperfectly; but even the weakest, if they were willing, would retain something. She so managed, that *saying the Catechism* was not merely an act of the memory, but of the understanding; for she had observed formerly, that those who had learned the Catechism in the common formal way, when they were children, had never understood it when they became men and

women, and it remained in the memory without having made any impression on the mind. Thus this fine summary of the christian religion is considered as little more than a form of words, the being able to repeat which is a qualification for being confirmed by the bishop, instead of being considered as really containing those grounds of christian faith and practice, by which they are to be confirmed christians.

Mrs. Crew used to say to Mrs. Jones, Those who teach the poor must indeed give line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as they can receive it. So that teaching must be a great grievance to those who do not really make it a *labour of love.* I see so much levity, obstinacy, and ignorance, that it keeps my own forbearance in continual exercise, so that I trust that I am getting good myself while I am doing good to others. No one, Madam, can know till they try, that after they have asked a poor untaught child the same question nineteen times, they must not lose their temper, but go on and ask it the twentieth. Now and then, when I am tempted to be impatient, I correct myself, by thinking over that active proof which our blessed Saviour requires of our love to him when he says, "*Feed my lambs.*"

Hester Wilmot had never been bred to go to church, for her father and mother had never thought of going themselves, unless at a christening in their own family, or at a funeral of their neighbours, both of which they considered merely as opportunites for good eating and drinking, and not as offices of religion.

As poor Heſter had no comfort at home, it was the leſs wonder ſhe delighted in her ſchool, her Bible, and church, for ſo great is God's goodneſs, that he is pleaſed to make religion a peculiar comfort to thoſe who have no other comfort.—The God whoſe name ſhe had ſeldom heard but when it was *taken in vain*, was now revealed to her as a God of infinite power, juſtice, and holineſs. What ſhe read in her Bible, and what ſhe felt in her own heart, convinced her ſhe was a ſinner; and her catechiſm ſaid the ſame. She was much diſtreſſed one day on thinking over this promiſe which ſhe had juſt made, (in anſwer to the queſtion which fell to her lot) "To renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh." I ſay ſhe was diſtreſſed on finding that theſe were not merely certain words which ſhe was bound to repeat; but certain conditions which ſhe was bound to perform. She was ſadly puzzled to know how this was to be done, till ſhe met with theſe words in her Bible: *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* But ſtill ſhe was at a loſs to know how this grace was to be obtained. Happily Mr. Simpſon preached on the next Sunday from this text, "*Aſk and ye ſhall have*," &c.—In this ſermon was explained to her the nature, the duty, and the efficacy of prayer. After this ſhe opened her heart to Mrs. Crew, who taught her the great doctrines of Scripture, in a ſerious, but plain way. Heſter's own heart led her to aſſent to that humbling doctrine of the catechiſm, that "*We are by nature born in ſin*;" and truly glad was ſhe to be relieved by hearing of "*That ſpi-*

ritual grace by which we have a new birth unto righteouſneſs." Thus her mind was no ſooner humbled by one part, than it gained comfort from another. On the other hand, while ſhe was rejoicing in "*A lively hope in God's mercy through Chriſt,*" her miſtreſs put her in mind that, that was the only *true* repentance, "*By which we forſake ſin.*" Thus the catechiſm explained by a pious teacher was found to contain "*All the articles of the chriſtian faith.*"

Mrs. Jones greatly diſapproved the practice of turning away the ſcholars becauſe they were grown up. Young people, ſaid ſhe, want to be warned at ſixteen more than they did at ſix, and they are commonly turned adrift at the very age when they want moſt inſtruction; when dangers and temptations moſt beſet them. They are expoſed to more evil by the leiſure of a Sunday evening, than by the buſineſs of a whole week: but then religion muſt be made pleaſant, and inſtruction muſt be carried on in a kind, and agréeable, and familiar way. If they once diſlike the teacher they will ſoon get to diſlike what is taught, ſo that a maſter or miſtreſs is in ſome meaſure anſwerable for the future piety of young perſons, inaſmuch as that piety depends on their manner of making religion pleaſant as well as profitable.—To attend Mrs. Jones's evening inſtructions was ſoon thought not a taſk but a holiday. In a few months it was reckoned a diſadvantage to the character of any young perſon in the pariſh to know they did not attend the evening ſchool.—At firſt, indeed, many of them came only with a view to learn to ſing pſalms; but, by the bleſſing

of God, they grew fond of instruction, and some of them became truly pious. Mrs. Jones spoke to them one Sunday evening as follows:—"My dear young women, I rejoice at your improvement; but I rejoice with trembling. I have known young people set out well, who afterwards fell off. The heart is deceitful. Many like religious knowledge, who do not like the strictness of a religious life. I must therefore watch whether those who are diligent at church and school are diligent in their daily walk. Whether those who say they believe in God, really obey him.—Whether they who profess to love Christ keep his commandments. Those who hear themselves commended for early piety, may learn to rest satisfied with the praise of man.—People may get a knack at religious phrases without being religious; they may even get to frequent places of worship as an amusement, in order to meet their friends, and may learn to delight in a sort of *spiritual gossip*, while religion has no power in their hearts. But I hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak."

What became of Hester Wilmot, with some account of Mrs. Jones's May-day feast for her school, my readers shall be told next month.

Z.

PART II.

THE NEW GOWN.

HESTER WILMOT, I am sorry to observe, had been by nature peevish and lazy; she would, when a child, now and then slight her work, and when her mother was very unreasonable she was too apt to return her a saucy answer, but when she became acquainted with her own heart, and with the Scriptures, these evil tempers were, in a good measure, subdued, for she now learnt to imitate, not her violent mother, but *him who was meek and lowly*. When she was scolded for doing ill, she prayed for grace to do better; and the only answer she made to her mother's charge, "that religion only served to make people lazy," was to strive to do twice as much work, in order to prove that it really made them diligent. The only thing in which she ventured to disobey her mother was, that when she ordered her to do week days work on a Sunday, Hester cried, and said, she did not dare disobey God, but to show that she did not wish to save her own labour, she would do a double portion of work on the Saturday night, and rise two hours earlier on the Monday morning.

Once, when she had worked very hard, her mother told her she would treat her with a holiday the following sabbath, and take her a fine walk to eat cakes and drink ale, at Weston fair, which, though it was professed to be kept on the Monday, yet, to the disgrace of the village, always

began on the Sunday evening*. Rebecca, who would on no account have wasted the Monday, which was a working day, in idleness and pleasure, thought she had a very good right to enjoy herself at the fair on the Sunday evening, as well as to take her children. Hester earnestly begged to be left at home, and her mother, in a rage, went without her. A wet walk, and more ale than she was used to drink, gave Rebecca a dangerous fever; during this illness, Hester, who would not follow her to a scene of dissolute mirth, attended her night and day, and denied herself necessaries that her sick mother might have comforts. And though she secretly prayed to God that this sickness might change her mother's heart, yet she never once reproached her, or put her in mind, that it was caught by indulging in a sinful pleasure.—Another Sunday night her father told Hester, he thought she had now been at school long enough for him to have a little good of her learning, so he desired she would stay at home and read to him. Hester cheerfully ran and fetched her Testament. But John fell a laughing, called her a fool, and said, it would be time enough to read the Testament to him when he was going to die, but at present he must have something merry.—

* This practice is too common. Those fairs which profess to be kept on Monday, commonly begin on the Sunday. It is much to be wished that magistrates would put a stop to it, as Mr. Simpson did at Weston, at the request of Mrs. Jones. There is another great evil worth the notice of Justices. In many villages, during the fair, ale is sold at private houses, which have no licence, to the great injury of sobriety and good morals.

So saying, he gave her a song-book which he had picked up at the Bell. Hester having cast her eyes over it, refused to read it, saying, she did not dare offend God by reading what would hurt her own soul. John called her a canting hypocrite, and said, he would put the Testament in the fire, for that there was not a more merry girl than she was before she became religious. Her mother for once took her part, not because she thought her daughter in the right, but because she was glad of any pretence to shew her husband was in the wrong; though she herself would have abused Hester for the same thing if John had taken her part. John, with a shocking oath, abused them both, and went off in a violent passion. Hester, instead of saying one undutiful word against her father, took up a Psalter in order to teach her little sisters, but Rebecca was so provoked at her for not joining her in her abuse of her husband, that she changed her humour, said John was in the right, and Hester a perverse hypocrite, who only made religion a pretence for being undutiful to her parents. Hester bore all in silence, and committed her cause to Him "who judgeth righteously." It would have been a great comfort to her if she had dared to go to Mrs. Crew, and to have joined in the religious exercises of the evening at school. But her mother refused to let her, saying, it would only harden her heart in mischief. Hester said not a word, but after having put the little ones to bed, and heard them say their prayers out of sight, she went and sat down in her own little loft, and said to herself, it would be pleasant to me to have

taught my little sisters to read, I thought it was my duty, for David has said, "Come ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord." It would have been still more pleasant to have passed the evening at school, because I am still ignorant, and fitter to learn than to teach; but I cannot do either without flying in the face of my mother; God sees fit to-night to change my pleasant duties into a painful trial. I give up my will, and I submit to the will of my father; but when he orders me to commit a known sin, then I dare not do it, because, in so doing, I must disobey my father which is in heaven. Now it so fell out, that this dispute happened on the very Sunday next before Mrs. Jones's yearly feast.—On May-day all the school attended her to church, each in a stuff gown of their own earning, and a cap and white apron of her giving. After church there was an examination made into the learning and behaviour of the scholars; those who were most perfect in their chapters, and who brought the best character for industry, humility, and sobriety received a Bible, or some other good book.

Now Hester had been a whole year hoarding up her little savings, in order to be ready with a new gown on the May-day feast. She had never got less than two shillings a week by her spinning, besides working for the family, and earning a trifle by odd jobs. This money she faithfully carried to her mother every Saturday night, keeping back, by consent, only two-pence a week towards the gown. The sum was compleat, the

pattern had long been settled, and Hester had only on the Monday morning to go to the shop, pay her money, and bring home her gown to be made. Her mother happened to go out that morning early to iron in a gentleman's family, where she usually stayed a day or two, and Hester was busy putting the house in order before she went to the shop.

On that very Monday there was to be a meeting at the Bell, of all the idle fellows in the parish. John Wilmot of course was to be there. Indeed he had accepted a challenge of the blacksmith to a batch at all-fours. The blacksmith was flush of money; John thought himself the best player; and that he might make sure of winning, he resolved to keep himself sober, which he knew was more than the other would do. John was so used to go upon tick for ale, that he got to the door of the Bell before he recollected that he could not keep his word with the gambler without money, and he had not a penny in his pocket, so he sullenly turned homewards. He dared not apply to his wife, as he knew he should be more likely to get a scratched face than a six-pence from her; but he knew that Hester had received two shillings for her last-week's spinning on Saturday, and perhaps she might not yet have given it to her mother. Of the hoarded sum he knew nothing. He asked her if she could lend him half-a-crown, and he would pay her next day.—Hester, pleased to see him in good humour, after what had passed the night before, ran up and fetched down her little box, and, in the joy of her heart that he now desired something she

could comply with, without wounding her conſcience, cheerfully poured out her whole little ſtock upon the table. John was in raptures at the ſight of three half-crowns and a ſixpence, and eagerly ſeized it, box and all, together with a few hoarded halfpence at the bottom, though he had only aſked to borrow half-a-crown. None but one whoſe heart was hardened by a long courſe of drunkenneſs could have taken away the whole, and for ſuch a purpoſe. He told her ſhe ſhould certainly have it again next morning, and, indeed, intended to pay it, not doubting but he ſhould double the ſum. But John over-rated his own ſkill, or luck, for he loſt every farthing to the blackſmith, ſneaked home before midnight, and quietly walked up to bed. He was quite ſober, which Heſter thought a good ſign. Next morning ſhe aſked him, in a very humble way, for the money, which ſhe ſaid ſhe would not have done, but that if the gown was not bought directly it would not be ready in time for the feaſt. John's conſcience had troubled him a little for what he had done, for when he was not drunk he was not ill-natured, and he ſtammered out a broken excuſe, but owned he had loſt the money, and had not a farthing left. The moment Heſter ſaw him mild and kind, her heart was ſoftened, and ſhe begged him not to vex: adding, that ſhe would be contented never to have a new gown as long as ſhe lived, if ſhe could have the comfort of always ſeeing him come home as ſober as he was laſt night. For Heſter did not know that he had refrained from getting drunk, only that he

might gamble with a better chance of success, and that when a gamester keeps himself sober, it is not that he may practise a virtue, but that he may commit a worse crime. I am, indeed, sorry for what I have done, said he; you cannot go to the feast, and what will madam Jones say? Yes, but I can, said Hester, for God looks not at the gown, but at the heart, and I'm sure he sees mine full of gratitude at hearing you talk so kindly; and if I thought my dear father would change his present evil courses, I should be the happiest girl at the feast to-morrow. John walked away mournfully, and said to himself, Surely there must be something in religion, since it can thus change the heart. Hester was a pert girl, and now she is as mild as a lamb. She was an indolent girl, and now she is up with the lark. She was a vain girl, and would do any thing for a new ribbon; and now she is contented to go in rags to a feast at which every one else will have a new gown. She deprived herself of her gown to give me the money, and yet this very girl, so dutiful in some things, would submit to be turned out of doors, rather than read a loose book at my command, or break the Sabbath. I do not understand this; there must be some mystery in it.—All this he said as he was going to work. In the evening he did not go to the Bell; whether it was owing to his new thoughts, or to his not having a penny in his pocket, I will not take upon me positively to say, but I believe it was a little of one and a little of the other.

As the pattern of the intended gown had long been settled in the family, and as Hester had the

money by her, it was looked on as good as bought, ſo that ſhe was truſted to get it brought home, and made in her mother's abſence. Indeed, ſo little did Rebecca care about the ſchool, that ſhe would not have cared any thing about the gown, if her vanity had not made her wiſh that her daughter ſhould be the beſt dreſſed of any girl at the feaſt. Being from home, as was ſaid before, ſhe knew nothing of the diſappointment. On May-day morning, Heſter, inſtead of keeping from the feaſt, becauſe ſhe had not a new gown, or meanly inventing any excuſe, dreſſed herſelf out as neatly as ſhe could in her poor old things, and went to join the ſchool in order to go to church. Whether Heſter had formerly indulged a little pride of heart, and talked of this gown rather too much, I am not quite ſure; certain it is, there was a great hue and cry made at ſeeing Heſter Wilmot, the neateſt girl, the moſt induſtrious girl in the ſchool, come to the May-day feaſt in an old ſtuff gown, when every other girl was ſo creditably dreſt. Indeed, I am ſorry to ſay, there were two or three much too ſmart for their ſtation, and who had dizened themſelves out in very improper finery, which Mrs. Jones made them take off before her. I mean this feaſt, ſaid ſhe, as a reward of induſtry and piety, and not as a trial of ſkill who can be fineſt, and outvy the reſt in ſhow. If I do not take care, my feaſt will become an encouragement, not to virtue, but to vanity. I am ſo great a friend to decency of apparel, that I even like to ſee you deny your appetites, that you may be able to come decently

dreſſed to the houſe of God. To encourage you to do this, I like to ſet apart this one day of innocent pleaſure, againſt which you may be preparing all the year, by laying aſide ſomething every week towards buying a gown out of your little ſavings. But, let me tell you, that meekneſs and an humble ſpirit is of more value in the ſight of God and good men, than the gayeſt cotton gown, or the brighteſt pink ribbon in the pariſh.

Mrs. Jones, for all this, was as much ſurpriſed as the reſt, at Heſter's mean garb: but ſuch is the power of a good character, that ſhe gave her credit for a right intention, eſpecially as ſhe knew the unhappy ſtate of her family. For it was Mrs. Jones's way (and it is not a bad way) always to wait, and enquire into the truth, before ſhe condemned any body of good character, though appearances were againſt them. As we cannot judge of peoples' motives, ſaid ſhe, we may, from ignorance, often condemn their beſt actions, and approve of their worſt. It will be always time enough to judge unfavourably, and let us give others credit as long as we can, and then we, in our turn, may expect a favourable judgment from others, and remember who has ſaid, "judge not, that ye be not judged." Heſter was no more proud of what ſhe had done for her father, than ſhe was humbled by the meanneſs of her garb: and though Betty Stiles, one of the girls whoſe finery had been taken away, ſneered at her, Heſter never offered to clear herſelf, by expoſing her father, though ſhe thought it right ſecretly to inform Mrs. Jones of what had paſt. When the examination of the girls began, Betty Stiles was

aſked ſome queſtions on the fourth and fifth commandments, which ſhe anſwered very well.—Heſter was aſked nearly the ſame queſtions, and, though ſhe anſwered them no better than Betty had done, they were all ſurpriſed to ſee Mrs. Jones riſe up and give a handſome Bible to Heſter, while ſhe gave nothing to Betty. This girl cried out rather pertly, Madam, it is very hard that I have no book; I was as perfect as Heſter.—I have often told you, ſaid Mrs. Jones, that religion is not a thing of the tongue but of the heart. That girl gives me the beſt proof that ſhe has learned the fourth commandment to good purpoſe, who perſiſts in keeping holy the Sabbath-day, though commanded to break it by a parent whom ſhe loves. And that girl beſt proves that ſhe keeps the fifth, who gives up her own comfort, and cloathing, and credit, "to honour and obey her father and mother," even though they are not ſuch as ſhe could wiſh.—Betty Stiles, though ſhe could anſwer the queſtions ſo readily, went abroad laſt Sunday, when ſhe ſhould have been at ſchool, and refuſed to nurſe her ſick mother, when ſhe could not help herſelf. Is this having learnt theſe two commandments to any good purpoſe?

Farmer Hoſkins, who ſtood by, whiſpered to Mrs. Jones, Well, Madam, now you have convinced even me of the benefit of religious inſtruction; now I ſee there is a meaning to it. I thought it was in at one ear and out at the other, and that a ſong was as well as a pſalm; but now I have found the proof of the pudding is in the

eating. I ſee your ſcholars muſt *do* what they *hear*, and *obey* what they *learn*. Why, at this rate they will all be the better ſervants for being really godly, and ſo I will add a pudding to next year's feaſt.

The pleaſure Heſter felt in receiving a new Bible, made her forget that ſhe had on an old gown. She walked to church in a thankful frame; but how great was her joy when ſhe ſaw, among a number of working men, her own father going into church! As ſhe paſt by him, ſhe caſt on him a look of ſo much joy and affection, that it brought tears into his eyes, eſpecially when he compared her mean dreſs with that of the other girls, and thought who had been the cauſe of it. John, who had not been at church for ſome years, was deeply ſtruck with the ſervice. The confeſſion with which it opens went to his heart. He felt, for the firſt time, that he was "a miſerable ſinner, and that there was no health in him." He now felt compunction for ſin in general, though it was only his ill behaviour to his daughter which had brought him to church. The ſermon was ſuch as ſerved to ſtrengthen the impreſſion which the prayers had made; and when it was over, inſtead of joining the ringers (for the belfrey was the only part of the church John liked, becauſe it uſually led to the alehouſe) he quietly walked back to his work. It was, indeed, the beſt day's work he ever made. He could not get out of his head the whole day the firſt words he heard at church: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedneſs, and doth that which is law-

ful and right, he ſhall ſave his ſoul alive." At night, inſtead of going to the Bell, he went home, intending to aſk Heſter to forgive him; but as ſoon as he got to the door, he heard Rebecca rating his daughter for having brought ſuch a diſgrace on the family as to be ſeen in that old rag of a gown, and inſiſted on knowing what ſhe had done with the money. Heſter tried to keep the ſecret, but her mother declared ſhe would turn her out of doors if ſhe did not tell the truth. Heſter was at laſt forced to confeſs ſhe had given it to her father. Unfortunately for poor John, it was at this very moment he opened the door.—The mother now divided her fury between her guilty huſband and her innocent child, till from words ſhe fell to blows. John defended his daughter, and received ſome of the ſtrokes intended for the poor girl. This turbulent ſcene partly put John's good reſolutions to flight, though the patience of Heſter did him almoſt as much good as the ſermon he had heard. At length the poor girl eſcaped up ſtairs, not a little bruiſed, and a ſcene of much violence paſſed between John and Rebecca. She declared ſhe would not ſit down to ſupper with ſuch a brute, and ſet off to a neighbour's houſe, that ſhe might have the pleaſure of abuſing him the longer.—John, whoſe mind was much diſturbed, went up ſtairs without his ſupper. As he was paſſing by Heſter's little room he heard her voice, and as he concluded ſhe was venting bitter complaints againſt her unnatural parents, he ſtopped to liſten, reſolving to go in and comfort her. He ſtopped

at the door, for, by the light of the moon, he saw her kneeling by her bedside, and praying so earnestly that she did not hear him. As he made sure she could be praying for nothing but his death, what was his surprise to hear these words, "O Lord, have mercy upon my dear father and mother; teach me to love them, to pray for them, and do them good: make me more dutiful and more patient, that, adorning the doctrine of God my Saviour, I may recommend his holy religion, and my dear parents may be brought to love and fear thee, through Jesus Christ."

Poor John, who would never have been hard-hearted if he had not been a drunkard, could not stand this; he fell down on his knees, embraced his child, and begged her to teach him how to pray. He prayed himself as well as he could, and though he did not know what words to use, yet his heart was melted; he owned he was a sinner, and begged Hester to fetch the prayer-book, and read over the confession with which he had been so struck at church. This was the pleasantest order she had ever obeyed. Seeing him deeply affected with a sense of sin, she pointed out to him the Saviour of sinners; and in this manner she past some hours with her father, which were the happiest of her life; such a night was worth a hundred cotton, or even silk gowns. In the course of the week Hester read over the confession, and some other prayers, to her father so often that he got them by heart, and repeated them while he was at work. She next taught him the fifty-first Psalm. And at length he took courage to kneel down and pray before he went to

bed. From that time he bore his wife's ill-humour much better than he had ever done; and, as he knew her to be neat, and notable, and saving, he began to think, that if her temper was not quite so bad, his home might still become as pleasant a place to him as ever the Bell had been: but unless she became more tractable he did not know what to do with his long evenings after the little ones were in bed, for he began, once more, to delight in playing with them. Hester proposed that she should teach him to read an hour every night, and he consented. Rebecca began to storm, from the mere trick she had got of storming; but finding that he now brought home all his earnings, and that she got both his money and his company (for she had once loved him), she began to reconcile herself to this new way of life. In a few months John could read a psalm; in learning to read it he also got it by heart, and this proved a little store for private devotion, and while he was mowing he could call to mind a text to cheer his labour. He now went constantly to church, and often dropped in at the school on a Sunday evening to hear their prayers. He expressed so much pleasure at this, that one day Hester ventured to ask him if they should set up family prayer at home? John said he should like it mightily, but as he could not yet read quite well enough, he desired Hester to try to get a proper book, and begin next Sunday night. Hester had bought, of a pious hawker, for three half-pence *,

* These prayers may be had also divided into two parts, one fit for private persons, the other for families, price one halfpenny.

the Book of Prayers, printed for the Cheap Repository.

When Hester read the exhortation at the beginning of this little book, her mother, who sat in the corner, and pretended to be asleep, was so much struck that she could not find a word to say against it. For a few nights, indeed, she continued to sit still, or pretended to rock the young child while her husband and daughter were kneeling at their prayers. She expected John would have scolded her for this, and so perverse was her temper, that she was disappointed at his finding no fault with her. Seeing at last that he was very patient, and that though he prayed fervently himself he suffered her to do as she liked, she lost the spirit of opposition for want of something to provoke it. As her pride began to be subdued, some little disposition to piety was awakened in her heart. By degrees she slid down on her knees; though at first it was behind the cradle, or the clock, or in some corner, where she thought they would not see her. Hester rejoiced even in this outward change in her mother, and prayed that God would at last be pleased to touch her heart as he had done that of her father.

As John now spent no idle money, he had saved up a trifle by working over-hours; this he kindly offered to Hester to make up for the loss of her gown. Instead of accepting it, Hester told him, that as she herself was young and healthy, she should soon be able to clothe herself out of her own savings, and begged him to make her mother a present of this gown, which he did. It had been a maxim of Rebecca, that it was better not to go to Church at all than go in an old gown.

She had, however, ſo far conquered this evil notion, that ſhe had lately gone pretty often. This kindneſs of the gown touched her not a little, and the firſt Sunday ſhe put it on, Mr. Simpſon happened to preach from this text, "God reſiſteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." This ſermon ſo affected Rebecca, that ſhe never once thought ſhe had her new gown on, till ſhe came to take it off when ſhe went to bed; and that very night, inſtead of ſkulking behind, ſhe knelt down by her huſband.

There was one thing ſunk deep in Rebecca's mind; ſhe had obſerved, that ſince her huſband had grown religious he had been ſo careful not to give her any offence, that he was become ſcrupulouſly clean; took off his dirty ſhoes before he ſat down, and was very cautious not to ſpill a drop of beer on her ſhining table. Now it was rather remarkable, that as John grew more neat, Rebecca grew more indifferent to neatneſs. But both theſe changes aroſe from the ſame cauſe, the growth of religion in their hearts. John grew cleanly from the fear of giving pain to his wife, while Rebecca grew indifferent, from having diſcovered the ſin and folly of an over-anxious care about trifles. When the heart is once given up to God, ſuch vanities die of themſelves.

Heſter continues to grow in grace, and in knowledge. Laſt Chriſtmas-day ſhe was appointed an under-teacher in the ſchool, and many people think that ſome years hence, if any thing ſhould happen to Mrs. Crew, Heſter may be promoted to be head miſtreſs.

Z.

THE

BEGGARLY BOY,

A PARABLE.

ONCE on a time a poor beggarly boy, who uſed to carry matches about the ſtreets, was met by a very rich and worthy gentleman, who, obſerving his hollow eyes, his ſallow looks, and his bent body, as well as the extreme filth with which he was covered, was touched with ſuch compaſſion for the lad, that he was diſpoſed to render him ſome effectual relief; and accordingly the gentleman dropt a hint that he had a mind to do ſomething conſiderable for him. The boy, never expecting any ſuch goodneſs as this, and indeed not liſtening very attentively, did not at firſt underſtand what was ſaid; upon which the gentleman ſpoke more plainly to him, aſking him whether he had a mind to have his dirty rags exchanged for a new livery coat and ſome clean linen? for, ſaid he, if you have a mind to it I will take you into my ſervice; and, in that caſe, I ſhall fit you out afreſh, and I ſhall take care alſo that your health is looked after; and when you have ſerved me faithfully for a few years, which you may do very comfortably to yourſelf, I will even ſet you up in life. The lad, after this, could not help underſtanding the offer; but he ſeemed as far as ever from accepting it, for he

was now quite unwilling to believe the gentleman; and he ſhewed by his manner, that he would have been better pleaſed to have ſold a halfpennyworth of matches in his uſual way, carrying off the halfpenny in his hand, than to have had all the fine promiſes, which the beſt and richeſt man in the world could make to him.

This kind gentleman, however, perſiſting in his inclination to do the lad a ſervice, proceeded next to reaſon with him: he adviſed him, for his own ſake, to liſten a little more to what was ſaid, and then remarked to him how ill he looked, which the boy, though very dangerouſly ſick, was not ſenſible of himſelf: and repreſented to him the difference between leading the wretched ſort of life he did, and getting into a regular and comfortable ſervice. Nay, he went ſo far as even to beg and entreat him, at the ſame time obſerving that he had no objection to the lad's ſatisfying himſelf that the perſon who addreſſed him was no cheat or impoſtor: and, in proof of it, he told him his name, informed him how he might learn all particulars of his character, and gave him a direction to his place of abode. In ſhort, he condeſcended to ſay every thing that could, in ſuch a caſe, be ſuppoſed neceſſary to give a poor boy confidence and encouragement. In the courſe of the converſation I ſhould have obſerved, that the gentleman, as a proof of his generoſity, threw down a ſhilling, which the lad picked up, with very little gratitude in his countenance, but with no ſmall conceit at his own quickneſs and cleverneſs in ſeizing hold of it; after which he grew as proud as could be of having got poſſeſſion of the piece

of money, not conſidering at all that it was a mere preſent, and that he had not given the gentleman a ſingle match for it out of his baſket.

I am perſuaded my readers will by this time, be aware that this was a lad who had a very mean and low mind; otherwiſe he would undoubtedly have been overjoyed at ſuch an opportunity of getting above his preſent baſe condition; beſides which, I ſhould remark, that he had been a long time living among a ſet of rogues and vagabonds, who being one of them nearly as bad as another, and having ſeldom ſeen among them any perſons of a different character, had learnt to fancy themſelves a very creditable ſort of people, and, when they got together, were juſt as proud, in their way, as if they had been the greateſt Lords and Dukes in the kingdom. At night the lad went home, and ſlept among theſe old companions, in a vile unwholeſome room, where, though each would affect now and then to be merry and gay, yet, in fact, they were all of them dying by inches, and, in the judgment of any rational or feeling man, who might condeſcend to put in his head among them, they undoubtedly were altogether in as ſorrowful and wretched a plight as can well be imagined.

In ſhort, then, with grief and pain do I ſpeak it, this poor beggarly boy entirely neglected the prodigious offer which had been made to him: he returned to his former company, continued in his petty trade, and dragged on the little remainder of his life in the old way, juſt as if nothing had happened.

I now propoſe, by means of this ſtory, which

is a mere allegory or parable, to expoſe the conduct of thoſe perſons who are unwilling to comply with the gracious invitations of our Saviour, in his goſpel; for he is that kind and willing friend (with reverence be it ſpoken) who offers to take us mean and needy creatures into his ſervice, and we, if we turn away and refuſe the offer, may be likened to this fooliſh beggarly boy, having nothing better to plead, as I think I ſhall be able to ſhew, than one or other of thoſe very excuſes, which, when put in his mouth, have appeared ſo abſurd and monſtrous.

Let us ſee whether there is not ſome general likeneſs between the two caſes. I will begin by ſuppoſing our Saviour, in his Goſpel, to addreſs himſelf to a man who is quite thoughtleſs and unbelieving. Now ſuch perſons are commonly much more wicked than they imagine, for by following their natural inclinations, and taking no thought to their ways, they permit a thouſand evil diſpoſitions to grow upon them; the conſequence of this is, that when the Goſpel firſt meets with ſuch perſons, it finds them quite covered over with wickedneſs, as this boy was with dirt; though, like him, they are unconſcious of it. It commonly finds them alſo eagerly engaged in ſome poor purſuit of this life, as this boy was in ſelling matches.

I would next obſerve, that, in general, when the vaſt and unſpeakable offers of the Goſpel are firſt mentioned in the ears of ſuch a perſon as I have been deſcribing, his mind is ſo ill prepared for the ſubject, and his thoughts are apt to be ſo completely turned another way, that he probably

does not underſtand, nor even liſten to what is ſaid to him; juſt like this boy, who, when he was firſt ſpoken to, refuſed to liſten to the gentleman, and continued to think of nothing but his common traffic.

But let us next ſuppoſe the man to have the Goſpel more clearly explained to him; he is now invited to put off his ſins, which have been repreſented by the filth and dirt, to enter into the ſervice, and put on, as it were, the livery of Chriſt, as his acknowledged ſervant, and after ſpending the ſhort period of his life on earth in a ſtate of comfortable and willing obedience to his Deliverer and Redeemer, he is then told to expect that he ſhall be raiſed to Heaven, and that he ſhall be made happy for ever and ever. How aſtoniſhing is this propoſal! What then is the next difficulty? It is this; that the worldly man will not believe the truth of the promiſe which is held out to him: like the offer to this beggarly boy, it ſeems too good to be true, or rather, it is too vaſt to be conceived by him. Why ſhould this great gentleman trouble himſelf to think of me, or to do ſo much to ſerve me? ſaid the fooliſh boy in the fable. "Why ſhould the great God ſtoop ſo low to me, or think of ſending his Son from Heaven to ſave me?" ſays the fool who diſbelieves the Bible. The boy, therefore, turned again to his old way, notwithſtanding the offer he had met with; and the worldly man is for doing the ſame, though he has heard of the invitation of the Goſpel; for he wants faith to truſt in God, as the other did to truſt the gentleman his benefactor: and he therefore eſteems the ſmalleſt of

the good things of this life, the mereſt halfpenny in hand, to be more than eternal happineſs in expectation.

But let us ſee how the Goſpel condeſcends even to our infirmity. The kind gentleman was repreſented as reaſoning with this dull and diſtruſtful lad, informing him alſo of the ſteps which he ought to take, as the means of ſatisfying his doubts, and of getting poſſeſſion, at length, of the bleſſing. He appealed alſo to the lad's own experience of the hardſhips of his preſent condition, warning him alſo of his future danger, and aſſuring him, at the ſame time, of the mild nature of that ſervice to which he was invited; and after anſwering every objection, the gentleman condeſcended even to implore and intreat this poor miſerable fellow, that, for his own ſake, he would not remain inattentive to the offer.

So is it with the Goſpel: it ſtoops, as it were, to all our weakneſſes and infirmities; it calls to us at the firſt, with an inviting voice, to come forward and approach it; for we are not expected to receive every truth at once; ſtill leſs are we expected to believe without evidence: for, in the propoſals of the Goſpel, every thing is fair, as well as plain and practicable. It does not aſk us, for inſtance, to effect any thing without ſufficient means for it, to make bricks without ſtraw, to ſtrive without hope of ſucceſs, or to do what is impoſſible for us: on the contrary, we are aſked only to ſhew a willing mind, and to uſe thoſe plain and ſimple means which the Goſpel itſelf ſets before us: as for example; we are called upon to read the ſcriptures, to attend upon the

preaching of the Goſpel, and whatever may be the other religious advantages, either of good books, or Chriſtian friends, which are put in our way, we are required to make an honeſt and diligent uſe of them, than which nothing ſurely can be more juſt and reaſonable; and then, becauſe after all, we are ſo weak and helpleſs, we are only told the more particularly to pray to God for his grace to aſſiſt us.

Again; how does the Goſpel alſo appeal to our experience, as the gentleman did to the beggarly boy's experience of the miſery of his condition? Have we never ſmarted in conſequence of thoſe ſins which we have fallen into through our neglect of the Goſpel? Have we never found ourſelves afflicted, deſtitute, and even miſerable for the want of it? Have we never known an hour when the merciful help and protection of an heavenly Father would have proved a comfort and a bleſſing to us? yet how can we expect to join this protection in the time of our neceſſity, if, inſtead of entering into his family, we chooſe, like this helpleſs and inconſiderate boy, to place ourſelves at a diſtance? Hear then how the Goſpel calls to us to caſt ourſelves on the care of our Redeemer: "Come unto me (ſays Chriſt) all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you reſt; take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is eaſy, and my burthen is light, and ye ſhall find reſt unto your ſouls." How does our Saviour alſo, in the ſame manner as was ſaid of the benevolent man in the parable, turn ſuppliant, as it were, to the ſinner, "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life." "Why

will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael?" "We, therefore, (ſays the Apoſtle) as ambaſſadors for Chriſt, beſeech you in Chriſt's ſtead, be ye reconciled to God." Thus then, if after all the encouragements of the Goſpel, we ſtill turn away from it, and reſolve to do without it, all the miſerable conſequences which will follow muſt be laid at our own door; and whenever the day of our extremity ſhall come, we ſhall be forced to own, that we are left, like this boy, entirely without excuſe.

It has been remarked in the ſtory, that the ſame gentleman who made this great offer to the beggarly boy, threw him down a ſhilling in token of his liberality, for which the lad never thought of thanking him, but merely grew proud upon it, as well as conceited of his own cleverneſs in catching hold of the piece. What a very mean ſpirit was this! and yet is not this the very ſpirit in which worldly-minded men receive the temporal bleſſings thrown down to them by their heavenly Father? If a little worldly wealth is caſt by a bounteous Providence into their lap, they immediately grow haughty in conſequence of it; and, like this boy, they take to themſelves credit for the ability they have ſhewn in the manner of getting poſſeſſion of it: many men, for inſtance, if they get a good crop, or a good year's trade, are as full of themſelves, and as thoughtleſs of him who is the giver of it, as this boy was; nor are they at all encouraged by God's providential goodneſs to look up to Him for the further bleſſings of the Goſpel.

Reader, if thou art thus vain of any of thine

earthly goods, thou mayeſt behold thy likeneſs in this part of the character of the boy.

We come now more particularly to ſpeak of the cauſes which lead men to act the ſtrange part they do, in rejecting the Goſpel. I doubt not that this fooliſh lad might find a thouſand plauſible reaſons, in his own mind, by which he might diſguiſe from himſelf the folly and abſurdity of his conduct. He might ſay, as it has been already hinted, I do not chooſe to venture on all this change in my way of life. I am afraid of giving myſelf up ſo entirely to the gentleman. Poor, fooliſh fellow! what then, hadſt thou any thing to loſe by the change? Could ſuch a lad as thou waſt be meaner, dirtier, or poorer than thou waſt already? In like manner we may ſay to every ſinner who raiſes a like objection; what then art thou fearful of becoming wickeder than thou art, by entering into the ſervice of Chriſt? Is it that thy conſcience pricks thee in proportion as thou draweſt nearer to him? Art thou afraid on this account to make the venture?

Or the lad might ſay, perhaps, as the ſinner is apt to ſay, I have lived hitherto in my preſent way of life, and why ſhould I not go on in it? which is but ſaying in other words, I have lived hitherto in dirt, or I have lived hitherto in ſin, and why may I not live on in it? than which there cannot be a more miſerable reaſon, though, I fear, there is hardly a more common one.

But let us, as I ſaid, lay open the true cauſe.—We have already obſerved, that this boy had long dwelt in the company of a ſad ſet of vagabonds, who being very numerous, and one of them as bad

as another, contrived to keep each other in countenance, so as to pass, forsooth, for very decent people. This is exactly the case with the multitude of wicked and worldly minded people; they live in great flocks together, they see none but those who are much like themselves, and they have no more idea of a truly Christian life, than this boy had of the sort of life led in the family of this great gentleman; so that when the Gospel calls to them to repent, and change their course, and enter into the service of Christ, they see no need for it, they are as good as their neighbours, and having no other rule of judging except this, they pronounce themselves to be well enough already. But I would wish such persons to reflect on the error of this boy, and to recollect, that many a coat which seems clean enough to a poor man, appears very dirty in the eyes of a delicate gentleman, and that, in like manner, many a life which a worldly person thinks innocent, appears to be a very wicked one in the eyes of a Christian.

The grand cause of all, however, which makes men reject the Gospel, is one which must be traced still further. It was remarked of this boy, that he had no heart for the sort of benefit which was offered him, for that he had a very mean and low mind: he had therefore not merely fallen into bad company, but he had chosen it; he was not only used to dirt, but he really loved it; he had no delight in cleanliness, for his taste, unhappily, lay quite the other way.

Now this, when it is considered, will serve to explain very clearly the several circumstances in

his conduct, and it will also account very sufficiently for his entire refusal of the offer. His rudeness in not attending to the gentleman when he first called to him, as well as his continual absence of mind afterwards, his difficulty in believing any thing that could be said to him, his false reasoning upon it, his seeming dullness and ingratitude, and insensibility, as well as the bad choice which he made of his company, may all be traced, directly or indirectly, to this principal cause, that the lad was a poor low-lifed fellow, that loved to grovel in the dirt, and had no kind of heart, or inclination, to get into a good service.

And need we fear to remark, that in this also the likeness holds, and that we have here especially, the exact picture of the irreligious person?

It is often pleaded, by those who would defend the characters of irreligious people, that one man, for instance, happens merely to be rather inattentive to the Gospel; that another is unfortunately drawn out of the way of it by what is thought an innocent attendance to his worldly business; a third gravely tells you that he finds a difficulty in believing it; a fourth contrives some way or other to pervert it, so as to get no good from it, and seems to have a strange twist in his head whenever he reasons upon it; a fifth is said to be a man who is without those warm feelings which are supposed to distinguish those who affectionately embrace it; and of a sixth, perhaps, it is said by some simple, good-natured relation, or acquaintance, that the man has a good heart indeed, but that unluckily he has fallen into bad company; but

let it be remembered, that juſt thus it might be pleaded, that this beggarly boy was by turns inattentive and wrong-headed, and dull of feeling, as well as uſed to bad company. Theſe excuſes, if allowed in the one inſtance, ſhould be allowed equally in the other. The true root of the matter in each caſe lies deeper. The irreligious man, like the boy in the parable, has, in the worſt ſenſe of the words, a baſe and low mind: like him, he has no heart for the great things that are offered him; he has no heart for the favour of God, for the honour of living in his ſervice, for the comforts of the Goſpel in this world, or for the gift of eternal life. Like the beggarly boy, he may ſay what he will, but he is of an earthly, grovelling ſpirit, and the true explanation of the whole matter is, that as the one is inclined to dirt, ſo the other has a leaning to the ſide of ſin. Do you think that if this beggarly boy had loved cleanlineſs, and abominated every degree of dirt, he would have remained as he was? No; undoubtedly he would have caught at the opportunity offered him; and he would, as it were, at all hazards, have run after the gentleman: ſo if a man longs to be freed from ſin, if he wiſhes above all things to cleanſe his ways, to purify himſelf even as God is pure, and to become holy as God is holy, do you think he will not catch at the Goſpel? undoubtedly he will do ſo. Yes; for it will be ſuited in every part of it to the ſtate of his mind, and to all his wants and wiſhes; and therefore why ſhould he not receive it? He will feel his way, indeed, but he will by degrees

heartily embrace every doctrine of it. This, then, is the man who will accept God for his father, Christ for his Saviour, the Holy Spirit for his Sanctifier and Comforter; the Scriptures will be his guide; the World will be no more to him than the place of his pilgrimage; his fellow Christians will be viewed by him as his fellow travellers, and Heaven will be his home, where he hopes to be joined to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to dwell in the presence of his Maker, and his Saviour, for ever and ever.

And now, Reader, if thou art one who hast hitherto been a stranger to religion, and hast gone thy dull and daily round without any thought of the matter, for once thou hast been met, methinks, on thy way, like this beggarly boy, by a voice of exhortation. Even in this little tale, the offer of the Gospel, perhaps rather unexpectedly, hath been held out to thee, or some hint at least may have been given, by which, if thou wilt attend to it, thou shalt surely find in the end that thy whole condition shall be altered: and yet, perhaps, like this beggarly boy, thou art now returning for the remainder of this very day to thy old habits, just as if thou hadst not read this story. Some business calls thee, or some pleasure waits thee, so farewell to all thought of the Gospel, for thou must be gone.—But, methinks, as thou departest, thy heart should approve of this beggarly boy, should admire his wisdom, and praise the turn of his spirit, for if thou goest away condemning him, thou condemnest thyself also. Oh! no: his case is too bad to be defended; for he, who, in a worldly sense, *refuses a*

good offer, is set down for a fool, by common consent of all men. But ah! how few will be perſuaded to uſe the ſame reaſoning in religion, which they apply to all their worldly matters! How few will ſee with the ſame eyes, and try by the ſame rule, their temporal, and their eternal intereſts! So true is that ſaying of the Scriptures, "that the children of this world are wiſer in their generation than the children of light."

THE

PILGRIMS:

AN ALLEGORY.

METHOUGHT I was once upon a time travelling through a certain land which was very full of people, but what was rather odd not one of all this multitude was at home; they were all bound to a far diſtant country. Though it was permitted by the Lord of the land that theſe Pilgrims might aſſociate together for their preſent mutual comfort and convenience; and each was not only allowed, but commanded to do the others all the ſervices he could upon their journey, yet it was decreed, that every individual traveller muſt enter the far country ſingly.—There was a great gulf at the end of the journey which every one muſt paſs alone, and at his own riſk, and the friendſhip of the whole united world could be of no uſe in ſhooting that gulf. The exact time when each was to paſs was not known to any; this the Lord always kept a cloſe ſecret out of kindneſs, yet ſtill they were as ſure that the time muſt come, and that at no very great diſtance, as if they had been informed of the very moment. Now, as they knew they were always liable to be called away at an hour's notice, one would have thought they would have been chiefly employed

in packing up, and preparing, and getting every thing in order. Not they indeed. It was almoſt the only thing which they did not think about.

Now I only appeal to you, my readers, if any of you are ſetting out upon a little common journey, if it is only to London or York, is not all your leiſure time employed in ſettling your buſineſs at home, and packing up every little neceſſary for your expedition? And does not the fear of neglecting any thing you ought to remember, or may have occaſion for, haunt your mind, and ſometimes even intrude upon you unſeaſonably? And when you are actually on your journey, eſpecially if you have never been to that place before, or are likely to remain there, don't you begin to think a little about the pleaſures and the employments of the place, and to wiſh to know a little what ſort of a city London or York is?—Don't you wonder what is doing there, and whether you are properly qualified for the buſineſs, or the company you expect to be engaged in?—Do you never look at the map, or conſult Brookes's Gazetteer? And don't you try to pick up from your fellow-paſſengers in the ſtage-coach any little information you can get? And though you may be obliged, out of civility, to converſe with them on common ſubjects, yet do not your ſecret thoughts ſtill run upon London or York, its buſineſs, or its pleaſures? And above all, if you are likely to ſet out early, are you not afraid of over-ſleeping, and does not that fear keep you upon the watch, ſo that you are commonly up and ready before the porter comes to ſummon

you? Reader! if this be your caſe, how ſurpriſed will you be to hear that the travellers to the far country have not half your prudence, though bound on a journey of infinitely more importance, to a land where nothing can be ſent after them, and which, when they are once ſettled, all errors are irretrievable.

I obſerved that theſe pilgrims, inſtead of being upon the watch, leſt they ſhould be ordered off unprepared; inſtead of laying up any proviſion, or even making memorandums of what they would be likely to want, ſpent moſt of their time in crowds, either in the way of traffic or diverſion. At firſt, when I ſaw them ſo much engaged in converſing with each other, I thought it a good ſign, and liſtened attentively to their talk, not doubting but the chief turn of it would be about the climate, or treaſures, or ſociety they ſhould probably meet with in the far country. I ſuppoſed they might be alſo diſcuſſing about the beſt and ſafeſt road to it, and that each was availing himſelf of the knowledge of his neighbour, on a ſubject of equal importance to all. I liſtened to every party, but in ſcarcely any did I hear one word about the land to which they were bound, though it was their home, the place where their whole intereſt, expectation, and inheritance lay; to which alſo great part of their friends were gone before, and whither they were ſure all the reſt would follow. Inſtead of this, their whole talk was about the buſineſs, or the pleaſures, or the faſhions, of the ſtrange country which they were merely paſſing through, and in which they had not one foot of land which they were ſure of.

calling their own for the next quarter of an hour. What little eſtate they had was *perſonal* and not real, and that was a mortgaged, life-hold tenement of clay, not properly their own, but only lent to them on a ſhort uncertain leaſe, of which threeſcore years and ten was conſidered as the longeſt period, and very few indeed lived in it to the end of the term; for this was always at the *will of the Lord*, part of whoſe prerogative it was, that he could take away the leaſe at pleaſure, knock down the ſtouteſt inhabitant at a ſingle blow, and turn out the poor ſhivering, helpleſs tenant, naked, to that far country for which he had made no proviſion. Sometimes, in order to quicken the Pilgrim in his preparation, the Lord would break down the tenement by ſlow degrees, ſometimes he would let it tumble by its own natural decay, for as it was only built to laſt a certain term, it would ſometimes grow ſo uncomfortable by increaſing dilapidations, even before the ordinary leaſe was out, that the lodging was hardly worth keeping, though the tenant could ſeldom be perſuaded to think ſo, but fondly clung to it to the laſt. Firſt the thatch on the top of the tenement changed colour, then it fell off and left the roof bare; then, "the grinders ceaſed becauſe they were few;" then the windows became ſo darkened that the owner could ſcarcely ſee through them; then one prop fell away, then another, then the uprights became bent, and the whole fabric trembled and tottered, with every other ſymptom of a falling houſe. On ſome occaſions, the Lord ordered his meſſengers, of which he

had a great variety, to batter, injure, deface, and almoſt demoliſh the frail building even while it ſeemed new and ſtrong; this was what the landlord called *giving warning*; but many a tenant would not take warning, and was ſo fond of ſtaying where he was, even under all theſe inconveniences, that at laſt he was caſt out by ejectment, not being prevailed on to leave his dwelling in a proper manner, though one would have thought the fear of being turned out would have whetted his diligence in preparing for *a better and a more enduring inheritance.* For though the people were only tenants at will in theſe crazy tenements, yet, through the goodneſs of the ſame Lord, they were aſſured that he never turned them out of theſe habitations before he had on his part provided for them a better, ſo that there was not ſuch another landlord in the world; and though their preſent dwelling was but frail, being only ſlightly run up to ſerve the occaſion, yet they might hold their future poſſeſſion by a moſt certain tenure, the word of the Lord himſelf, which was entered in a covenant, or title-deed, conſiſting of many ſheets, and becauſe a great many good things were given away in this deed, a book was made of which every ſoul might get a copy. This indeed had not always been the caſe, becauſe, till a few ages back, there had been a ſort of monopoly in the caſe, and "the wiſe and prudent," that is, the cunning and fraudful, had hid theſe things from the "babes and ſucklings," that is, from the low and ignorant, and many frauds had been practiſed, and the poor had been cheated of their right; ſo that not being allowed to read and judge for

themſelves, they had been ſadly impoſed upon; but all theſe tricks had been put an end to more than two hundred years when I paſſed through the country, and the meaneſt man who could read might then have a copy, ſo that he might ſee himſelf what he had to truſt to, and even thoſe who could not read, might hear it read once or twice every week at leaſt, without pay, by learned men whoſe buſineſs it was. But it ſurpriſed me to ſee how few comparatively made uſe of theſe vaſt advantages. Of thoſe who *had* a copy, many laid it careleſsly by, expreſſed a *general* belief in the truth of the title-deed, a *general* ſatisfaction that they ſhould come in for a ſhare of the inheritance, a *general* good opinion of the Lord whoſe word it was, and a *general* diſpoſition to take his promiſe upon truſt; always, however, intending, at a *convenient ſeaſon*, to inquire farther into the matter; but this convenient ſeaſon ſeldom came, and this neglect of theirs was conſtrued into a forfeiture of the inheritance.

At the end of this country lay the vaſt gulf mentioned before; it was ſhadowed over by a broad and thick cloud, which prevented the pilgrims from ſeeing in a diſtinct manner what was doing behind it, yet ſuch beams of brightneſs now and then darted through the cloud as enabled thoſe who uſed a teleſcope provided for that purpoſe, to ſee *the ſubſtance of things hoped for*; but it was not every one who could make uſe of this teleſcope; no eye indeed was *naturally* diſpoſed to it; but an earneſt deſire of getting a glimpſe of the inviſible realities, gave ſuch a ſtrength and

ſteadineſs to the eye, as enabled it to diſcern many things which could not be ſeen by the natural ſight. Above the cloud was this inſcription, *The things which are ſeen are temporal, but the things which are not ſeen are eternal.* Of theſe laſt many glorious deſcriptions had been given, but as thoſe ſplendors were at a diſtance, and as the pilgrims in general did not care to uſe the teleſcope, theſe diſtant glances made little impreſſion. The glorious inheritance which lay beyond the cloud, was called, *The things above*, while a multitude of trifling objects, which appeared contemptibly ſmall when looked at through the teleſcope, were called, *The things below.* Now as we know it is nearneſs which gives ſize and bulk to any object, it was not wonderful that theſe ill-judging pilgrims were more ſtruck with theſe baubles and trifles, which, by lying cloſe at hand, were viſible and tempting to the naked eye, and which made up the ſum of *The things below*, than with the remote glories of *The things above:* but this was chiefly owing to their not making uſe of the teleſcope, through which, if you examined thoroughly *The things below*, they ſeemed to ſhrink almoſt down to nothing, while *The things above* appeared the more beautiful and vaſt, the more the teleſcope was uſed. But the ſurpriſing part of the ſtory was this, not that the pilgrims were captivated at firſt ſight with *The things below*, for that was natural enough, but that when they had tried them all over and over, and found themſelves deceived and diſappointed in almoſt every one of them, it did not at all leſſen their fondneſs, and they graſped at them again with

the ſame eagerneſs as before. There were ſome gay fruits which looked alluring, but on being opened inſtead of a kernel they were found to contain rottenneſs, and thoſe which ſeemed the fulleſt often proved on trial to be quite hollow and empty. Thoſe which were moſt tempting to the eye were often found to be wormwood to the taſte, or poiſon to the ſtomach, and many flowers that ſeemed moſt bright and gay had a worm gnawing at the root.

Among the chief attractions of *The Things below*, were certain little lumps of yellow clay, on which almoſt every eye and every heart was fixed. When I ſaw the variety of uſes to which this clay could be converted, and the reſpect which was ſhewn to thoſe who could ſcrape together the greateſt number of pieces, I did not much wonder at the general deſire to pick up ſome of them. But when I beheld the anxiety, the wakefulneſs, the competitions, the contrivances, the tricks, the frauds, the ſcuffling, the puſhing, the turmoiling, the kicking, the ſhoving, the cheating, the circumvention, the envy, the malignity, which was excited by a deſire to poſſeſs this article; when I ſaw the general ſcramble among thoſe who had little to get much, and of thoſe who had much to get more, then I could not help applying to theſe people a Proverb in uſe among us, *that gold may be bought too dear.*—Though I ſaw that there were various ſorts of baubles which engaged the hearts of different travellers, ſuch as an ell of red or blue ribbon, for which ſome were content to forfeit their future inheritance, the ſin of Eſau without his

temptation of hunger; yet the yellow clay I found was the grand object for which moſt hands ſcrambled and moſt ſouls were riſked. One thing was extraordinary, that the nearer theſe people were to being turned out of their tenement, the fonder they grew of theſe pieces of clay, ſo that I naturally concluded they meant to take the clay with them to the far country; but I ſoon learnt this clay was not current there, the Lord having declared to theſe Pilgrims, that as *they had brought nothing into this world, they could* carry nothing out.

I inquired of the different people who were raiſing the various heaps of clay, ſome of a larger, ſome of a ſmaller ſize, why they diſcovered ſuch unremitting anxiety, and for whom? Some, whoſe piles were immenſe, told me they were heaping up for their children; this I thought very right, till on caſting my eyes round, I obſerved many of the children of theſe very people had large heaps of their own. Others told me it was for their granchildren; but on enquiry, I found theſe were not yet born, and in many caſes there was little chance that they ever would.—The truth, on a cloſe examination, proved to be, that the true genuine heapers really heaped for themſelves; that it was in fact neither for friend or child, but to gratify an inordinate appetite of their own. Nor was I much ſurpriſed after this to ſee theſe yellow hoards at length *canker, and the ruſt of them become a witneſs againſt the hoarders, and eat their fleſh as it were fire.*

Many, however, who had ſet out with a high heap of their father's raiſing, before they had got

one third of their journey had ſcarcely a ſingle piece left. As I was wondering what had cauſed theſe enormous piles to vaniſh in ſo ſhort a time, I ſpied ſcattered up and down the country all ſorts of odd inventions, for ſome or other of which the vain poſſeſſors of the great heaps of clay had trucked and bartered them away in fewer hours than their anceſtors had ſpent years in getting them together. O what a ſtrange unaccountable medley it was! and what was ridiculous enough, I obſerved that the greateſt quantity of the clay was always exchanged for things that were of no uſe that I could dicover, owing I ſuppoſe to my ignorance of the manners of that country.

In one place I ſaw large heaps exhauſted in order to ſet two idle pampered horſes a running; but the worſt part of the joke was, the horſes did not run to fetch or carry any thing, but merely to let the gazers ſee which could run faſteſt.—Now this gift of ſwiftneſs, exerciſed to no one uſeful purpoſe, was only one out of many inſtances, I obſerved of talents uſed to no end. In another place I ſaw whole piles of the clay ſpent to maintain long ranges of buildings full of dogs, on proviſions which would have nicely fattened ſome thouſands of pilgrims who ſadly wanted fattening, and whoſe ragged tenements were out at elbows, for want of a little help to repair them. Some of the piles were regularly pulled down once in ſeven years in order to corrupt certain needy pilgrims to belie their conſciences. Others were ſpent in playing with white ſtiff bits of paper painted over with red and black ſpots, in which I thought there muſt be ſome conjuring, becauſe

the very touch of these painted pasteboards made the heaps fly from one to another, and back again to the same, in a way that natural causes could not account for. There was another proof that there must be some magic in this business, which was, that if a pasteboard with red spots fell into a hand which wanted a black one, the person changed colour, his eyes flashed fire, and he discovered other symptoms of madness, which shewed there was some witchcraft in the case.—These clean little pasteboards, as harmless as they looked, had the wonderful power of pulling down the highest piles in less time than all the other causes put together. I observed that many small piles were given in exchange for an enchanted liquor, which when the purchaser had drank to a little excess, he lost all power of managing the rest of his heap without losing the love of it.

Now I found it was the opinion of sober pilgrims, that either hoarding the clay, or trucking it for any such purposes as the above, was thought exactly the same offence in the eyes of the Lord, and it was expected that when they should come under his more immediate jurisdiction in the far country, the penalty annexed to hoarding and squandering would be nearly the same. While I examined the countenances of the owners of the heaps, I observed that those who I well knew never intended to make any use at all of their heap, were far more terrified at the thought of losing it, or of being torn from it, than those were who were employing it in the most useful manner. Those who best knew what to do with it, set their hearts least upon it, and were always

moſt willing to leave it. But ſuch riddles were common in this odd country.

Now I wondered why theſe pilgrims, who were naturally made erect with an eye formed to look up to *The things above*, yet had their eyes almoſt conſtantly bent in the other direction riveted to the earth, and faſtened *on things below*, juſt like thoſe animals who walk on all-fours. I was told they had not always been ſubject to this weakneſs of ſight and proneneſs to earth: That they had originally been upright and beautiful, having been created after the image of the Lord, who was himſelf the perfection of beauty; that he had, at firſt, placed them in a far ſuperior ſituation, which he had given them in perpetuity; but that their firſt anceſtors fell from it through pride and careleſſneſs; that upon this the freehold was taken away, they loſt their original ſtrength, brightneſs, and beauty, and were driven into this ſtrange country; where however they had every opportunity given them of recovering their health, and the Lord's favour and likeneſs; for they were become ſo disfigured, and were grown ſo unlike him, that you would hardly believe they were his own children, though, in ſome, the reſemblance was become again viſible. The Lord, however, was ſo merciful, that inſtead of giving them up to the dreadful conſequences of their own folly, as he might have done without any impeachment of his juſtice, that he gave them immediate comfort, and promiſed them, that in due time his own Son ſhould come down and reſtore them to the future inheritance which he ſhould purchaſe for them. And now it was that in order to keep up their ſpirits, after they had

loſt their eſtate through the folly of their anceſtors, that he began to give them a part of their former Title Deed. He continued to ſend them portions of it from time to time by different faithful ſervants, whom, however, theſe ungrateful people generally uſed ill, and ſome of whom they murdered. But for all this the Lord was ſo very forgiving, that he at length ſent theſe mutineers a Proclamation of full and free pardon by his Son, who though they uſed him in a more cruel manner than they had done any of his ſervants, yet after having *finiſhed the work his Father had given him to do*, went back into the far country to prepare a place for all them who believe in him; and there he ſtill lives; begging and pleading for thoſe unkind people whom he ſtill loves and forgives, and will reſtore to the purchaſed inheritance on the eaſy terms of their being heartily ſorry for what they have done, thoroughly deſirous of pardon, and convinced that *He is able and willing to ſave to the utmoſt all them that come unto him.*

I ſaw, indeed, that many old offenders appeared to be ſorry for what they had done; that is, they did not like to be puniſhed for it. They were willing enough to be delivered from the penalty of their ſin, but they did not heartily wiſh to be delivered from the power of it. Many declared, in the moſt public manner, once every week, that they were very ſorry they had done amiſs; *that they had erred and ſtrayed like loſt ſheep*; but it was not enough to *declare* their ſorrow ever ſo often, if they gave no other ſign of their penitence. For there was ſo little truth in them, that the Lord required other proofs of their ſincerity

beſide their own word, for they often lied with their lips and diſſembled with their tongue. But thoſe who profeſſed to be penitents were neither allowed to raiſe heaps of clay, by circumventing their neighbours, or to keep great piles lying by them uſeleſs; nor muſt they barter them for any of thoſe idle vanities which reduced the heaps on a ſudden: for I found that among the grand articles of future reckoning, the uſe they had made of the heaps would be a principal one.

I was ſorry to obſerve many of the fairer part of theſe Pilgrims ſpend too much of their heaps in adorning and beautifying their tenements of clay, in painting, white-waſhing, and enameling them. All thoſe tricks, however, did not preſerve them from decay, and when they grew old, they even looked worſe for all this coſt and varniſh. Some, however, acted a more ſenſible part, and ſpent no more upon their mouldering tenements than juſt to keep them whole and clean, and in good repair, which is what every tenant ought to do; and I obſerved that thoſe who were moderate in the care of their own tenements, were moſt attentive to repair and warm the ragged tenements of others. But none did this with much zeal or acceptance, but thoſe who had acquired a habit of overlooking the *things below*, and who alſo by the conſtant uſe of the Teleſcope, had got their natural weak and dim ſight ſo ſtrengthened, as to be able to diſcern pretty diſtinctly the nature of the *things above*. The habit of fixing their eyes on theſe glories made all the ſhining trifles, which compoſe the maſs of *things below*, at laſt appear in their own

diminutive littleneſs. For it was in this caſe particularly true, that things are only big or little by compariſon; and there was no other way of making the *things below* appear as ſmall as they really were, but by comparing them, by means of the Teleſcope, with the *things above*. But I obſerved that the falſe judgment of the Pilgrims ever kept pace with their wrong practices, for thoſe who kept their eyes faſtened on the *things below*, were reckoned wiſe in their generation, while the few who looked forward to the future glories, were accounted by the buſtlers, or heapers, to be either fools or mad.

Well—moſt of theſe Pilgrims went on in adorning their tenements, adding to their heaps, graſping the *things below* as if they would never let them go, ſhutting their eyes inſtead of uſing their Teleſcope, and neglecting their Title Deed, as if it was the Parchment of another man's eſtate, and not their own; till one after another each felt his tenement tumbling about his ears.—Oh! then what a buſy, buſtling, anxious, terrifying, diſtracting moment was that! What a deal of buſineſs was to be done, and what a ſtrange time was this to do it in! Now to ſee the confuſion and diſmay, occaſioned by having left every thing to the laſt minute. Firſt ſome one was ſent for to make over the yellow heaps to another, which the heaper now found would be of no uſe to himſelf in ſhooting the gulf; a transfer which ought to have been made while the tenement was ſound. Then there was a conſultation between two or three maſons at once, perhaps to try to patch up the walls, and ſtrengthen the

props, and ſtop the decays of the tumbling tenement; but not till the maſons were forced to declare it was paſt repairing, (a truth they were rather too apt to keep back) did the tenant ſeriouſly think it was time to pack up, prepare, and be gone. Then what ſending for the wiſe men who profeſſed to explain the Title Deed; And oh, what remorſe that they had neglected to examine it till their ſenſes were too confuſed for ſo weighty a buſineſs! What reproaches, or what exhortations to others to look better after their own affairs! Even to the wiſeſt of the inhabitants the falling of their tenements was a ſolemn thing; ſolemn, but not ſurprizing; they had long been packing up and preparing; they praiſed their Lord's goodneſs that they had been ſuffered to ſtay ſo long; many acknowledged the mercy of their frequent warnings, and confeſſed that thoſe very dilapidations which had made the houſe uncomfortable had been a bleſſing, as it had ſet them on diligent preparation for their future inheritance; had made them more earneſt in examining their title to it, and had ſet them on ſuch a frequent application to the Teleſcope, that *The things above* had ſeemed every day to approach nearer and nearer. Theſe deſired not to be *uncloathed but to be cloathed upon, for they knew that if their frail Tabernacle was diſſolved, they had an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.*

THE

Servant Man turned Soldier;

OR,

The Fair Weather Christian.

A PARABLE.

WILLIAM was a lively young servant, who lived in a *great but very irregular family.* His place was, on the whole, agreeable to him, and suited to his gay thoughtless temper. He found a plentiful table and a good cellar. There was, indeed, a good deal of work to be done, though it was performed with much disorder and confusion. The family in the main were not unkind to him, though they often contradicted and crossed him, especially when things went on ill with themselves. This, William never much liked, for he was always fond of having his own way. There was a merry, or rather a noisy and riotous servants' hall; for disorder and quarrels are indeed the usual effects of plenty and unrestrained indulgence. The men were smart, but idle, the maids were showy, but licentious, and all did pretty much as they liked for a time, but the time was commonly short. The wages were reckoned high, but they were seldom paid, and it was even said by sober people, that the master

was insolvent and never fulfilled any of his flattering engagements, or his most positive promises; but still, notwithstanding his real poverty, things went on with just the same thoughtlessness and splendor, and neither masters or servants looked beyond the jollity of the present hour.

In this unruly family there was little church going, and still less praying at home. They pretended, it is true, in a general way, to believe in the Bible, but it was only an outward profession; few of them read it at all, and even of those who did read it still fewer were governed by its laws. There was indeed a Bible lying on the table in the great hall, which was kept for the purpose of administering an oath, but was seldom used on any other occasion; and some of the heads of the family were of opinion that this was its only real use, as it might serve to keep the lower part of it in order.

William, who was fond of novelty and pleasure, was apt to be negligent of the duties of the house. He used to stay out on his errands, and one of his favourite amusements was going to the parade to see the soldiers exercise. He saw with envy how smartly they were dressed; listened with rapture to the music, and fancied that a soldier had nothing to do but to walk to and fro in a certain regular order, to go through a little easy exercise; in short, to live without fighting, fatigue, or danger.

O, said he, whenever he was affronted at home, what a fine thing it must be to be a soldier! to be so well dressed, to have nothing to do but to move to the pleasant sound of fife and drum, and

to have so many people come to look at one, and admire one! *O it must be a fine thing to be a soldier!*

Yet when the vexation of the moment was over, he found so much ease and diversion in his master's house, so suited to his low taste and sensual appetites, that he thought no more of the matter. He forgot the glories of a soldier, and eagerly returned to all the mean gratifications of the kitchen. His evil habits were but little attended to by those with whom he lived; his faults, among which were lying and swearing, were not often corrected by the family, who had little objection to those sins, which only offended God, and did not much affect their own interest or property. And except that William was obliged to work rather more than he liked, he found little, while he was young and healthy, that was very disagreeable in this service. So he went on, still thinking however, when things went a little cross, what a fine thing it was to be a soldier! At last one day as he was waiting at dinner, he had the misfortune to let fall a china dish, and broke it all to peices. It was a curious dish, much valued by the family as they pretended; this family were indeed apt to set a false fantastic value on things, and not to estimate them by their real worth. The heads of the family, who had generally been rather patient and good-humoured with William, as I said before, for those vices, which though offensive to God, did not touch their own pocket, now flew out into a violent passion with him, called him a thou-

ſand hard names, and even threatened to horſe-whip him for his ſhameful negligence.

William, in a great fright, for he was a ſad coward at bottom, ran directly out of the houſe to avoid the threatened puniſhment, and happening juſt at that very time to paſs by the parade where the ſoldiers chanced to be then exerciſing, his reſolution was taken in a moment. He inſtantly determined to be no more a ſlave, as he called it; he would return no more to be ſubject to the humours of a tyrannical family; no, he was reſolved to be free, or at leaſt, if he muſt ſerve, he would ſerve no maſter but the King.

William, who had now and then happened to hear from the accidental talk of the ſoldiers, that thoſe who ſerved the *great family* he had lived with, were ſlaves to their tyranny and vices, had alſo heard, in the ſame caſual manner, that the ſervice of the *King* was *perfect freedom*. Now he had taken it into his head to hope that this might be a freedom to do evil, or at leaſt to do nothing, ſo he thought it was the only place in the world to ſuit him.

A fine likely young fellow as William was had no great difficulty to get enliſted. The few forms were ſoon ſettled, he received the bounty-money as eagerly as it was offered, took the oaths of allegiance, and was joined to the regiment, and heartily welcomed by his new comrades. He was the happieſt fellow alive. All was ſmooth and calm. The day happened to be very fine, and therefore William always reckoned upon a fine day. The ſcene was gay and lively, the muſic cheerful; he found the exerciſe very eaſy, and

he thought there was little more expected from him.

He soon began to flourish away in his talk; and when he met with any one of his old fellow-servants, he fell a prating about marches and counter-marches, and blockades, and battles, and sieges, and blood, and death, and triumphs, and victories, all at random, for these were words and phrases he had picked up without at all understanding what he said. He had no knowledge, and therefore he had no modesty; he had no experience, and therefore he had no fears.

All seemed to go on swimmingly, for he had had as yet no trial. He began to think with triumph what a mean life he had escaped from in the old quarrelsome family, and what a happy, honourable life he should have in the army. *O there was no life like the life of a soldier!*

In a short time, however, war broke out, his regiment was one of the first which was called out to actual and hard service. As William was the most raw of all the recruits, he was the first to murmur at the difficulties and hardships, the cold and hunger, the fatigue and danger, of being a soldier. O what watchings, and perils, and trials, and hardships, and difficulties, he now thought attended a military life! Surely, said he, I could never have suspected all this misery when I used to see the men on the parade in our town.

He now found, when it was too late, that all the field-days he used to attend, all the evolutions and exercises which he had observed the soldiers to go through in the calm times of peace

and ſafety, were only meant to fit, train, and qualify them for the actual ſervice which they were now ſent out to perform by the command of the *King*.

The truth is, William often complained when there was no real hardſhip to complain of; for the common troubles of life fell out pretty much alike to the *great family* which William had left, and to the ſoldiers in the *King's army*. But the ſpirit of obedience, diſcipline, and ſelf-denial of the latter ſeemed hardſhips to one of William's looſe turn of mind. When he began to murmur, ſome good old ſoldier clapped him on the back, ſaying, "cheer up lad, it is a kingdom you are to ſtrive for, if we faint not; henceforth there is laid up for us a great reward, we have the *King's* word for it, man." William obſerved that to thoſe who truly believed this, their labours were as nothing, but he himſelf did not at the bottom believe it; and it was obſerved of all the ſoldiers who failed, the true cauſe was, that they did not really believe the *King's* promiſe. He was ſurpriſed to ſee that thoſe ſoldiers, who uſed to bluſter, and boaſt, and deride the aſſaults of the enemy, now began to fall away; while ſuch as had faithfully obeyed the *King's* orders, and believed in his *word*, were ſuſtained in the hour of trial. Thoſe who had truſted in their own ſtrength all fainted on the ſlighteſt attack, while thoſe who had put on the *armour of the King's* providing, *the ſword*, and *the ſhield*, and *the helmet*, and *the breaſt-plate*, and whoſe *feet were ſhod* according to order, now "endured hardſhip as good ſoldiers, and were enabled to fight the good fight."

An engagement was expected immediately. The men were ordered to prepare for battle. While the reſt of the corps were ſo preparing, William's whole thoughts were bent on contriving how he might deſert. But alas! he was watched on all ſides; he could not poſſibly deviſe any means to eſcape. The danger increaſed every moment: the battle came on. William, who had been ſo ſure and confident before he entered, flinched in the moment of trial, while his more quiet and leſs boaſtful comrades prepared boldly to do their duty. William looked about on all ſides, and ſaw that there was no eye upon him, for he did not know that the *King's* eye was always every where at once. He at laſt thought he ſpied a chance of eſcaping, not from the enemy, but from his own army. While he was endeavouring to eſcape, a ball from the oppoſite camp took off his leg. As he fell, the firſt words which broke from him were;—Alas! while I was in my duty I was preſerved, but in the very act of deſerting I am wounded. He lay expecting every moment to be trampled to death, but as ſoon as the confuſion was a little over, he was taken off the field by ſome of his own party, laid in a place of ſafety, and left to himſelf, after his wound was dreſſed.

The ſkirmiſh, for it proved nothing more, was ſoon over. The greater part of the regiment eſcaped in ſafety, while the few who fell, rejoiced that they fell in their duty. William, in the mean time, ſuffered cruelly both in mind and body. To the pains of a wounded ſoldier, he added the diſgrace of a coward, and the infamy

of a deſerter. O, cried he, why was I ſuch a fool as to leave the *great family* I lived in, where there was meat and drink enough and to ſpare, only on account of a little quarrel? I might have made up that with them as we had done our former quarrels. Why did I leave a life of eaſe and pleaſure, where I had only a little rub now and then, for a life of daily diſcipline and conſtant danger? Why did I turn ſoldier? O, what a miſerable animal is a ſoldier!

As he was ſitting in this weak and diſabled condition, uttering the above complaints, he obſerved a venerable old officer, with thin grey locks on his head, and on his face deep wrinkles engraved by time, and many an honeſt ſcar inflicted by war. William had heard this old officer highly commended for his extraordinary courage and conduct in battle, and in peace he uſed to ſee him cool and collected, devoutly employed in reading and praying in the interval of more active duties. He could not help comparing this officer with himſelf. I, ſaid he, flinched and drew back, and would even have deſerted in the moment of peril, and now in return, I have no conſolation in the hour of repoſe and ſafety. I would not fight then, I cannot pray now. O why would I ever think of being a ſoldier? He then began afreſh to weep and lament, and he groaned ſo loud that he drew the notice of the officer who came up to him, kindly ſat down by him, took him by the hand, and inquired with as much affection as if he had been his brother, what was the matter with him, and what particular diſtreſs, more

than the common fortune of war, it was which drew from him ſuch bitter groans? I know ſomething of ſurgery, added he, let me examine your wound, and aſſiſt you with ſuch little comforts as I can.

William at once ſaw the difference between the ſoldiers in the *King's* army, and the people in the *great family*; the latter commonly withdrew their kindneſs in ſickneſs and trouble, when it was moſt wanted, and this was juſt the very time when the others came forward to aſſiſt. He told the officer his little hiſtory, the manner of his living in the *great family*, the trifling cauſe of his quarrelling with it, and the ſlight ground of his entering into the *King's* ſervice. Sir, ſaid he, I quarrelled with the family, and I thought I was at once fit for the army: I did not know the qualifications it required. I had not reckoned on diſcipline, and hardſhips, and ſelf-denial. I liked well enough to ſing a loyal ſong, or drink the King's health, but I find I do not reliſh working and fighting for him, though I raſhly promiſed even to lay down my life for his ſervice if called upon, when I took the bounty money and the oath of allegiance. In ſhort, ſir, I find that I long for the eaſe and ſloth, the merriment and the feaſting of my old ſervice; I find I cannot be a ſoldier, and, to ſpeak truth, I was in the very act of deſerting when I was ſtopped ſhort by the cannon ball. So that I feel the guilt of deſerting, and the miſery of having loſt my leg into the bargain.

The officer thus replied,—Your ſtate is that of every worldly, irreligious man. The *great family* you ſerved is a juſt picture of the WORLD. The

wages the world promiſes to thoſe who are willing to do its work are high, but the payment is attended with much diſappointment; nay, the world, like your great family, is in itſelf inſolvent, and in its very nature incapable of making good the large promiſes, and of paying the high rewards, which it holds out to tempt its credulous followers. The ungodly world, like your family, cares little for church, and ſtill leſs for prayers; and conſiders the Bible rather as an inſtrument to make an oath binding, in order to keep the vulgar in obedience, than as containing in itſelf a perfect rule of faith and practice, and as a title-deed to heaven. The generality of men love the world as you did your ſervice, while it ſmiles upon them, and gives them eaſy work, and plenty of meat and drink; but as ſoon as it begins to croſs and contradict them, they get out of humour with it, juſt as you did with your ſervice. They then think its drudgery hard, its rewards low. They find out that it is high in its expectations from them, and ſlack in its payments to them. And they begin to fancy (becauſe they do not hear religious people murmur as they do) that there muſt be ſome happineſs in religion. The world, which takes no account of their deeper ſins, at length brings them into diſcredit for ſome act of imprudence, juſt as your family overlooked your lying and ſwearing, but threatened to drub you for breaking a china diſh; ſuch is the judgment of the world; it patiently bears with thoſe who only break the laws of God, but ſeverely puniſhes the ſmalleſt negligence by which its own

property is injured. The world ſooner pardons the breaking ten commandments of God, than even a china diſh of its own.

After ſome croſs or oppoſition, worldly men, as I ſaid before, begin to think how much content and cheerfulneſs they remember to have ſeen in religious people. They, therefore, begin to fancy that religion muſt be an eaſy and delightful, as well as a good thing. They have heard that "her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace;" and they perſuade themſelves, that by this is meant worldly pleaſantneſs and ſenſual peace. They reſolve at length to try it, to turn their back upon the world, to engage in the ſervice of God, and turn chriſtians; juſt as you reſolved to leave your old ſervice, to enter into the ſervice of the King, and turn ſoldier. But as you quitted your place in a paſſion, ſo they leave the world in a huff. They do not count the coſt. They do not calculate upon the darling ſins, the habitual pleaſures, the eaſe and vanities which they undertake, by their new engagements, to renounce, any more than you counted what indulgences you were going to give up, when you quitted the luxuries and idleneſs of your place, to enliſt in the ſoldier's warfare. They have, as I ſaid, ſeen chriſtians cheerful, and they miſtook the ground of their cheerfulneſs; they fancied it aroſe not becauſe, through grace, they had conquered difficulties, but becauſe they had no difficulties in their paſſage. They fancied that religion found the road ſmooth, whereas it only helps the ſufferer to bear with a rough road without complaint.

They do not know that these Christians are of good cheer, not because the world is free from tribulation, but because Christ, their captain, has "overcome the world." But the irreligious man, who has only seen the outside of a Christian in his worldly intercourse, knows little of his secret conflicts, his trials, his self-denials, his warfare with the world without, and with his own corrupt desires within.

The irreligious man quarrels with the world, on some such occasion as you did with your place. He now puts on the outward forms and ceremonies of religion, and assumes the badges of Christianity, just as you were struck with the shows of a field day; just as you were pleased with the music and the marching, and put on the cockade and the red coat. All seems smooth for a little while. He goes through the outward exercises of a Christian, a degree of credit attends his new profession, but he never suspects there is either difficulty or discipline attending it; he fancies religion is a thing for talking about, and not a thing to engage the heart and the life. He never suspects that all the psalm-singing he joins in, and the sermons he hears, and the other means he is using, are only as the exercises and the evolutions of the soldiers, to fit and prepare him for actual service; and that these means are no more religion itself, than the exercises and evolutions of your parade were real warfare.

At length some trial arises. This nominal Christian is called to differ from the world in some great point; something happens which may strike at his comfort, or his credit, or secular

ſecurity. This cools his zeal for religion, juſt as the view of an engagement cooled your courage as a ſoldier. He finds he was only *angry* with the world, he was not *tired* of it; he was out of humour with the world, not becauſe he had ſeen through its vanity and emptineſs, but becauſe the world was out of humour with him. He finds that it is an eaſy thing to be a fair-weather Chriſtian, bold, where there is nothing to be done, and confident where there is nothing to be feared. Difficulties unmaſk him to others; temptations unmaſk him to himſelf; he diſcovers, that though he is a high profeſſor, he is no Chriſtian; juſt as you found out that your red coat, and your cockade, your ſhoulder-knot, and your muſket, did not prevent you from being a coward.

Your miſery in the military life, like that of the nominal Chriſtian, aroſe from your love of eaſe, your cowardice, and your ſelf-ignorance. You ruſhed into a new way of life without trying after one qualification for it. A total change of heart and temper were neceſſary for your new calling. With new views and new principles the ſoldier's life would have been not only eaſy but delightful to you. But while, with a new profeſſion, you retained your old nature, it is no wonder if all diſcipline ſeemed intolerable to you.

The true Chriſtian, like the brave ſoldier, is ſupported under dangers by a ſtrong faith, that the fruits of that victory for which he fights will be ſafety, peace, and glory. But, alas! the pleaſures of this world are preſent and viſible;

the kingdom and the crown for which he ſtrives are remote; becauſe they are diſtant, he is apt to think them uncertain. He is therefore apt to fail, becauſe nothing ſhort of a lively faith can outweigh the preſent temptation, and teach him to prefer the future joys of conqueſt to the preſent pleaſures of ſloth.

Whether William went back to his old ſervice, or was received again into the army, may be known hereafter.

Z.

THE

SORROWS OF YAMBA;

OR, THE

Negro Woman's Lamentation.

To the Tune of *Hoſier's Ghoſt.*

IN St. Lucie's diſtant iſle,
Still with Afric's love I burn;
Parted many a thouſand mile,
Never, never to return.

Come, kind Death! and give me reſt;
Yamba has no friend but thee;
Thou canſt eaſe my throbbing breaſt;
Thou canſt ſet the Priſoner free.

Down my cheeks the tears are dripping,
Broken is my heart with grief;
Mangled my poor fleſh with whipping,
Come, kind Death! and bring relief.

Born on Afric's golden coaſt,
Once I was as bleſt as you;
Parents tender I could boaſt,
Huſband dear, and children too.

Whity man he came from far,
Sailing o'er the briny flood;
Who, with help of Britiſh Tar,
Buys up human fleſh and blood.

With the baby at my breaſt
(Other two were ſleeping by)
In my hut I ſat at reſt,
With no thought of danger nigh.

From the buſh at even-tide,
Ruſh'd the fierce man-ſtealing crew;
Seiz'd the children by my ſide,
Seiz'd the wretched Yamba too.

Then for love of filthy gold,
Straight they bore me to the ſea,
Cramm'd me down a Slave-ſhip's hold,
Where were hundreds ſtow'd like me.

Naked on the plat-form lying,
Now we croſs the tumbling wave;
Shrieking, ſickening, fainting, dying;
Deed of ſhame for Britons brave!

At the ſavage Captain's beck,
Now, like brutes, they make us prance;
Smack the cat about the deck,
And in ſcorn they bid us dance.

Nauſeous horſe-beans they bring nigh,
Sick and ſad we cannot eat;
Cat muſt cure the ſulks, they cry,
Down their throats we'll force the meat.

I, in groaning paſs'd the night,
And did roll my aching head;
At the break of morning light,
My poor child was cold and dead.

Happy, happy, there ſhe lies;
Thou ſhalt feel the laſh no more;
Thus full many a Negro dies,
Ere we reach the deſtin'd ſhore.

Thee, ſweet infant, none ſhall ſell;
Thou haſt gain'd a watry grave;
Clean eſcap'd the tyrants fell,
While thy mother lives a ſlave.

Driven like cattle to a fair,
See, they ſell us, young and old;
Child from mother too they tear,
All for love of filthy gold.

I was ſold to Maſſa hard;
Some have Maſſa's kind and good;
And again my back was ſcarr'd,
Bad and ſtinted was my food.

Poor and wounded, faint and ſick,
All expos'd to burning ſky,
Maſſa bids me graſs to pick,
And I now am near to die.

What, and if to death he ſend me,
Savage murder tho' it be,
Britiſh laws ſhall ne'er befriend me,
They protect not ſlaves like me.

Mourning thus my wretched ſtate
(Ne'er may I forget the day)
Once in duſk of evening late,
Far from home I dar'd to ſtray.

Dar'd, alas! with impious haſte,
Tow'rds the roaring ſea to fly;
Death itſelf I long'd to taſte,
Long'd to caſt me in and die.

There I met upon the Strand,
Engliſh Miſſionary good;
He had Bible book in hand;
Which poor me no underſtood.

Led by pity from afar,
He had left his native ground;
Thus, if ſome inflict a ſcar,
Others fly to cure the wound.

Straight he pull'd me from the ſhore,
Bid me no ſelf-murder do;
Talk'd of ſtate when life is o'er,
All from Bible good and true.

Then he led me to his cot,
Sooth'd and pitied all my woe;
Told me 'twas the Chriſtian's lot,
Much to ſuffer here below.

Told me then of God's dear Son,
(Strange and wond'rous is the ſtory)
What ſad wrong to him was done,
Tho' he was the Lord of Glory.

Told me, too, like one who knew him,
(Can ſuch love as this be true?)
How he died for them that ſlew him,
Died for wretched Yamba too.

Freely he his mercy proffer'd,
And to Sinners he was ſent!
E'en to Maſſa pardon's offer'd;
O, if Maſſa would repent!

Wicked deed full many a time,
Sinful Yamba too hath done;
But ſhe wails to God her crime,
But ſhe truſts his only Son.

O, ye ſlaves whom Maſſas beat,
Ye are ſtain'd with guilt within;
As ye hope for mercy ſweet,
So forgive your Maſſas' ſin.

And with grief when ſinking low,
Mark the road that Yamba trod;
Think how all her pain and woe
Brought the Captive home to God.

Now let Yamba, too, adore
Gracious Heaven's myſterious plan;
Now I'll count my mercies o'er,
Flowing through the guilt of man.

Now I'll bleſs my cruel capture,
(Hence I've known a Saviour's name)
Till my grief is turn'd to rapture,
And I half forget the blame.

But tho' here a Convert rare,
Thanks her God for Grace divine;
Let not man the glory ſhare;
Sinner, ſtill the guilt is thine.

Here an injur'd Slave forgives,
There a hoſt for vengeance cry;
Here a ſingle Yamba lives,
There a thouſand droop and die.

Duly now baptiz'd am I,
By good Miſſionary man:
Lord, my nature purify,
As no outward water can!

All my former thoughts abhorr'd,
Teach me now to pray and praiſe;
Joy and glory in my Lord,
Truſt and ſerve him all my days.

Worn, indeed, with grief and pain,
Death I now will welcome in:
O, the heavenly prize to gain!
O, to 'ſcape the power of Sin!

True of heart, and meek, and lowly,
Pure and blameleſs let me grow!
Holy may I be, for holy
Is the place to which I go.

But tho' death this hour may find me,
Still with Afric's love I burn;
(There I've left a ſpouſe behind me)
Still to native land I turn.

And when Yamba ſinks in death,
This my lateſt prayer ſhall be,
While I yield my parting breath,
O, that Afric might be free!

Ceaſe, ye Britiſh ſons of murder!
Ceaſe from forging Afric's chain:
Mock your Saviour's name no further,
Ceaſe your ſavage luſt of gain.

Ye that boaſt "*Ye rule the waves*,"
Bid no Slave-ſhip ſoil the ſea;
Ye, that "*never will be ſlaves*,"
Bid poor Afric's land be free.

Where ye gave to war its birth,
Where your traders fix'd their den,
There go publiſh "*Peace on Earth*,"
Go, proclaim "*good will to men.*"

Where ye once have carried ſlaughter,
Vice, and ſlavery, and ſin;
Seiz'd on Huſband, Wife, and Daughter,
Let the Goſpel enter in.

Thus, where Yamba's native home,
Humble hut of ruſhes ſtood;
Oh, if there ſhould chance to roam,
Some dear Miſſionary good;

Tho in Afric's diſtant land,
  Still ſhalt ſee the man I love;
Join him to the Chriſtian band,
  Guide his ſoul to realms above.

There no fiend again ſhall ſever
  Thoſe whom God hath join'd and bleſt:
There they dwell with him for ever,
  There "*the weary are at reſt.*"

THE

SHOPKEEPER turned SAILOR;

OR, THE

Folly of going out of our Element.

A TALE I tell whoſe firſt beginning
May ſet ſome giddy folks a grinning;
But, only let it all unfold,
A ſadder tale was never told.
Some people, who for years before,
Had ſeldom paſs'd their outer door,
For once determin'd to be gay,
And have one merry-making day.
Agreed, "a ſailing we will go:"
Thus all was ſettled at a blow.
With hats and bonnets duly ty'd,
They buſtle to the water-ſide;
And as the women ſtem the gale,
They ſeem already under ſail:
Here, while we find them ſafe and ſound,
A ſailing only on dry ground,
We'll take occaſion to declare
Who all theſe merry people were.

First, there was John, a Trader he
Clever and ſmart as you ſhall ſee;
High on the ſhelf, in nice array,
His various Wares and Patterns lay;
Call when you will the thing's at hand,
And John is ever at his ſtand.
I grant, indeed, his price was high,
But then his ſhew-glaſs caught the eye;
Beſides, 'twas known and underſtood,
His things were all extremely good.
Walk in, and if you talk with John,
I warrant he will draw you on:
Not that he ventur'd on the ſin,
Of taking any ſtrangers in;
For John, diſpute it he who can,
Was a plain open, honeſt man;
You ſaw it written in his face;
And then he ſerv'd you with a grace:
With gentle air, and accent ſweet,
Powder'd and dreſs'd ſo ſpruce and neat,
And moſt obliging in his ſpeeches,
Unnumber'd ribbons down he reaches;
Preſents before the Lady's view,
Each flow'ry edge, each beauteous hue,
Rolls and unrolls the ſlippery things,
And every finger has its wings;
Then waits, with rare command of face,
While Miſs, in ſad diſtreſsful caſe,
Puzzles, and frets, and doubts, between
A greeniſh blue, and blueiſh green.
At length each anxious mind is eas'd,
The bargain's ſtruck, the Lady's pleas'd;
John humbly bows, then takes his flight
To write his bill as ſwift as light;

And ere the ſtrangers march'd away,
He next as ſweetly aſks for pay.
Yet if there enter'd one he knew,
John always gave the credit due;
Welcom'd the friend with joyful looks,
Yet clapp'd the debt into his books:
And tho' he begg'd the bill might wait,
'Twas ſent at Chriſtmas ſure as fate.
At Chriſtmas too (I tell his fame,
That traders all may do the ſame)
John calmly takes his books up ſtairs,
And balances his whole affairs;
Sees how his total credits ſtand,
And values all his ſtock in hand;
Then fairly puts on t'other ſide,
The debts he owes both far and wide;
The diff'rence is the ſum he's worth,
'Tis all he has this year on earth;
Compares it with the year before,
"'Tis leſs than then"—"O, no; 'tis more—"
"'Tis vaſtly more," he ſays with glee,
"'Tis right, 'tis right, my books agree!"
But who, except a trader's ſelf,
Can paint theſe joys of growing pelf!
Or rather, to correct my ſong,
Who paint the pleaſures that belong
To honeſt induſtry and thrift,
While God is thank'd for every gift!
Ah! fooliſh John, ſo bleſt at home,
What need hadſt thou ſo far to roam?
Could thy new-fangled joys out-top
The hourly pleaſures of thy ſhop;
Or if thy health an airing need,
And one grand holiday's decreed,

Couldſt thou not go, to change the ſcene,
And take a turn upon the green?
Ah! fooliſh John, from what ſtrange quarter
Could come this fancy for the water!
Well haſt thou proſper'd while on ſhore,
There lab'ring nobly at the oar;
But if the wat'ry flood ſhould ride thee,
Methinks ſome evil will betide thee:
And ſhouldſt thou dare, when once afloat,
Thyſelf to *ſteer*, or row the boat,
The hour ſhall come—I ſee it nigh,
With my prophetic poet's eye,
When know, vain man, that thou ſhalt ſmart,
And all thy glory ſhall depart.
Then hear, ye Britons, while I preach,
This is the truth I mean to teach—
That he who in his ſhop is bright,
And ſkill'd to keep his reck'ning right,
Who ſteers in the good middle way,
And gets ſome cuſtom, and ſome pay,
Marks when ſad Bankrupt times prevail,
And carefully draws in his ſail,
Keeps watch, has all his lanterns out,
And ſees the dangers round about;
Puſhes his trade with wind and oar,
And ſtill gets forward more and more,
This trader, ſkill'd as he may be
On ſhore a man of high degree,
May prove a very dunce at ſea.
Ah! fooliſh John, no thoughts like theſe
Once enter'd to diſturb his eaſe;
Onward he goes, and thinks it grand,
To quit the plain and ſimple land;

Leaves a good houſe of brick and mortar,
To try mere wood upon the water.

PART II.

'TWAS told you in a former lay,
How on a luckleſs evil day,
The trader John, a landſman brave,
Left the dry ground to try the wave.
But here the Poet muſt rehearſe,
In ſoft, and ſweet, and tender verſe,
How gentle Johnny had a wife,
The joy and ſolace of his life,
The ſharer of his griefs and cares,
Privy to all his great affairs;
One who when ty'd in wedlock's nooſe
Had prov'd a helpmate fit for uſe;
One whom he married—not for whim—
But who could keep his houſe in trim;
No high-flown miſs, or belle, or beauty,
A ſimple girl that knew her duty;
Had well obey'd her father, mother,
And counſell'd well her younger brother;
Healthy when young, and rather ſtout;
Moral?—nay, more, ſhe was devout:
And now a Chriſtian quite at heart,
She carefully fulfils her part,
Well ſkill'd alike her houſe to guide,
And ſerve the ſhop at Johnny's ſide.

See now she works to help the trade,
And now instructs her under maid.
But 'tis her chief and special care,
Her husband's daily toil to spare;
When sick, or weary and oppress't,
To ease the troubles of his breast,
To sooth his sorrows, calm his fears,
And help him thro' this vale of tears;
Remind him where his treasure lies,
And point to realms above the skies,
Where, when this shifting scene is o'er,
The faithful meet to part no more.
Now twenty summers, or above,
Have glided by and prov'd her love;
And tho' they may have marr'd her face,
Have ripen'd many a Christian grace;
Hence it may now be fairly gues's'd,
Her latest days shall be her best.
John knows her worth, and now-a-days,
He grows quite eager in her praise;
For ev'ry calling friend is told,
" My wife is worth her weight in gold."
To this blest couple there was born,
One daughter, cheerful as the morn;
A maiden she of spotless fame,
E'en in her mirth quite clear from blame.
Train'd in Religion's " narrow way,"
Her mind untainted by a play,
She hates your giddy glitt'ring scenes,
Tho' long since enter'd on her teens;
Sees all things in a proper light,
And vice quite puts her in a fright;
Prompt and obedient from a child,
Obliging, humble, meek, and mild;

Still, before ſtrangers, as a mouſe;
Yet vaſtly uſeful in the houſe;
Toils for the ſhop, tho' ſeldom ſeen;
—Ah!—there ſhe ſits behind the ſcreen:
There, like ſome flower both ſweet and gay,
She ſhuns as yet the blaze of day;
(Well does her praiſe adorn my tale)
A new-blown lily of the vale.
Now ſhould perchance ſome fool draw near,
And get to whiſper in her ear,
Of plays, and balls, and fairs, and races,
Fine midnight routs, and public places,
And wonder how ſhe can endure,
A life ſo uſeful, and ſo pure—
Extol her form, her piercing eyes,
And tell a hundred flatt'ring lies;
—While the ſweet praiſe he thinks ſhe ſips,
The tortur'd maiden bites her lips;
Thinks his fine flatt'ry mere pretence,
And longs to tell him to talk ſenſe;
Yet dreads to take the dunce in hand,
Leſt he ſhould ſtill not underſtand.
But ſhould he let his *vice* peep out,
The meek-ey'd girl can then turn ſtout;
For once ('tis ſaid) in terms direct,
A ſpruce and ſaucy ſpark ſhe check'd!
(She grew ſo ſolemn in her ſpeeches,
The bucks gave out that "Nancy preaches")
And once put on the ſweeteſt air,
And begg'd a carman not to ſwear.
Thus while ſhe ſpends her peaceful days,
Her parents' care ſhe well repays;
Honours her father, loves her mother,
She'll prove, methinks, juſt ſuch another;

And tho' ſcarce ſeen, except at church,
The men won't leave her in the lurch;
Some honeſt Chriſtian man ſhe'll ſtrike,
No buck or blood—for like loves like.
Next in my ſong, of equal fame,
Comes a good honeſt antient dame;
John's mother—with no fault but one—
—I mean—ſhe doated on her ſon;
For when her own dear ſpouſe was gone,
Her whole affections fell to John;
'Twas then the widow's age ſo great,
Her proſpects ſmall, her income ſtrait,
That Johnny weighed the matter well,
And took her to his home to dwell:
No coſt or trouble did he grudge,
For John had rightly learn'd to judge,
That people, once of little fame,
But now of high and mighty name,
Oft owe the glory of their ſtation,
To the mere help of Education.
Quoth he—Were all men good and true,
Their wealth methinks, might half be due
To ſome good dame, who now is found,
Quite thruſt upon the mere back ground:
Beſides (he added, half in tears)
A child is always in arrears,
In debt, alas! o'er head and ears.
Oh, with what joy, what thanks and praiſe,
To the great length'ner of her days;
What feelings, not to be outdone,
Tow'rds her dear John, her only ſon,
Did the good parent take her ſtation,
And kindly own the obligation!
And now his tenderneſs ſhe pays
By helping in a thouſand ways.

Deck'd in her beſt, ſhe comes in view,
And ſerves the ſhop from twelve to two;
Knows not each price, perhaps, quite pat,
Yet keeps the croud in civil chat,
Till John himſelf comes up to ſell
A yard of luteſtring, or an ell;
Next to the cook her aid ſhe brings,
And does a hundred little things;
Loves her own ſelf to lay the cloth,
To dreſs the ſallad, ſkim the broth:
At ſhelling peas is quick and nimble,
Tho' now grown tardy with the thimble;
And always puts you quite at eaſe,
Walks out, and leaves you, if you pleaſe:
Plain as ſhe ſeems, has much good ſenſe,
And hence ſhe never takes offence;
And all agree, for all are lenient,
The good old Lady's quite convenient.
Yet let me add, if things go wrong,
Madam ſoon ſhews her fears are ſtrong;
And then ſhe gives a certain ſpice
Of plain and downright good advice;
Talks in a moſt convincing tone,
Of what *ſhe*'s ſeen, and what *ſhe*'s known:
And in a way that vaſtly wins,
Will warn you of her own paſt ſins:
Tranquil at eve, in elbow chair,
Tells what her former follies were;
Recounts her dangers, nice eſcapes,
Sad ſufferings once, and aukward ſcrapes;
And while ſhe paints her varied life,
Adds wiſdom e'en to Johnny's wife:

John warn'd of her, each matter weighs,
And Nancy trembles and obeys.
Thus, ſome old ſeaman, once ſo brave,
And buffeted by wind and wave,
Of the rude ſeas too long the ſport,
Enters at length ſome peaceful port;
Rejoices now no more to roam,
Yet acts as Pilot nearer home.

PART III.

LONG has the Muſe her tale delay'd,
Has ſtopp'd to talk of Johnny's trade;
Wife, daughter, mother too, of John,
And quite forgot to travel on.
Long has the Muſe with trembling fear
View'd the ſad ſcene that now is near;
Hung back, indeed, from very fright,
And ſhrunk and ſtarted at the ſight.
As the tall ſteed, if he ſhould ſpy
Some unknown form of danger nigh,
Starts from his path, his eye-balls glare,
His feet fly prancing in the air,
Round on the ſpot, and round he wheels,
Upright upon his mere hind heels:
So have we ſtarted at the view
Of what our John is now to do,
Have gaily friſk'd it round and round,
Nor gain'd as yet an inch of ground.

Come, gentle Muſe, the tale declare,
Sing how this bold advent'rous pair,
With mother brave, and willing daughter,
March'd to the borders of the water.
Sing how they trod the beech ſo ſteep,
Gaz'd at the wonders of the deep,
And ſtopt to view, as in a trance,
The awful ocean's vaſt expanſe;
Then gaz'd at ev'ry paſſing boat,
Till they quite long'd to get on float.
The boatmen, as they croſs the Strand,
Spring from an alehouſe juſt at hand;
All on the party down they burſt,
And each is ſure that he was firſt.
Oh! how they preſs and fill the ground,
And puſh and elbow all around!
Each to a Lady makes his ſuit,
Till Nancy ſtarts, as at a brute:
While prudent Johnny, marching down,
Hires a ſnug boat for half a crown,
Of ſmaller ſize, but ſtiff and tight,
And having ſeen that all is right,
Rallies his daughter, claims his wife,
Burſts through the croud, and ends the ſtrife.
And now with ſelf-complacent grin,
The favour'd boatman hands them in;
But firſt he plants, as is his rule,
On the wave's edge his little ſtool,
And while he begs them to take care,
Preſents his elbow high in air.
All in they ſtept, all down they ſat;
All ſafe, all even, and all flat:
The boatman puſhes off the boat;
Was e'er ſuch treaſure all afloat!

And now amid the ſun's bright gleam,
See how they cut the ſilver ſtream!
See how the breeze begins to play!
See how it wafts them far away!
Scarce had the party left the ſhore,
When Ruffman longs to ſpare his oar,
Points to the bench where lies a ſail,
And begs to profit by the gale.
At firſt the boatman's words appal,
And all the female faces fall;
And madam bets ten thouſand pound,
This inſtant we ſhall all be drown'd.
Mean time old Ruffman, with a ſneer,
Forbids each vain and ſilly fear;
Talks of the ſeas that he has croſs'd,
Beaten, and blown, and tempeſt toſs'd;
Tells of his dangers now no more,
While a green youth in days of yore,
Of feats perform'd by way of fun,
And boaſts of matches he has won:
Then drops his tone, and quite allays
All the new fears he ſeem'd to raiſe;
Pleads his great care, aſſerts his ſkill,
Begs each dear Lady 'll dread no ill;
For if he keeps the rope in hand,
The water's juſt as ſafe as land.
Thus all objections down he beat,
And now the awful ſail is ſet;
Ah! how they plow the whit'ning ſeas,
So fine, ſo glorious is the breeze;
How freſh and cooling too the air,
While the ſail ſhades them from the glare;
The boatman, who a while before
Sat coatleſs, heated at the oar,

Now lolls his eaſe, obſerves the wind,
Steers with one careful hand behind;
While his right fiſt holds hard the ſail,
Reſiſts or humours well the gale;
Then half-appearing to turn back,
At once he ſtops and makes a tack;
Points at the diſtant land once more,
And ſeems to run you right aſhore;
But ere he lets you quite touch ground,
Again he ſpins his veſſel round,
And ſhifts acroſs, with ſkill ſo nice,
The flutt'ring canvas in a trice;
Scuds o'er the ſpacious ſeas again;
Again he plows the mighty main;
Again the leſs'ning ſhore retires,
Woods, hills depart, and diſtant ſpires;
While the bright ſun, yon clouds between,
Shines forth and gilds the glorious ſcene.
The party, eas'd of all their fright,
Gaze round and round with ſweet delight;
Praiſe with one voice both land and ſeas,
And now they languiſh for a breeze;
Dread leſt the ſlackning wind ſhould fail,
And welcome every growing gale:
Swift o'er the ſwelling waves they fly,
And pleaſure beams in every eye.
But, ah! how oft with genial ſun,
While the gay courſe of life we run,
And fancy as we taſte the treat,
Our human bliſs is now complete:
How oft in that ſame favour'd hour,
Does the whole ſky begin to lour?
The cheering ſun-ſhine's paſs'd away,
There comes a dreary doleful day:

Afflictions gather like a cloud;
The ſwelling tempeſt roars aloud;
While from yon threat'ning heav'ns ſo dark,
It thunders round our little bark:
Unſkill'd to ſtruggle thro' the breeze,
We toſs in new and troubled ſeas,
And life's gay morning all ſo bright,
Ends in ſome woeful tale at night.

PART IV.

COME, mournful Muſe, and now relate
The awful change in Johnny's fate,
And while the doleful ſong is ſung,
Tell from what cauſe the ruin ſprung.
Cool'd by the breeze, and half undreſt,
The rough gale bluſt'ring round his breaſt,
Robb'd of the ſun's bright noon-tide ray,
And oft beſprinkled by the ſpray,
Forth from yon bottom of the boat
Old Ruffman luggs his ſailor's coat,
And while he caſts the jacket on,
Leaves rope and rudder all to John.
Ah! now begins the tragic tale,
For now the landſman holds the ſail!
He ſees around the wat'ry realm,
Yet goes and ſeizes on the helm:
And ſeated juſt in Ruffman's place,
Shews his cock'd hat and tradeſman's face:

And now without one ſailing art,
E'en ſimple Nancy bears a part;
Sits playful by her father's ſide,
And light and gay, and merry-ey'd,
Holds with that hand that held a fan,
Rude ropes, as if ſhe were a man,
While idle Ruffman, freed from care,
Half ſleeping, earns his eaſy fare.
—But hark! from yonder diſtant ſhore,
Did you not hear the thunder roar?
See! See! the vivid lightnings play,
And the dark cloud deforms the day:
Now too there comes the whiſtling breeze,
And ſweeps the rudely ſwelling ſeas;
Fills with one blaſt the ſail ſo full,
Wife, mother, daughter, help to pull.
Now ſailors, if it ſeems to blow,
For ſafety let the canvas go;
But women, not like paſſive men,
In vengeance always pull again.
Beſides, as each her ſtrength apply'd,
Each crowded on the leeward ſide;
And though a lady's like a feather,
E'en feathers weigh when heap'd together.
Fierce blows the whirlwind, and of courſe
The ladies double all their force;
Each pulls and ſtrains, and tugs and ſtrives,
Like people pulling for their lives;
John, honeſt landſman! ſimply lets them;
Fear lends them ſtrength, and overſets them.
Fain would I urge the frighted Muſe
To paint the ſcene which next enſues—
To tell how Ruffman, rous'd from ſleep,
Fell headlong down amid the deep;

Then mounting, ey'd the distant shore,
How Nancy sunk to rise no more—
But ah! we'll leave it quite alone,
'Twould break methinks a heart of stone.
—Plung'd in the deep, half lost in death,
Struggling and panting hard for breath;
John thought to struggle now no more,
When his hand lights upon an oar;
His chin uplifted o'er the wave,
He thus escapes a wat'ry grave;
Saves, scarcely saves, his wretched life—
Bereft of mother, daughter, wife!
Thus dearly for his fault he pays;
Henceforth a mourner all his days.

Here ends the tale—My friends arise
And wipe, I pray, your weeping eyes:
My fable—did you think it true?
Was fram'd in fact to picture you;
So next I'll preach to all the nation;
And first, ye Sons of Innovation!

When Britons, wearied with their lot,
Grow wild to get they know not what,
And quit, through love of Revolution,
Our good old English Constitution;
When Frenchmen lead the mazy dance,
And Britons ape fantastic France;
Methinks, like Johnny once so brave,
They're leaving land to try the wave;
They're quitting ancient house and home,
Mid the wild winds and seas to roam.

When Coblers meet in grand debate,
And little folks feel vastly great;
When each forsooth would quit his station,
And Jack and Will would rule the nation;

Methinks we're then in evil caſe—
Here's Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place.
When women too make free to mix,
And try their hand in politics,
Set England right while drinking tea,
And ſhew how all things ought to be;
Reprove, paſs ſentence, or acquit,
And talk as grand as Fox or Pitt;
Such ladies never mend my hopes—
Here's Nancy's handling all the ropes.
When Parker rules as grand dictator,
And each Jack Tar's a legiſlator;
When ſeamen ſit like kings in ſtate,
While lords come down and captains wait:
Again, I ſay, 'tis juſt the caſe
Of Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place.
Help! Britons, help! we ſink, we drown!
They've turn'd our veſſel upſide down.
When ſome raw lad, with jockey face,
Has gain'd five thouſand at a race,
And fluſh'd with joy, reſolves to ſtand
For ſome vile borough, purſe in hand;
Rains ribbons round him, half for fun,
At once bids all the barrels run,
Drinks his poor dull opponent down,
And at one onſet ſtorms the town;
Then pays with honour half his debts,
And off he flies to mind his bets;
Loſes at next Newmarket ſtand,
Stocks, money, horſes, houſe and land;
With jockey ſpeed runs up to town,
Votes ſome great queſtion, and runs down;
Grows now a red hot party prater,
And calls himſelf a legiſlator;

—Why this, I'd tell tell him to his face,
Is Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place.
When College Youths, well vers'd in vice,
Turn all ſo reverend in a trice,
From deacon duly riſe to prieſt,
Then run to play, to ball, to feaſt;
Give their poor flocks no chriſtan light,
While Paine muſt ſet our morals right:
Indeed, indeed, it makes me fret,
For then the church is overſet;
But ſhould theſe heads ſome pulpit grace,
Why then 'tis John in Ruffman's place.
When hair-brain'd Quacks, without degree,
Preſume to take the doctor's fee;
Cure all diſorders every day,
In ſome ſafe, eaſy, ſimple way;
Colds and catarrhs, all aching pain,
Conſumption, fever in the brain;
All nervous maladies to boot,
With ſome ſoft ſyrup or new root,
—Oh! dunces, tell them not your caſe,
'Tis Johnny perch'd in Ruffman's place.
When men of rank and talents rare,
Make ſome fine ſtud their only care,
Though form'd to rule and guide the land,
Love better guiding four in hand,
Paſs in the ſtable half their lives,
Are more with Will than with their wives;
Or when my lady quite deſcends,
And turns her ſervants into friends,
Of all her equals ſeems afraid,
And whiſpers ſecrets to her maid;
With Betty dwells on this and that,
And dearly loves the kitchen chat—

— When ſervants too get much too ſmart,
And each muſt act the maſter's part;
Juſt like their maſter when they dine,
Sit long, eat veniſon, and drink wine;
When footmen get above their place,
And butlers ſhew their lordly face;
When Betty too diſdains her pattens,
And flaunts about in ſilks and ſattins;
Or ſhould ſhe find the faſhion varies,
Then follows all the new vagaries,
Adopts at once my lady's taſte,
And ſcarce can bear an inch of waiſt;
Has ear-rings, juſt the ſelf-ſame pair,
Binds the ſame turban round her hair;
Apes in each part my lady quite,
And trips in muſlins juſt as white;
When ſuch, alas! is all the caſe,
'Tis Johnny got in Ruffman's place.

Again, when wives have got victorious,
And the poor huſband ſneaks inglorious,
When John is gentle, Jenny coarſe,
And the grey mare's the better horſe;
Or when you children have your ways,
And ſtrange to tell, papa obeys!
When things are managed all ſo ill
That little Tommy ſays "I will";
Or laſtly, let me tell you when—
When men turn women, women men,
Men hate of all things to be raſh,
And women, meek-ey'd women, daſh,
Men down their forehead draw their locks,
And women ſhew their colour'd clocks,
Diſcard their ſhame, forget their ſex,
And chuſe to open all their necks:

When ſuch again is all the caſe,
'Tis Johnny got in Ruffman's place.
Oh! would ye ſtop the nation's fall,
Then every cobler mind your awl;
You labouring lads puſh home your ſpade;
Ye trading Johnnies mind your trade;
Ye ſeamen fight and don't debate;
Watch ſtateſmen well the helm of ſtate;
Ye clergy mind your awful part,
'Tis your's to turn the nation's heart;
Keep parents to the good old way,
And make your children all obey;
Claim not, ye wives, the chief command,
Keep back ye Nancies of the land,
Let women ne'er be over ready,
You'll trim the boat by ſitting ſteady:
Inſtructed thus by Johnny's caſe,
Let ev'ry Briton mind his place.

THE

TRUE HEROES;

OR, THE

NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS.

YOU who love a tale of glory,
Liſten to the ſong I ſing;
Heroes of the Chriſtian ſtory,
Are the heroes whom I bring.

Warriors of the world, avaunt!
Other heroes me engage;
'Tis not ſuch as you I want,
Saints and Martyrs grace my page.

Warriors who the world ſubdue,
Were but vain and ſelfiſh elves;
While my heroes good and true,
Greater far, ſubdu'd themſelves.

Fearful Chriſtian! hear with wonder,
Of the Saints of whom I tell;
Some were burnt, ſome ſawn aſunder,
Some by fire or torture fell.

Some to ſavage beaſts were hurl'd,
Some ſurviv'd the lion's den;
Was a perſecuting world
Worthy of theſe wond'rous men?

Some in fiery furnace thrown,
Yet eſcap'd, unſing'd their hair;
There Almighty pow'r was ſhown,
For the Son of God was there.

Now we crown with deathleſs fame,
Thoſe who ſcorn'd and hated fell;
Worldlings fear contempt and ſhame,
Martyrs fear but ſin and hell.

How the ſhower of ſtones deſcended,
Holy Stephen on thy head!
While thy tongue the truth defended,
How the glorious Martyr bled!

See his fierce reviler Saul,
How he rails with impious breath!
Then obſerve converted Paul,
Oft in perils, oft in death.

God alone, whoſe ſovereign pow'r
Did the lion's fury ſwage,
Could alone in one ſhort hour,
Still the perſecutor's rage.

Ev'n a woman—women hear,
Read in Maccabees the ſtory!
Conquer'd nature, love, and fear,
To obtain a crown of glory.

Seven ſtout ſons ſhe ſaw expire,
(How the mother's ſoul was pain'd!)
Some by ſword, and ſome by fire,
How the Martyr was ſuſtained!

Even in death's acuteſt anguiſh,
Each the tyrant ſtill defy'd;
Each ſhe ſaw in torture languiſh,
Laſt of all the mother dy'd.

Martyrs who were thus arreſted,
In their ſhort but bright career,
By their blood the truth atteſted,
Prov'd their faith and love ſincere.

Tho' their lot was hard and lowly,
Tho' they periſh'd at the ſtake;
Now they live with God in glory,
Since they ſuffer'd for his ſake.

Fierce and unbelieving foes,
But their bodies could deſtroy;
Short, tho' bitter were their woes,
Everlaſting is their joy.

A

NEW CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O HOW wond'rous is the ſtory
Of our bleſt Redeemer's birth!
See the mighty Lord of Glory
Leaves his heaven to viſit earth!

Hear with tranſport every creature,
Hear the Goſpel's joyful ſound;
Chriſt appears in human nature,
In our ſinful world is found!

Comes to pardon our tranſgreſſion,
Like a cloud our ſins to blot;
Comes to his own favour'd nation,
But his own receive him not.

If the angels who attended
To declare the Saviour's birth,
Who from heaven with ſongs deſcended,
To proclaim Good-will on earth;

If, in pity to our blindneſs,
They had brought the pardon needed,
Still Jehovah's wond'rous kindneſs
Had our warmeſt hopes exceeded!

If ſome Prophet had been ſent
With ſalvation's joyful news,
Who that heard the bleſt event
Could their warmeſt love refuſe?

But 'twas He to whom in Heaven
Hallelujahs never ceaſe;
He, the mighty God, was given,
Given to us a Prince of Peace.

None but he who did create us
Could redeem from ſin and hell;
None but he could re-inſtate us
In the rank from which we fell.

Had he come, the glorious ſtranger,
Deck'd with all the world calls great,
Had he liv'd in pomp and grandeur,
Crown'd with more than royal ſtate;

Still our tongues with praiſe o'erflowing,
On ſuch boundleſs love would dwell,
Still our hearts with rapture glowing,
Speak what words could never tell.

But what wonder ſhould it raiſe
Thus our loweſt ſtate to borrow!
O the high myſterous ways,
God's own Son a child of ſorrow!

'Twas to bring us endleſs pleaſure,
He our ſuffering nature bore,
'Twas to give us heavenly treaſure
He was willing to be poor.

Come ye rich, ſurvey the ſtable
Where your infant Saviour lies;
From your full o'erflowing table
Send the hungry good ſupplies.

Boaſt not your ennobled ſtations,
Boaſt not that you're highly fed;
JESUS, hear it all ye nations,
Had not where to lay his head.

Learn of me, thus cries the Saviour,
If my kingdom you'd inherit;
Sinner, quit your proud behaviour,
Learn my meek and lowly ſpirit.

Come ye ſervants ſee your ſtation,
Freed from all reproach and ſhame;
He who purchas'd your ſalvation,
Bore a ſervant's humble name.

Come ye poor, ſome comfort gather,
Faint not in the race you run,
Hard the lot your gracious father
Gave his dear, his only Son.

Think, that if your humble ſtations
Leſs of worldly food beſtow,
You eſcape thoſe ſtrong temptations
Which from wealth and grandeur flow.

See your Saviour is aſcended!
See he looks with pity down;
Truſt him all will ſoon be mended,
Bear his croſs you'll ſhare his crown.

A

HYMN OF PRAISE

FOR THE

ABUNDANT HARVEST OF 1796.

AFTER A YEAR OF SCARCITY.

GREAT God! when Famine threaten'd late
To ſcourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

Did then our ſins to mem'ry riſe?
Or own'd we GOD was juſt?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the duſt?

Did we forſake one evil path?
Was any ſin abhorr'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent?*
Or own the chaſtiſement divine
In awful judgment ſent?

Tho' the bright chain of Peace is broke,
And war with ruthleſs ſword
Unpeoples nations at a ſtroke,
Yet who regards the Lord?

But GOD, who in his ſtrict decrees
Remembers mercy ſtill,
Can, in a moment, if he pleaſe,
Our hearts with comfort fill.

He mark'd our angry ſpirits riſe,
Domeſtic hate increaſe;
And for a time withheld ſupplies,
To teach us love and peace.

He, when he brings his children low,
Has bleſſings ſtill in ſtore;
And when he ſtrikes the heavieſt blow,
He does but love us more.

Now, Frost, and Flood, and Blight no more
Our golden harveſts ſpoil;
See what an unexampled ſtore
Rewards the Reapers toil!

As when the promis'd harveſt fail'd
In Canaan's fruitful land;
The envious Patriarchs were aſſail'd
By famine's preſſing hand!

The angry brothers then forgot
Each fierce and jarring feud;
United by their adverſe lot,
They lov'd as brothers ſhou'd.

So here, from Heaven's correcting hand,
Tho' famine fail'd to move;
Let Plenty now throughout the land
Rekindle peace and love.

Like the rich fool, let us not ſay,
Soul! thou haſt goods in ſtore!
But ſhake the overplus away,
To feed the aged poor.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now
Such bounteous crops beſtow'd,
Raiſe many a pure and holy vow
In gratitude to God!

And while his gracious name we praiſe
For bread ſo kindly given;
Let us beſeech him all our days,
To give the bread of heav'n.

In that bleſt Prayer our Lord did frame,
Of all our prayers the guide,
We aſk that "hallow'd be *his* name,"
And then our wants ſupplied.

For grace he bids us firſt implore,
Next, that we may be fed;
We ſay, "Thy will be done," before
We aſk "our daily bread."

Z.

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